C.380.g.

THE ESSEX HARMONY:

Being a Choice

COLLECTION

Of the moſt Celebrated

SONGS and CATCHES,

FOR

TWO, THREE, FOUR, and FIVE VOICES:

From the WORKS of the moſt eminent MASTERS.

Principally publiſhed for the Uſe of all Muſical Societies, Catch-Clubs, &c. both in Town and Country.

The THIRD EDITION, with large ADDITIONS.

By JOHN ARNOLD, Philo-Muſicæ.
Author of the COMPLEAT PSALMODIST,
And CHURCH MUSIC REFORMED.

LONDON:

Printed by ROBERT BROWN, and ſold by L. HAWES, and Co. at the Red-Lion; J. BUCKLAND, at the Buck, and S. CROWDER, and Co. at the Looking-Glaſs, all in Paternoſter-Row. MDCCLXVII.

[Price Bound Two Shillings and Six Pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE very great Number of Muſical Societies, Catch-Clubs, &c. which are now eſtabliſhed, both in Town and Country, plainly demonſtrate that Part-Songs and Catches, never were ſo much in Vogue in England, as at preſent; the Practice of which (if rightly uſed) may be eſteemed as very commendable, not only in its being an innocent Amuſement, and a pleaſant Evening's Recreation, after the burthenſome Fatigues of the Day, for Perſons to join in Singing of melodious Songs and Catches; but Peace and Tranquillity may thereby be introduced into a Neighbourhood, and ſocial Harmony abound, where perhaps before did dwell the greateſt Animoſities. For

MUSIC hath a pow'rful Charm,
That can the fierceſt Rage diſarm:
Calm Paſſions in a human Breaſt;
And lull ev'n Jealouſy to reſt.
So great is Muſic's Power.

As very few Collections of this kind have hitherto appeared in the World, will, I hope, ſufficiently apologize for the Publication of the following uſeful Work; eſpecially ſince no Collection, already extant, contains half its Quantity and Variety in ſo ſmall a Compaſs, and at ſo eaſy a Rate; which makes it not only come at a ſmall Expence to the Purchaſer, but alſo makes it leſs burthenſome for the Pocket; which it is hoped,

will occaſion its meeting with a general, as well as candid Reception.

But how much ſoever I have conſulted the Reader's Conveniency in its Conciſeneſs, and conſequently moderate Expence, he may, at the ſame Time depend upon finding here, as good a Collection of Songs and Catches for two, three, four, and five Voices as have perhaps ever ſeen the Light; ſeveral of which have been entirely new ſet to Muſic, and were never before printed.

Indeed I have omitted the Thorough Baſſes, but this cannot be thought an unpardonable Omiſſion, if it be conſidered that they are uſed but in few Country Places, and that, beſides, there was no Room left for them in the narrow Limits of the preſent Undertaking. But however, the vocal Baſſes, may be played with a Baſſoon, or Baſs-Viol, and the Trebles, may likewiſe be played with Violins, German Flutes, &c. together with the Voices, which will greatly augment the Muſic.

Finally, I recommend the following Sheets to all Lovers of Harmony, heartily wiſhing that they may become generally uſeful, which was the End I propoſed.

Great-Warley, Eſſex,
Jan. 28, 1767.

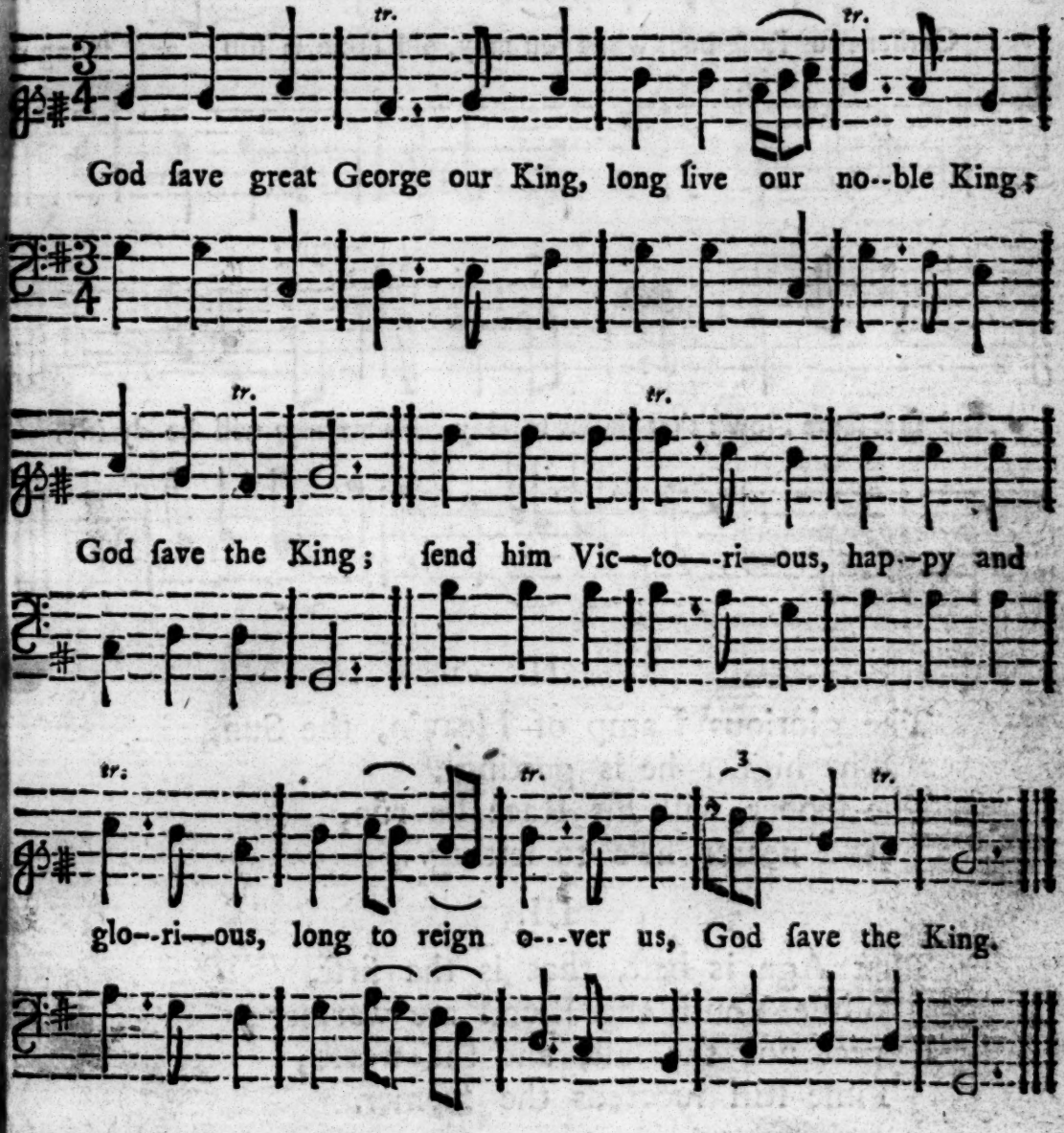
J. A.

SONGS, &c.

FOR

TWO, THREE, and FOUR VOICES.

A SONG *for Two Voices.*

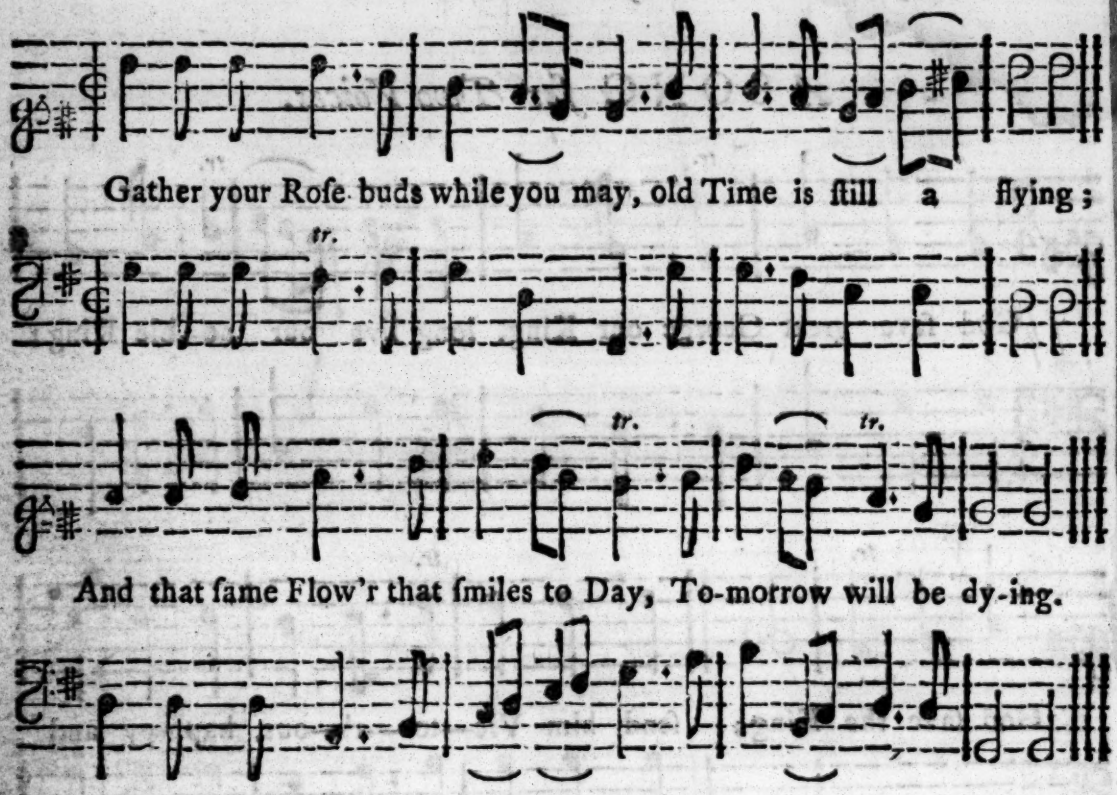


2 O Lord, our God ariſe, ſcatter his Enemies, and make them fall;
Confound their Politicks, fruſtrate their knaviſh Tricks,
On Him our Hopes we fix, O! ſave us all.

3 Thy choiceſt Gifts in ſtore, on him be pleas'd to pour, long may he reign;
May he defend our Laws, and ever give us cauſe,
To ſay with Heart and Voice, God ſave the King.

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set to Muſick by Mr. William Laws.



II.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he is getting;
The ſooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

III.

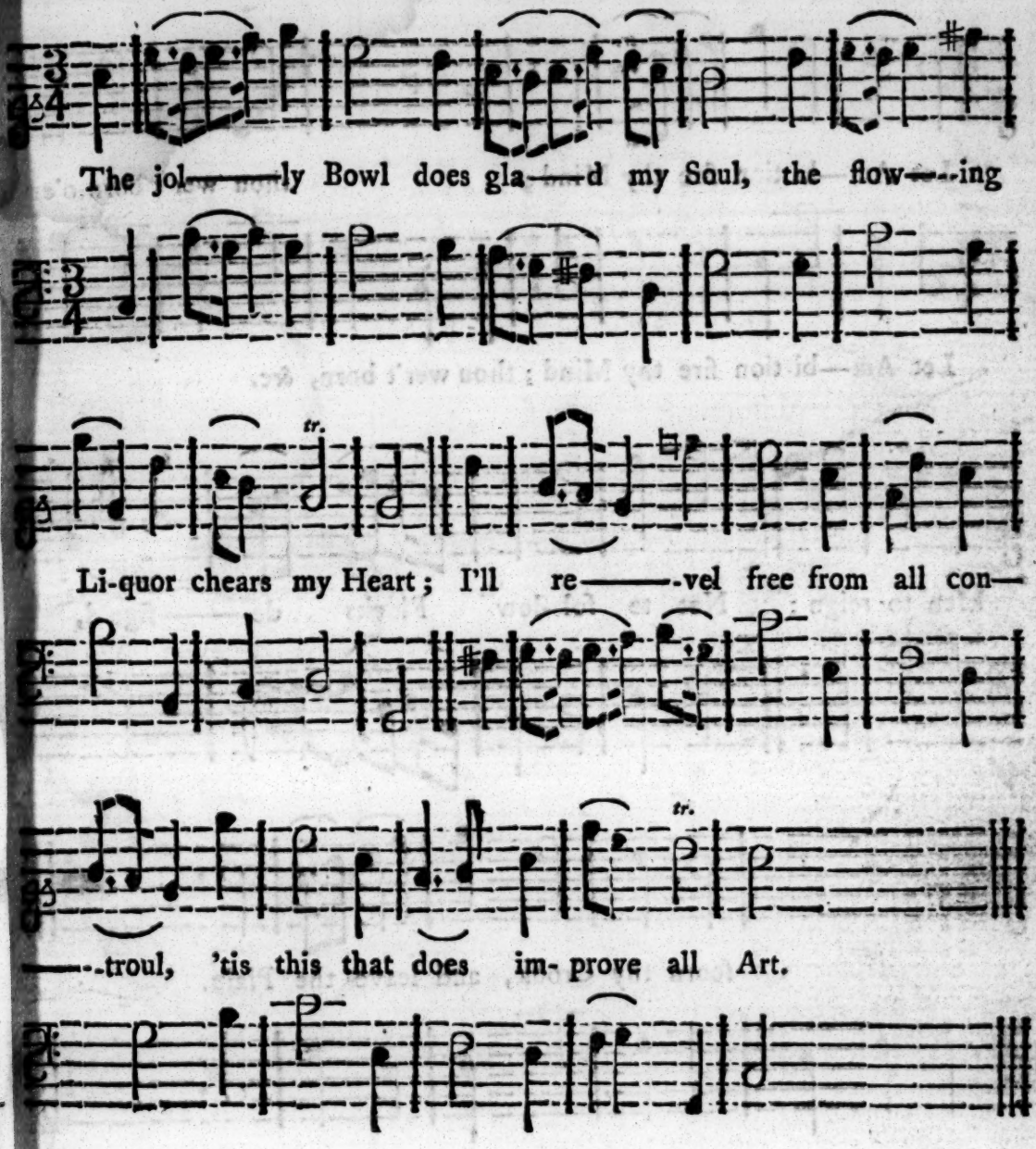
That Age is beſt, that is the firſt,
While Youth and Blood are warmer;
Expect not the laſt, and the worſt;
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

IV.

Then be not coy, but uſe your Time,
While you may go to marry:
For having once but loſt your Prime,
You may for ever tarry.

A SONG

A SONG *on a* Bowl of Punch. *For two Voices.*

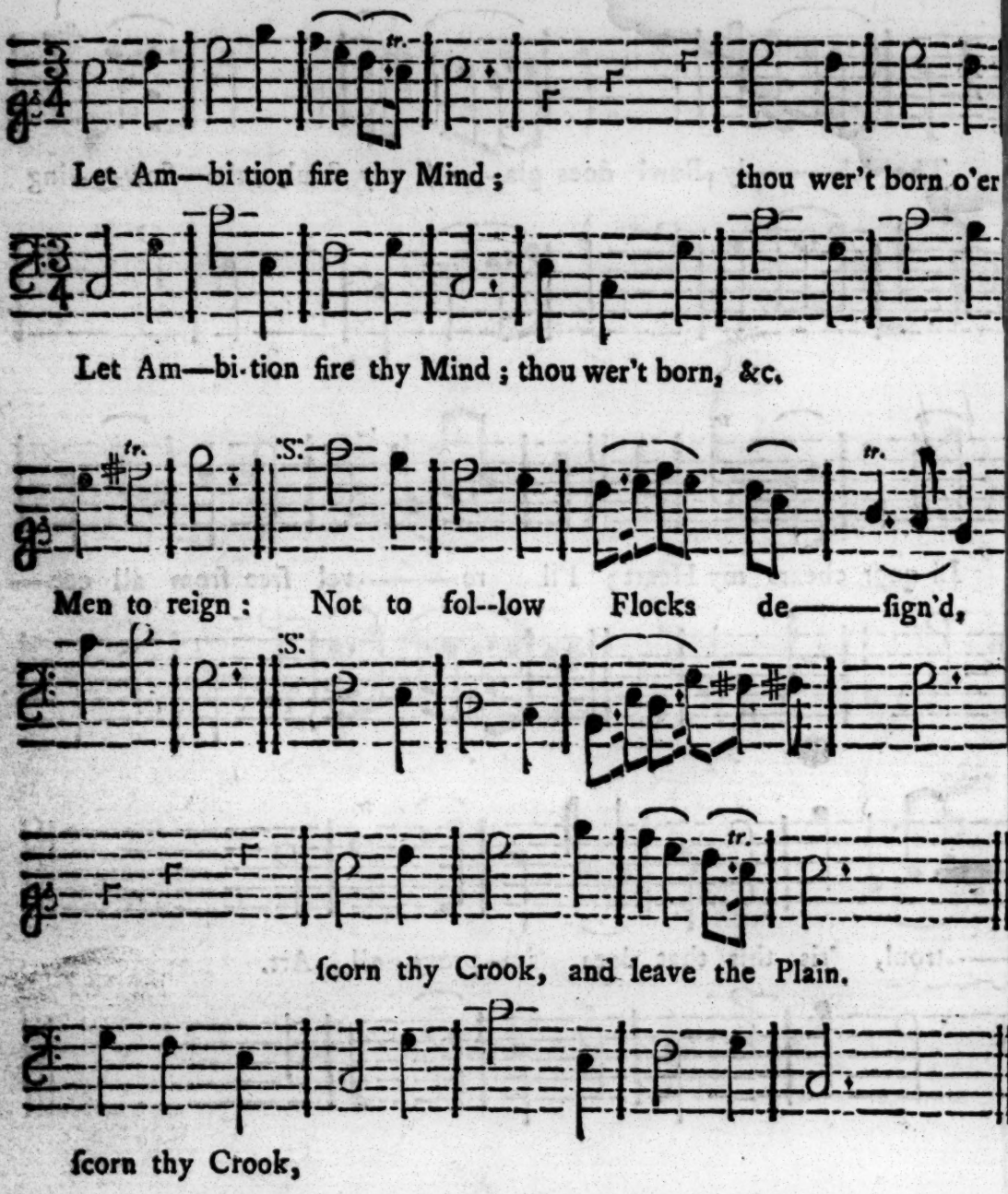


II.

The Miſer may be pleas'd with Gold,
The ſporting Beau with pretty Laſs:
But I'm beſt pleas'd when I behold
The Nectar ſparkling in the Glaſs.

A SONG

A SONG *for two Voices.*



II.

Crowns I'll lay beneath thy Feet, thou on Necks of Kings ſhall tread;
Joys encircling, Joys ſhall meet, which way e'er thy Fancy leads.

III.

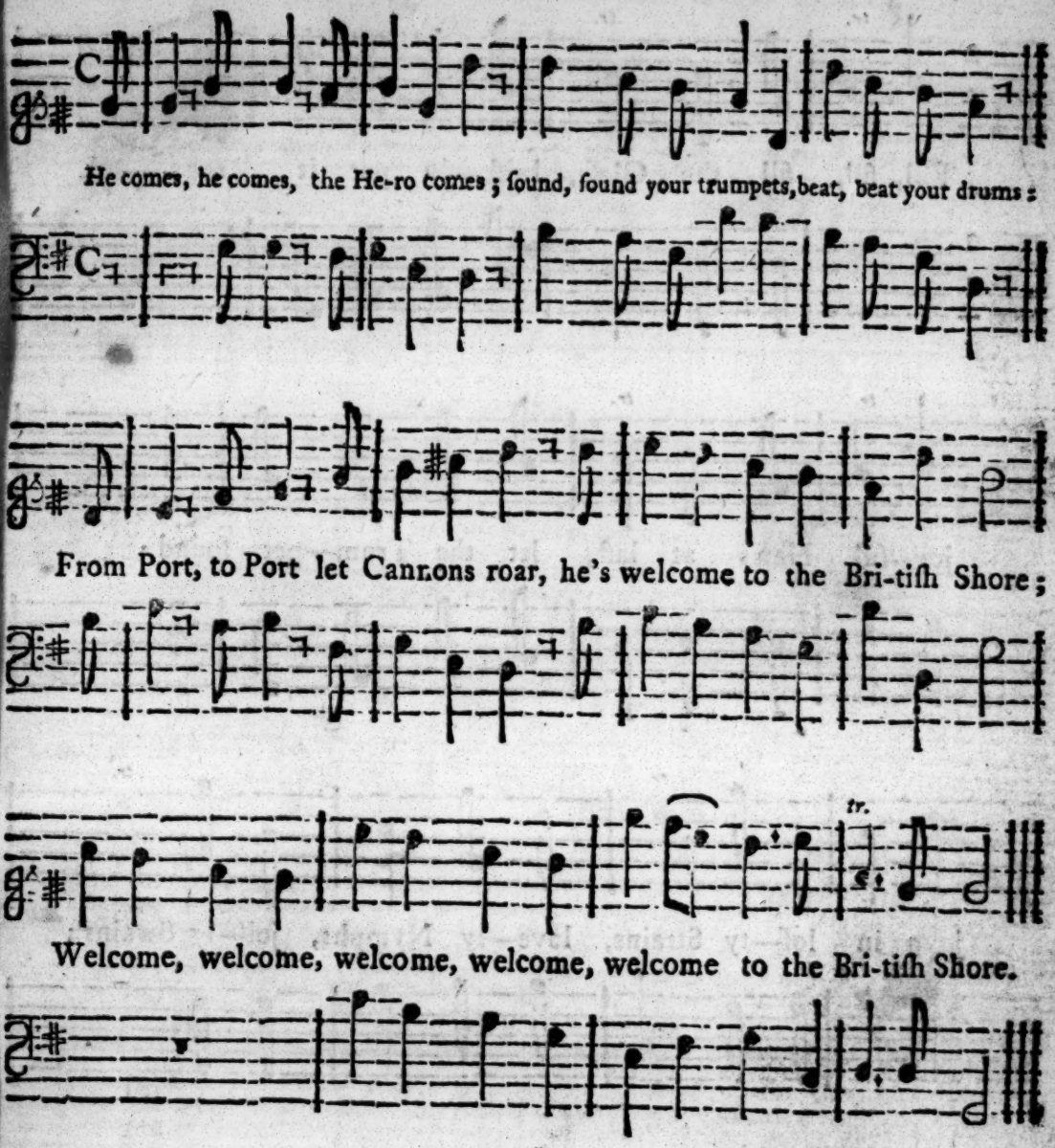
Let not Toils of Empire fright, Toils of Empire Pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight, all the Joy and not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou yield'ſt the Prize, for the Bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll attend the Shies, happy ſhall thou reign below.

A SONG

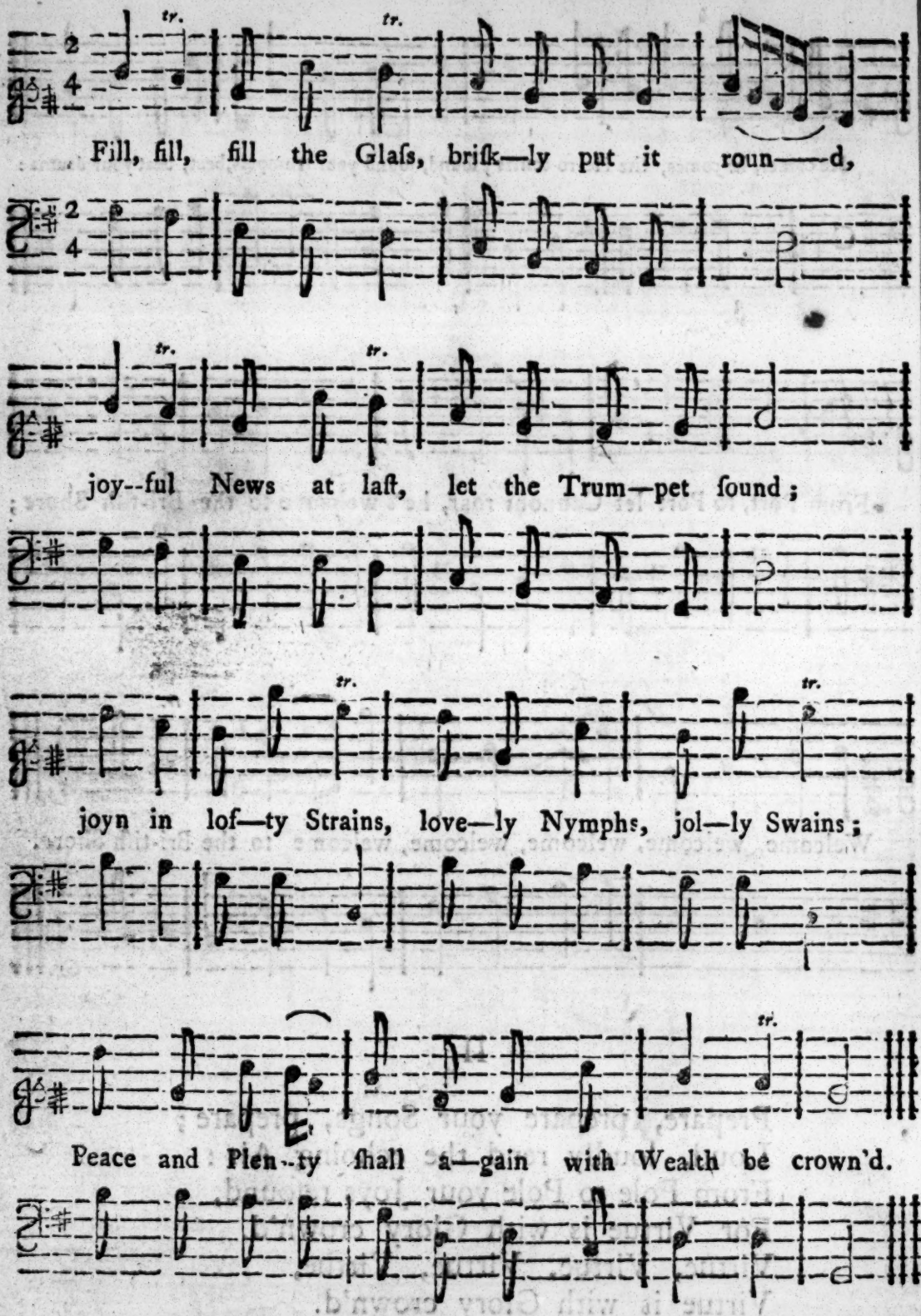
A SONG *for two Voices.*



II.

Prepare, prepare your Songs, prepare;
Loud, loudly rend the echoing Air:
From Pole to Pole your Joys reſound,
For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.
Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,
Virtue is with Glory crown'd.

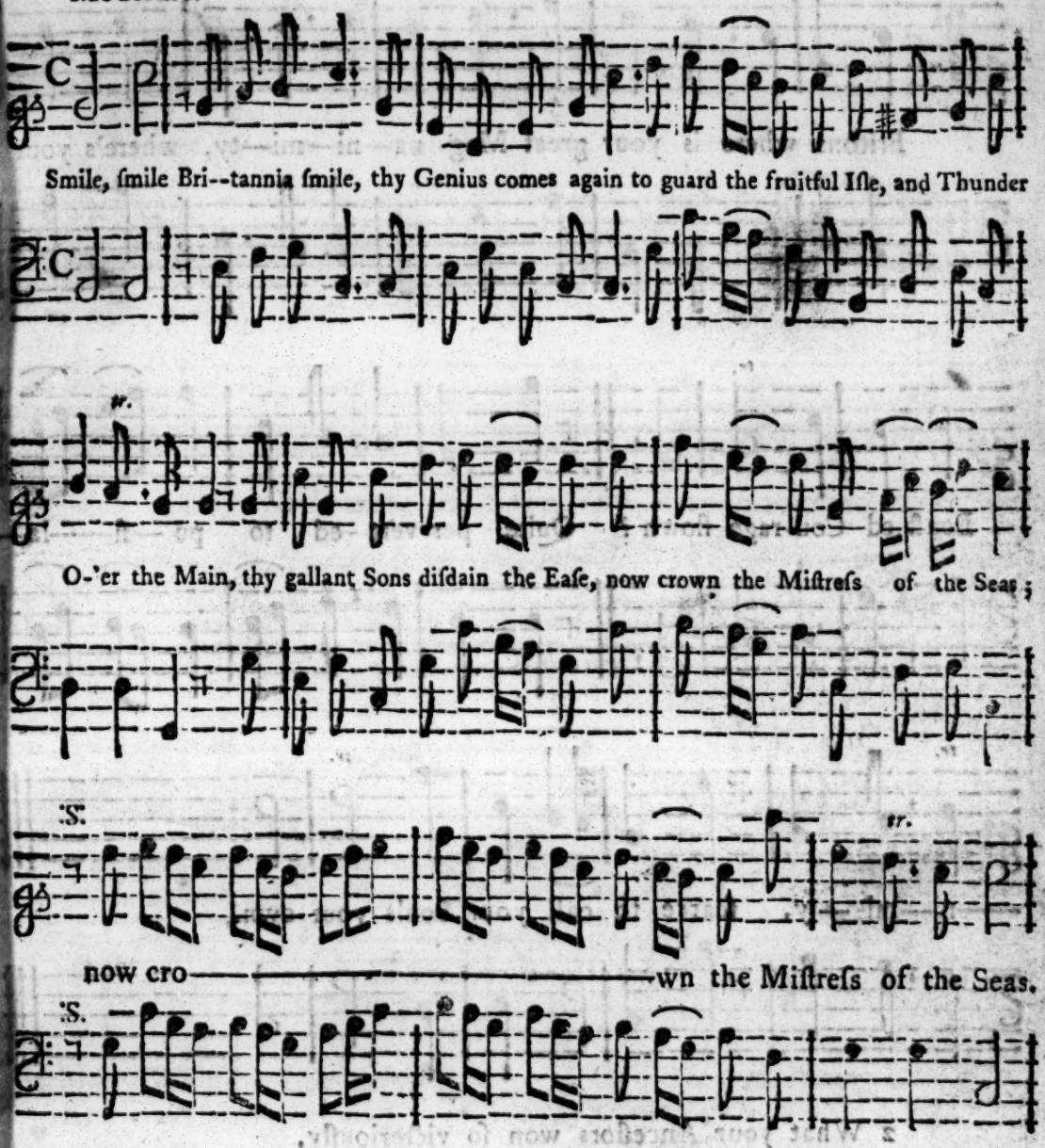
A SONG *for two Voices.*



2 Come, come, come ſweet Peace, thou moſt welcome Gueſt;
Let all Diſcord ceaſe, Harmony abound,
Join, with, &c.

A Favourite SONG *for two Voices.*

Moderato.

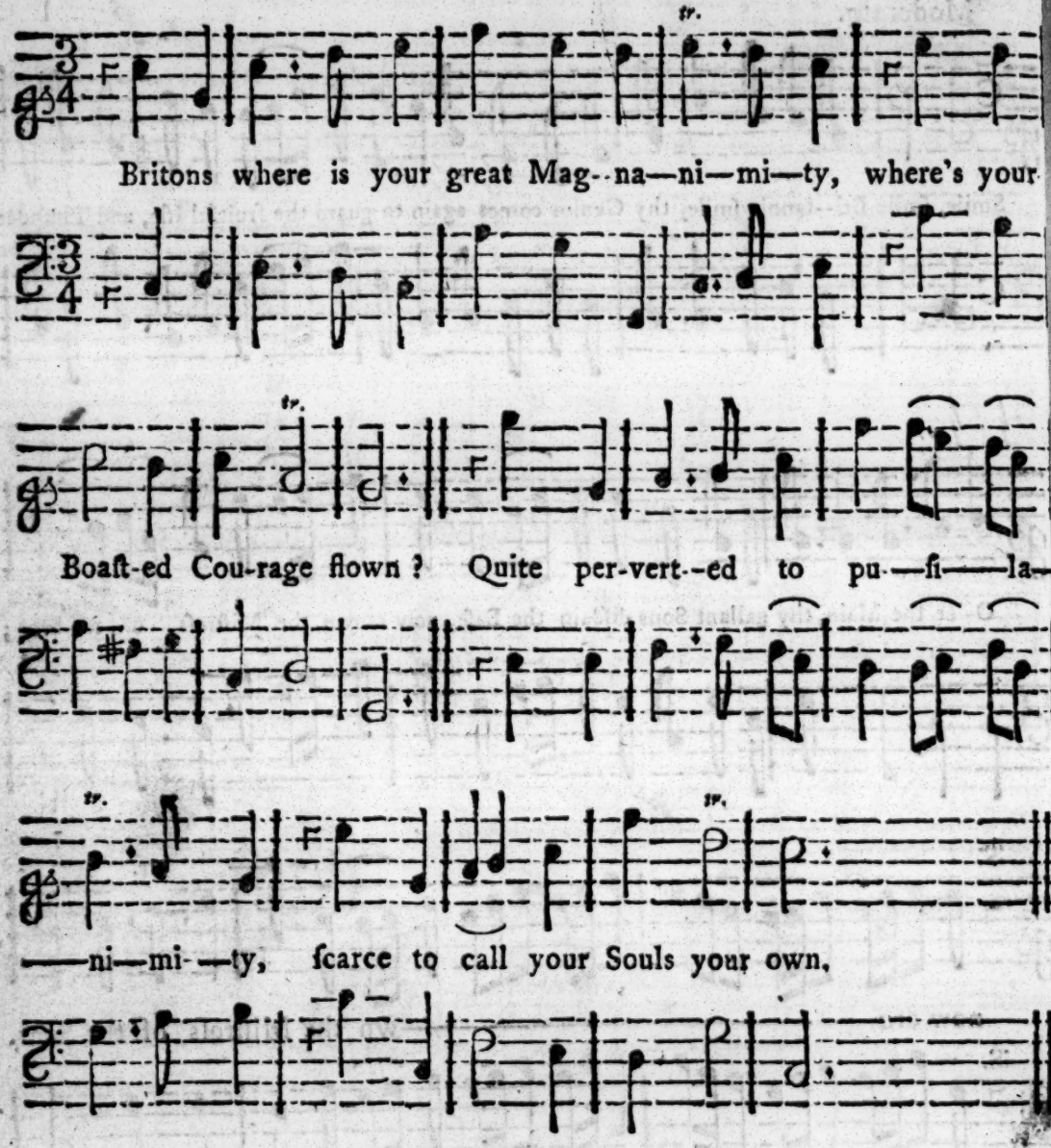


2 While dauntleſs they advance, and bid the Cannons roar,
They'll ſcourge the Pride of France, and ſhake the Imperial Shore;
Deriding Trumpets o'er the Waves, with Courage never known to Slaves.

3 The Deck all ſtain'd with Blood, the Bullets wing'd with Fate;
The wide and reſtleſs Flood, cannot the Rage abate;
In How and in Boſcawen, wake the Souls of Ruſſel and of Blake.

4 Britons purſue the Blow, like Sons of Freedom fight;
Convince the haughty Foe, that you'll maintain your Right;
Defiance bid to France and Spain, aſſert your Empire o'er the Main.

A SONG *for two Voices.*



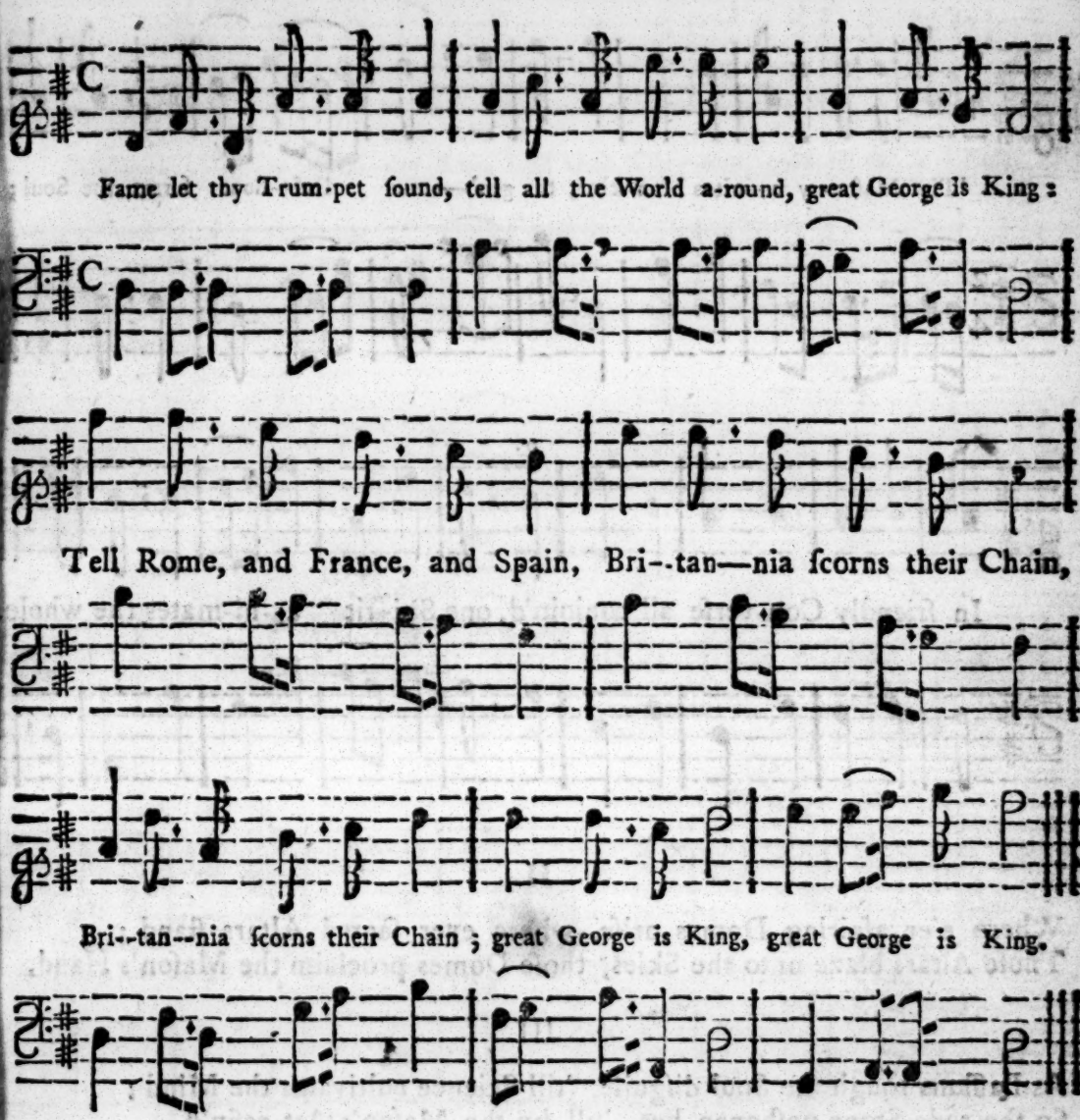
2 What your Anceſtors won ſo victoriouſly,
Crown'd with Conqueſt in the Field;
You'd relinquiſh, and O! moſt ingloriouſly;
To Oppreſſion, tamely yield.

3 Freedom now for her Flight makes preparitive;
See her weeping, quit the Shore;
Britain's Loſs will then be paſt comparitive,
Never to behold her more.

4 Gracious Gods aſſiſt to exergitate;
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppreſſors their Plunder regurgitate,
And preſerve a ſinking Land.

A Loyal

A Loyal SONG *for two Voices.*

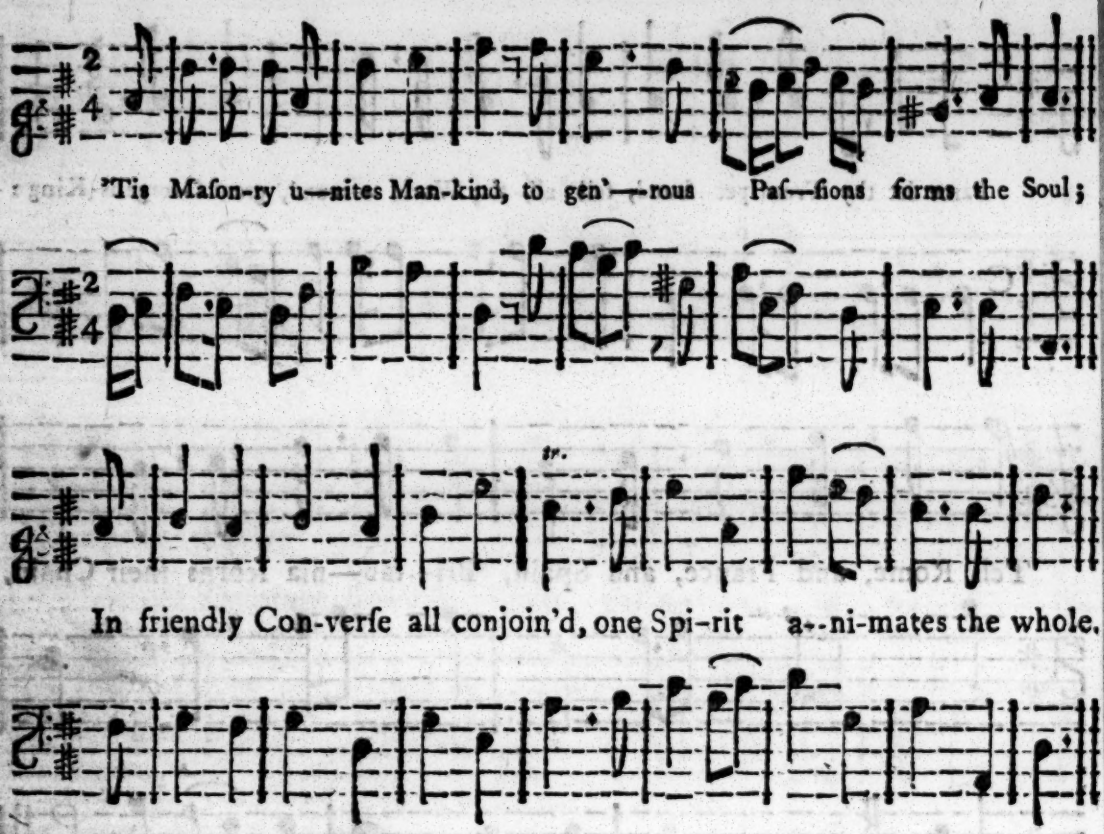


2 May Heav'n his Life defend,
And make his Race extend,
Wide as his Fame:
The choiceſt Bleſſings ſhed,
On his anointed Head,
And teach his Foes to dread,
Great George's Name.

3 He Peace and Plenty brings,
While Rome deluded Kings
Waſte and deſtroy:
Then let his People ſing,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring,
Freedom and Joy.

4 God ſave our noble King,
Long live our gracious King,
God ſave the King;
Mark how the Vallies ring,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring,
God ſave the King.

A SONG *on* Maſonry, *for two Voices.*



II.

Where e'er aſpiring Domes ariſe, where ever ſacred Altars ſtand;
Thoſe Altars blaze unto the Skies, thoſe Domes proclaim the Maſon's Hand.

III.

As Paſſions rough the Soul diſguiſe, 'till Science cultivates the Mind;
So the rude Stone unſhapen lies, 'till by the Maſon's Art refin'd.

IV.

Tho' ſtill our chief Concern and Care, be to deſerve a Brother's Name;
Yet ever mindful of the Fair, their kindeſt Influence we claim.

V.

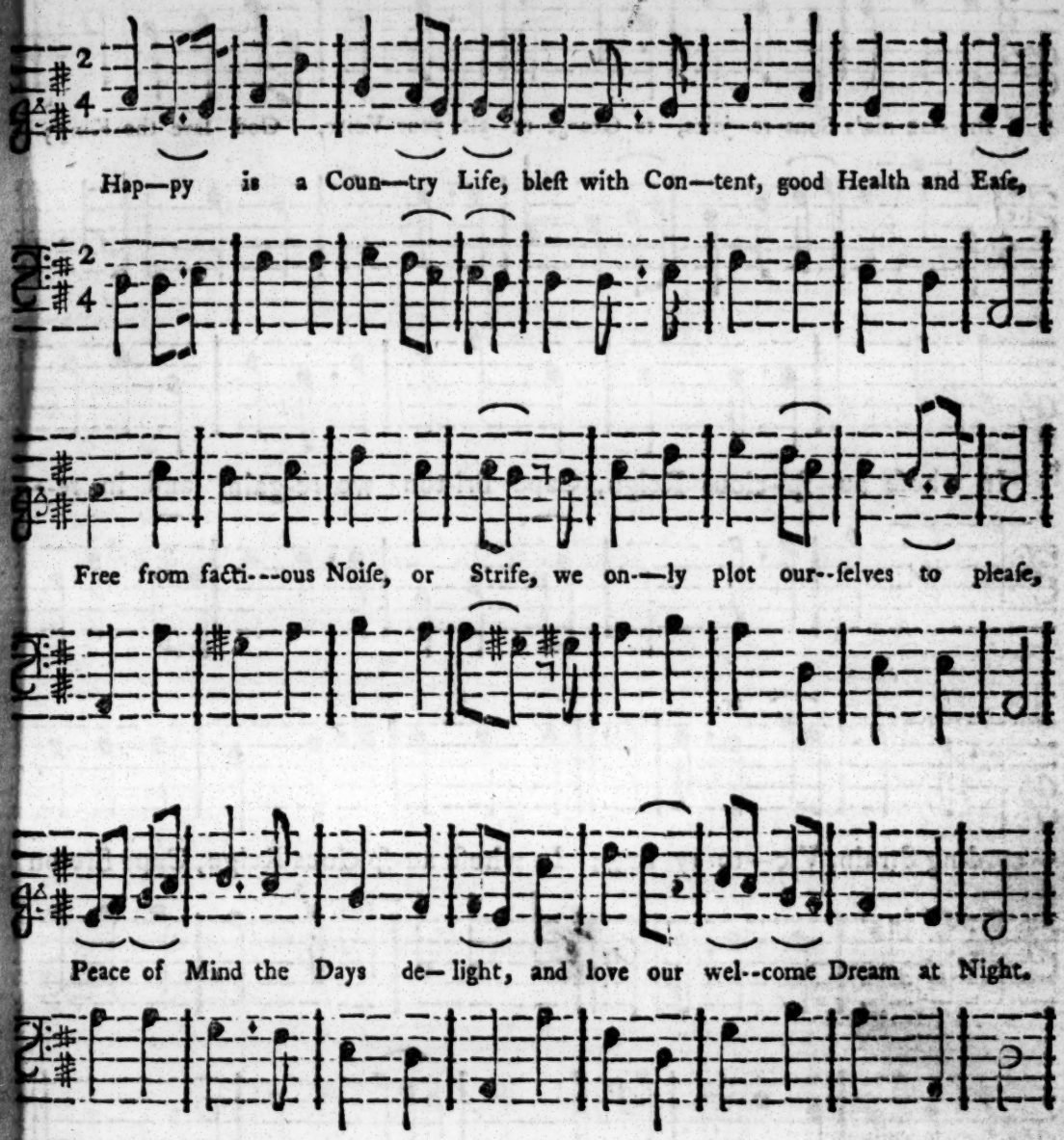
Let Wretches at our Manhood rail, but they who once our Order prove,
Will own that we who build ſo well, with equal Energy can love.

VI.

Sing Brethren then the Craft divine, beſt Band of ſocial Joy and Mirth;
With choral Sound, and chearful Wine, proclaim its Vertue's o'er the Earth.

A SONG

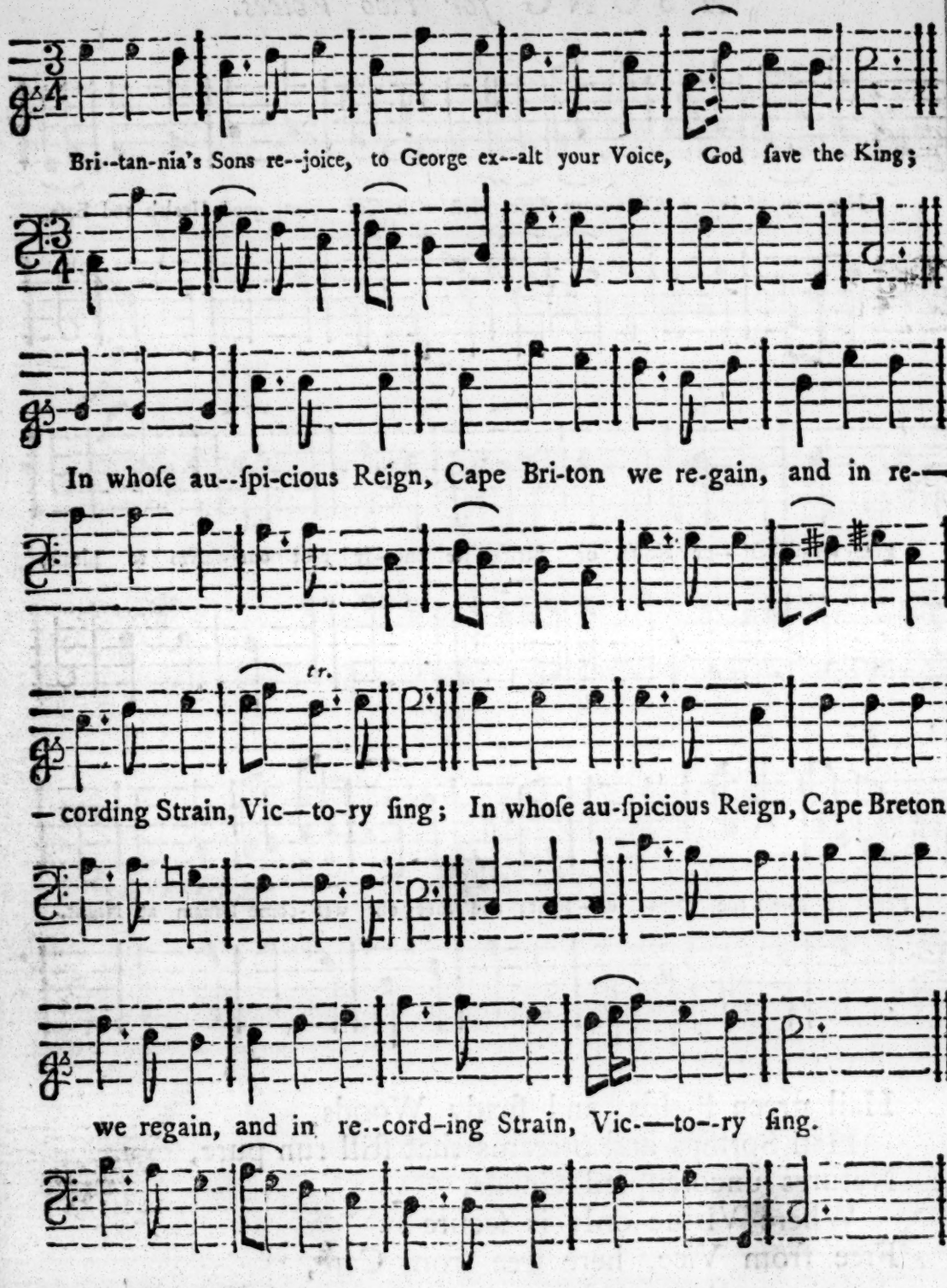
A SONG *for two Voices.*



Hail green Fields, and ſhady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that ſtill run pure,
Natures uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is ſecure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no Pain, and Youth no Snare.

A SONG

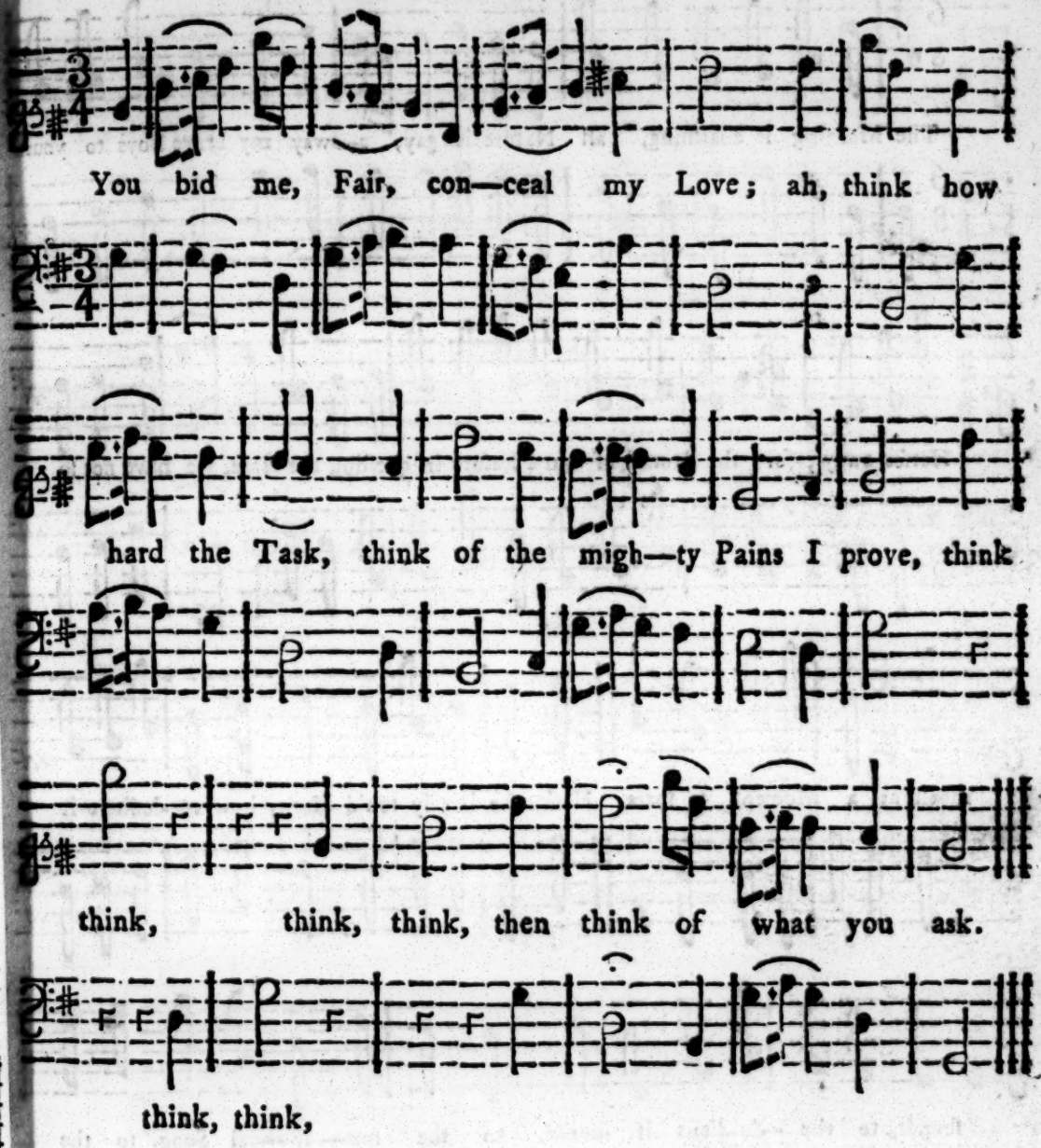
A SONG *for two Voices.*



2 Amherſt and Boſcawen,
And all their Britiſh Men,
Like Hero's ſhone;
Thanks be to Patriot Pit,
Whoſe penetrating Wit,
And Wiſdom judg'd it fit,
To ſet them on.

3 O grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton
Again may fall;
May Britiſh Bands protect,
While Britiſh Hearts direct,
And Gallic Schemes detect,
God ſave us all.

A SONG *for Two Voices.*



II.

Go, bid the fev'riſh Wretch forbear,
'Midſt Burnings to complain;
Go, bid the Slaves, who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling Chain.

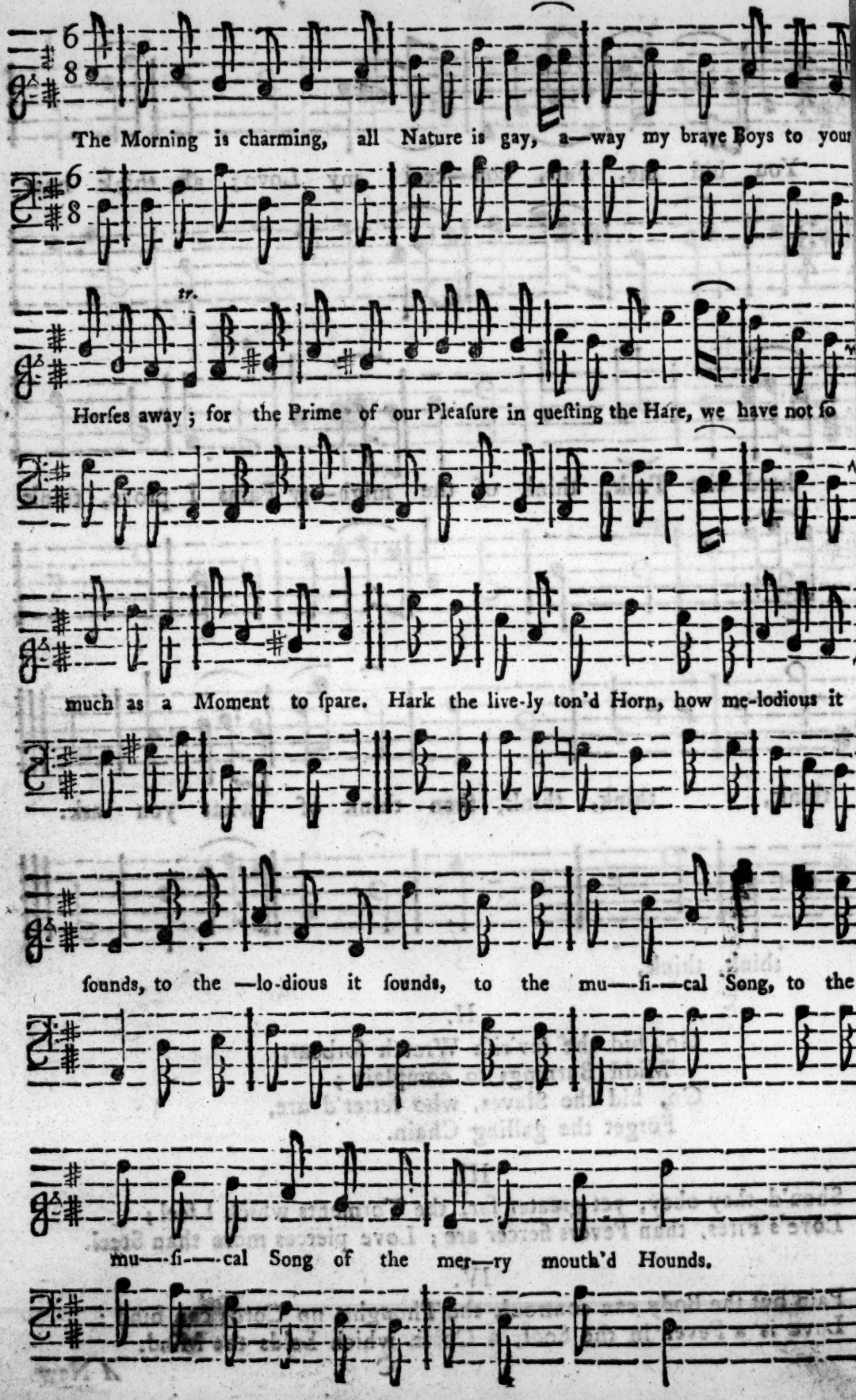
III.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far, the Torments which I feel;
Love's Fires, than Fevers fiercer are; Love pierces more than Steel.

IV.

Pain but the Body can controul, the Thoughts no Cords can bind:
Love is a Fever in the Soul, a Chain which holds the Mind.

A New Hunting SONG *for two Voices.*



II.

In yon Stubble Field you ſhall find her below,
Soho! cries the Huntſman; hark! to him, Soho!
See, ſee where ſhe goes, and the Hounds have a View,
Such Harmony Handel himſelf never knew.
Gates, Hedges, and Ditches to us are no Bounds,
For the World is our own, while we follow the Hounds.

III.

Hold! hold! 'tis a Double, hark! hey! Bowler hey!
If a Thouſand gainſay it, a Thouſand ſhall lie,
His Beauty ſurpaſſing his Truth hath been try'd,
At the Head of a Pack an infallible Guide;
At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder reſounds,
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.

IV.

O'er Highlands, and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,
Our Horſes full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry,
So match'd in their Mouths, ſo equal they run;
Like the Turn of the Spheres, and the Race with the Sun;
Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds,
And bleſs the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.

V.

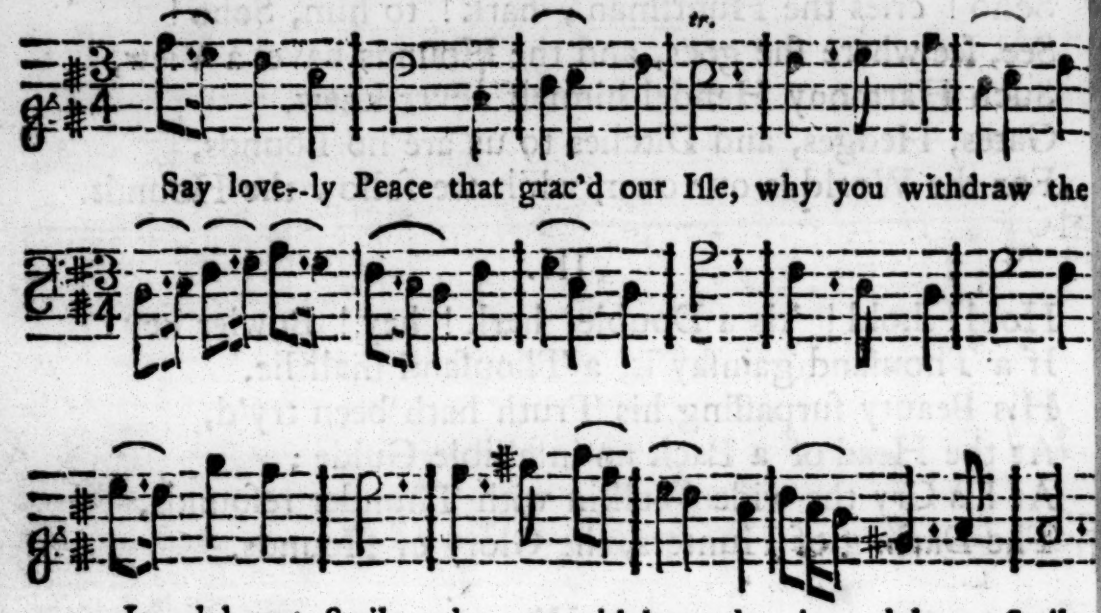
The old Hounds puſh forward, a very ſure Sign,
That the Hare, tho' a ſtout one, begins to decline;
A Chace of two Hours, or more, ſhe has led,
She's down, look about ye, they have her, 'ware, dead!
How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds,
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds.

VI.

Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,
May they never be croſs'd by their Sweethearts or Wives;
May they rule their own Paſſions, and ever at reſt,
As the moſt happy Men, be they alſo the beſt;
And free from all Care which the many ſurrounds,
Be happy at laſt;—when they ſee no more Hounds.

A Loyal SONG *for two Voices.*

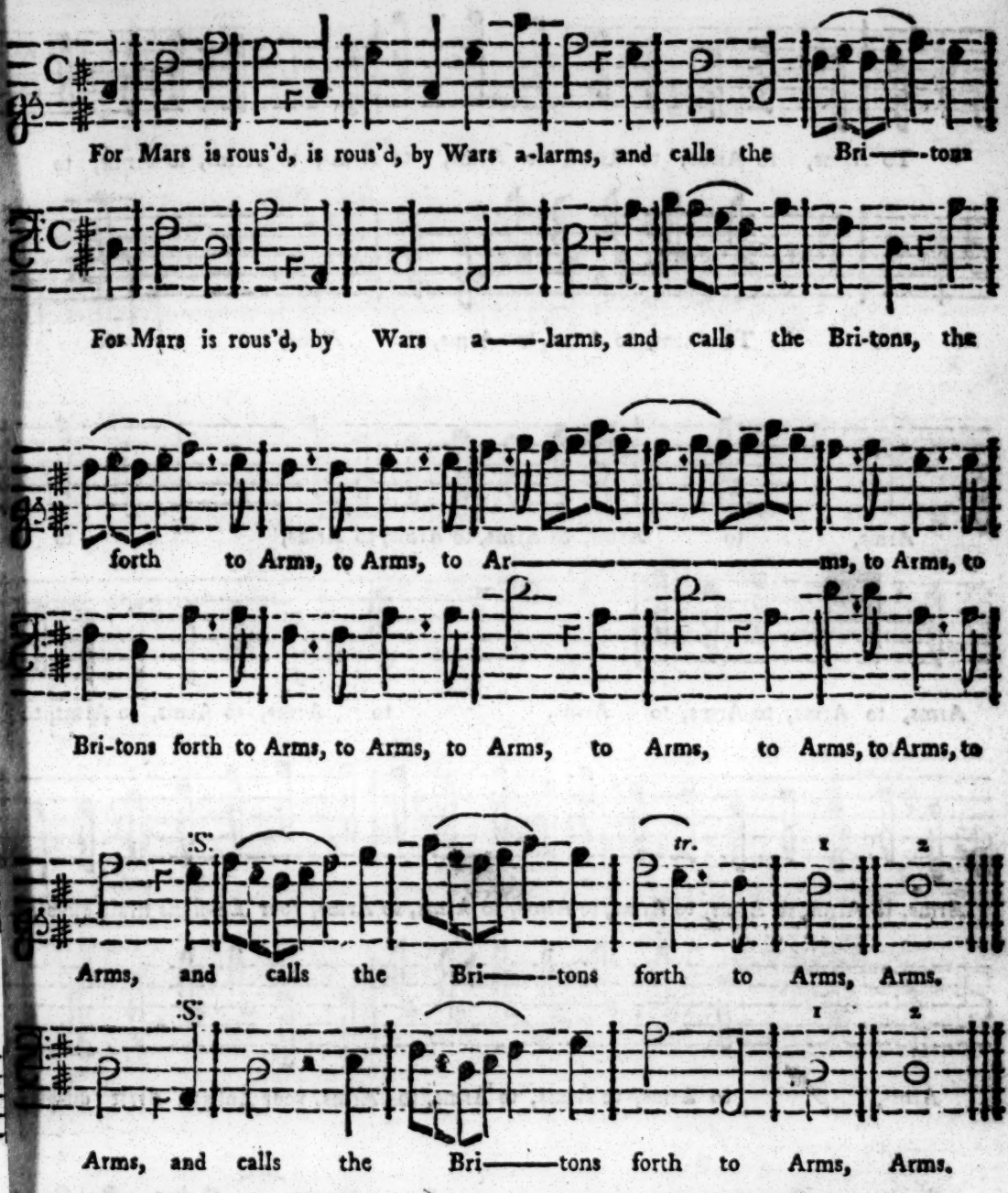
Gently.



CHO

CHORUS.

Brisk.



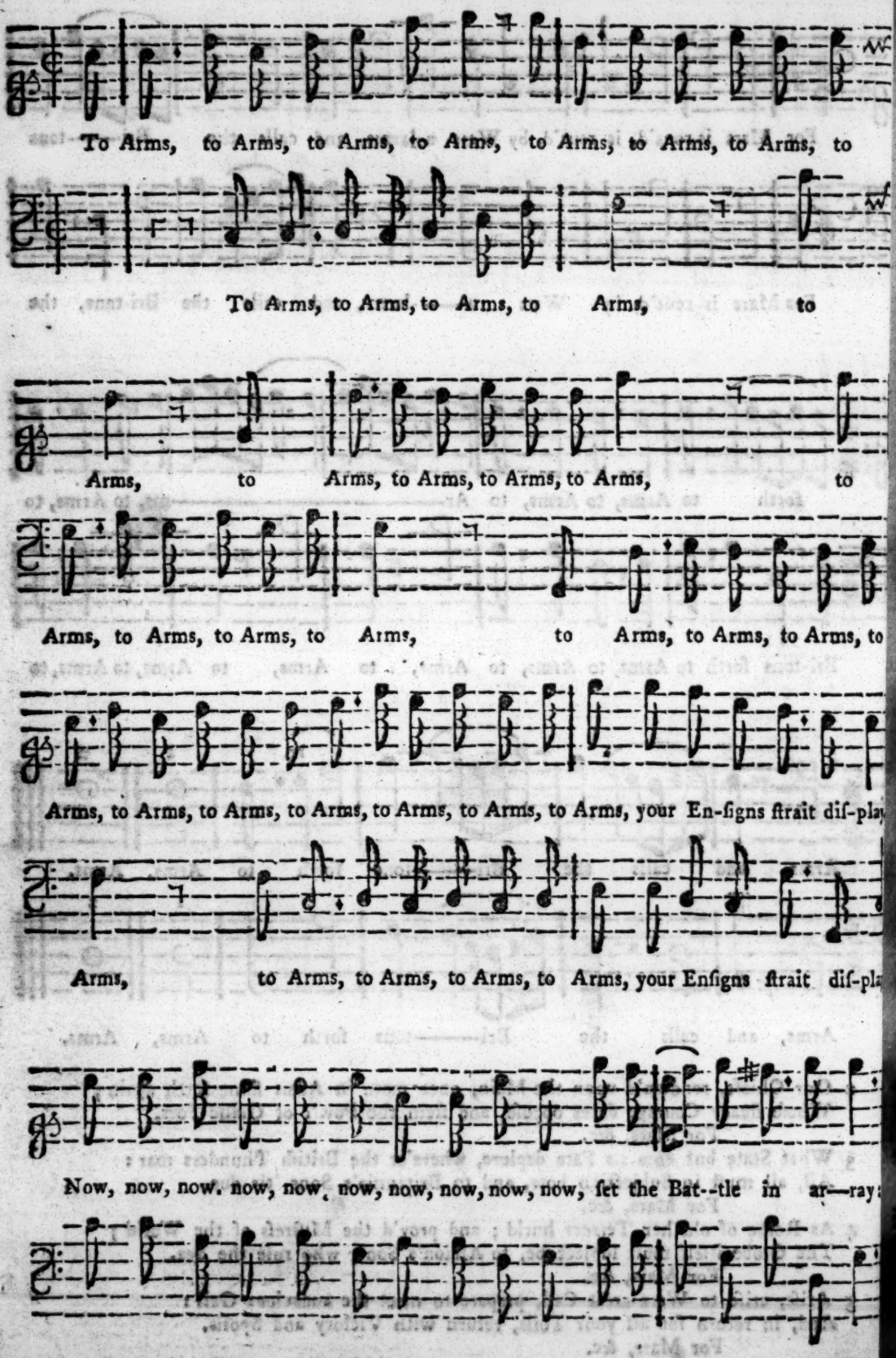
2 Our Chiefs, renown'd upon the Main, once more in Arms ſhine forth again;
Whoſe ſteady Courage dares oppoſe, and ſtem the Pow'r of Gallic Foes.
For Mars, &c.

3 What State but does its Fate deplore, where'er the Britiſh Thunders roar:
All, all muſt in Subjection bow, and to Britannia's Sons 'tis due.
For Mars, &c.

4 As Rome of old her Terrors hurld; and prov'd the Miſtreſs of the World;
The Globe itſelf muſt ſubject be, to Albion's Sons, who rule the Sea.
For Mars, &c.

5 Ariſe, ariſe to Wars great Call, prepare to meet the audacious Gall:
And, in return for all your Toils, return with Victory and Spoils.
For Mars, &c.

A SONG *for two Voices, ſet by Mr.* Purcell.



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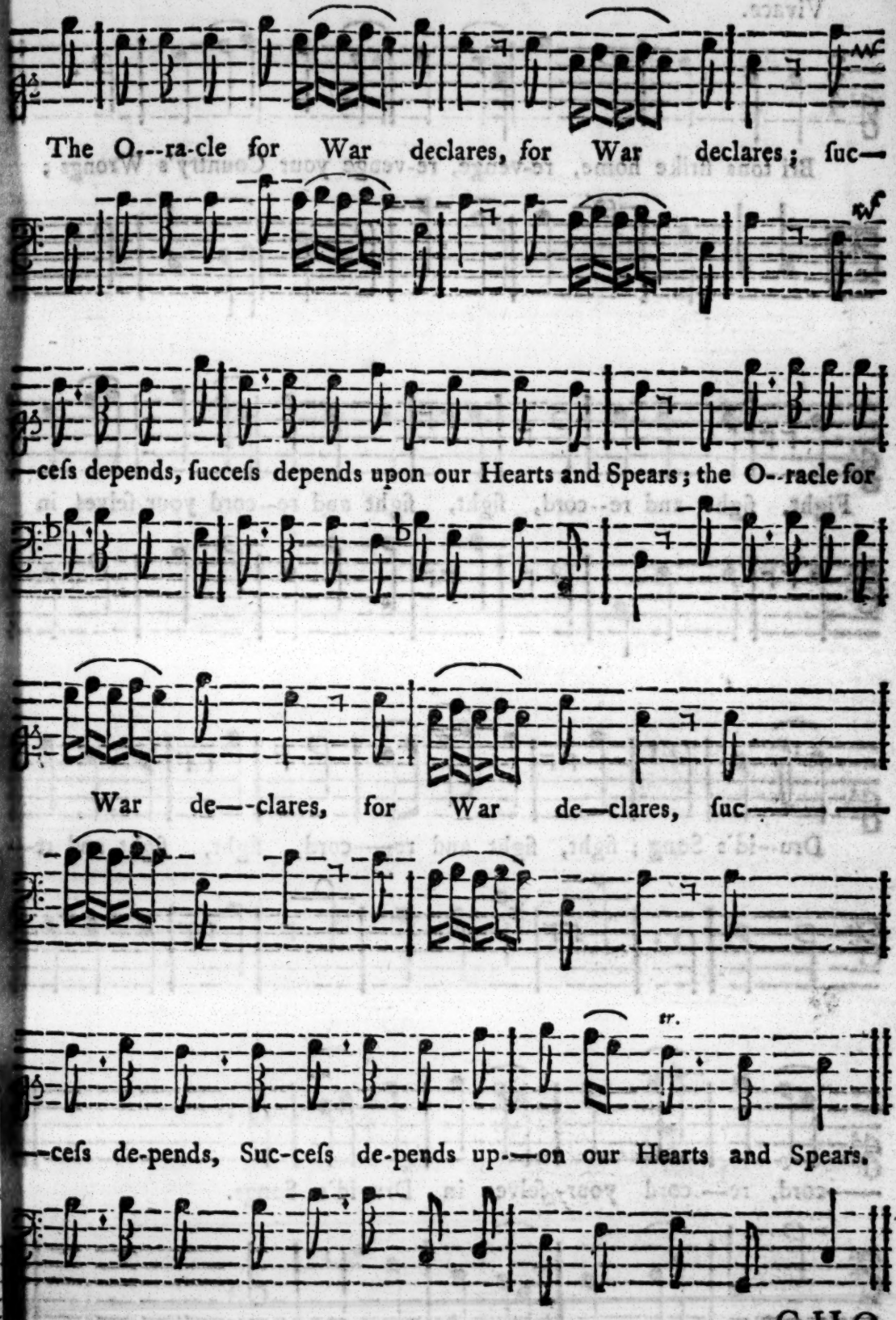
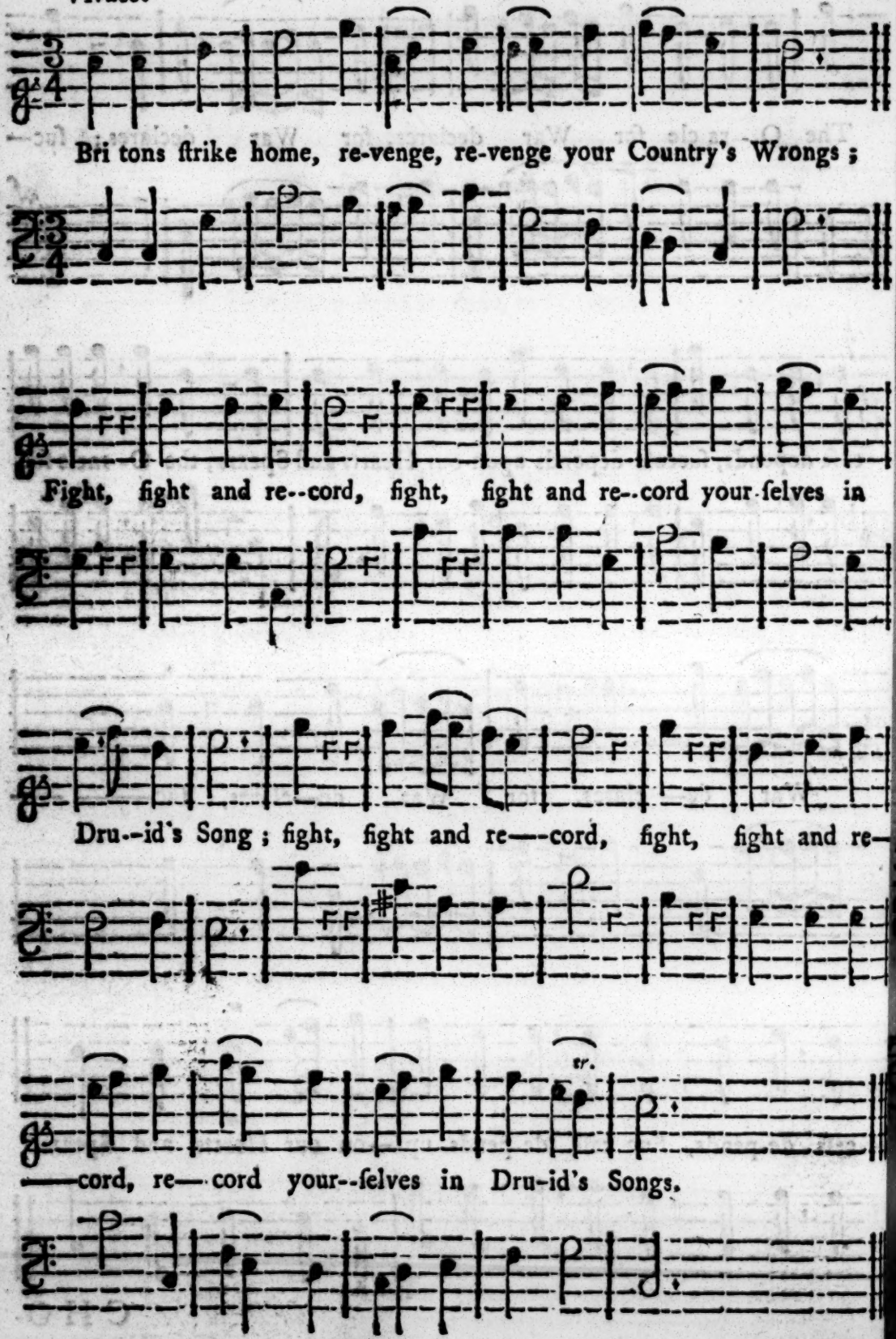


CHO-

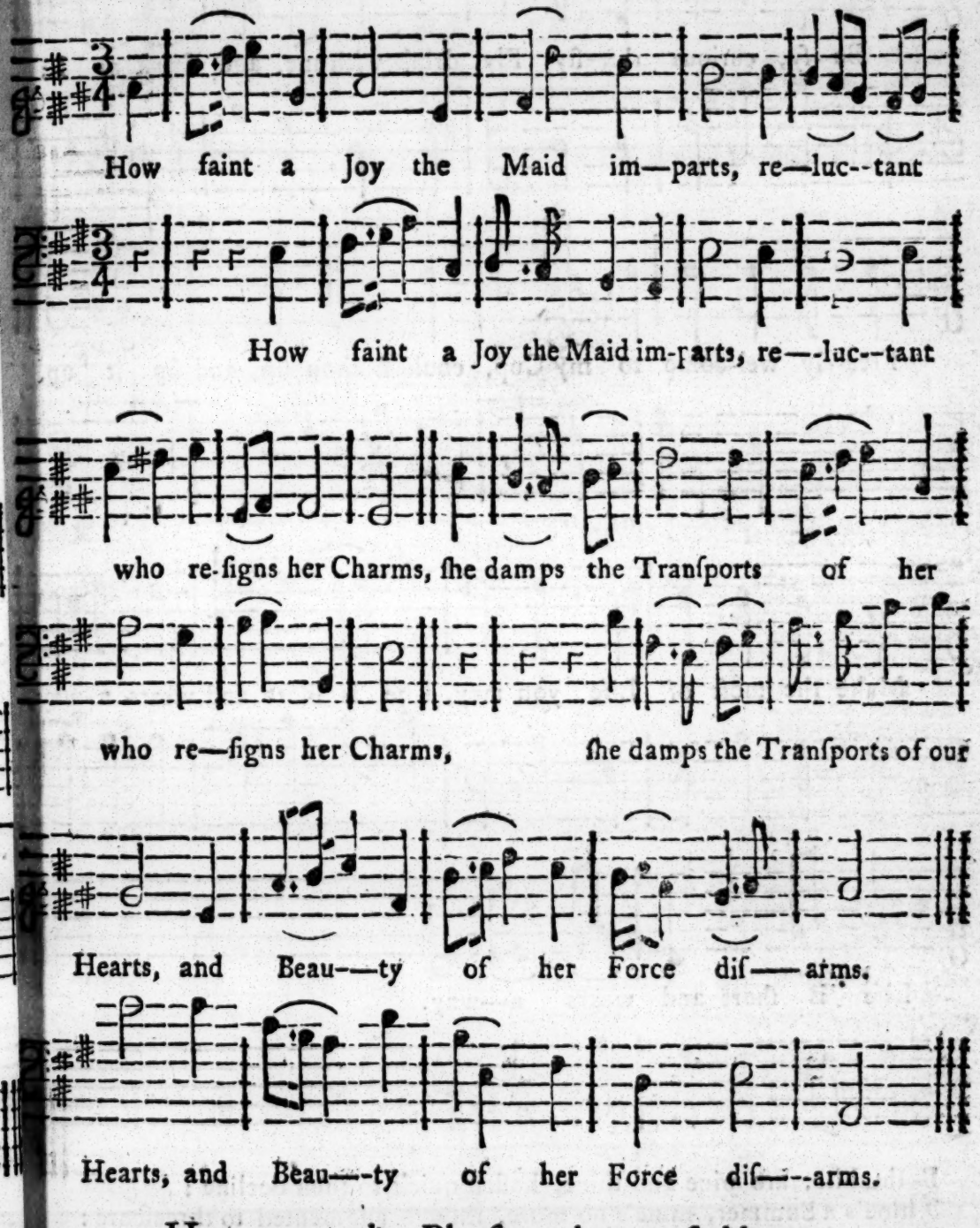
CHORUS.

Vivace.



A SONG *for two Voices.*

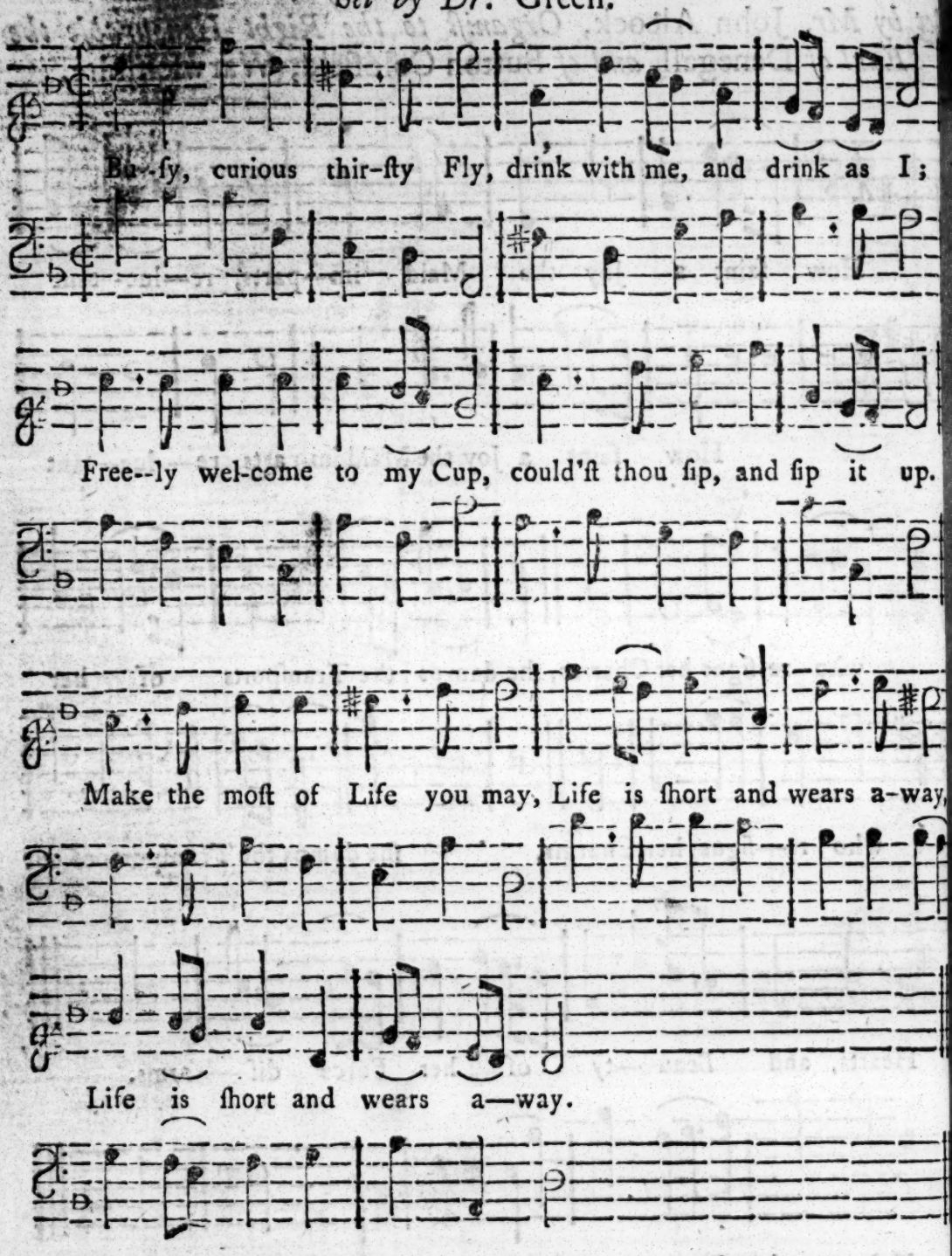
Set by Mr. John Alcock, *Organiſt to the Right Honourable the Earl of* Denegall, *and of* Sutton Coldfield, Warwickſhire.



How great the Pleaſure, how refin'd,
And even in Reflection ſweet;
When Lovers are but of one Mind;
And Souls together ſeem to meet.

The Fly, *for two Voices.*

Set by Dr. Green.

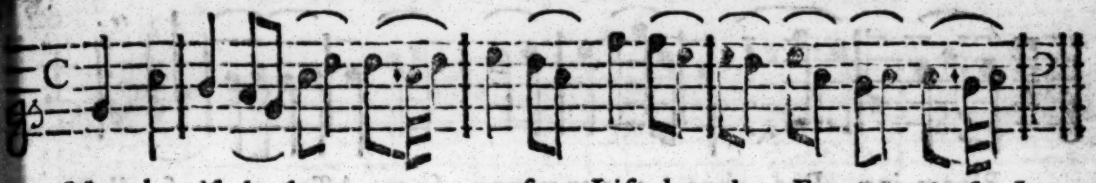


Both alike, are mine and thine, haſten quick to their decline;
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more, though augmented to threeſcore:
Threeſcore Summers when they're gone, will appear as ſhort as one,
Will appear, &c

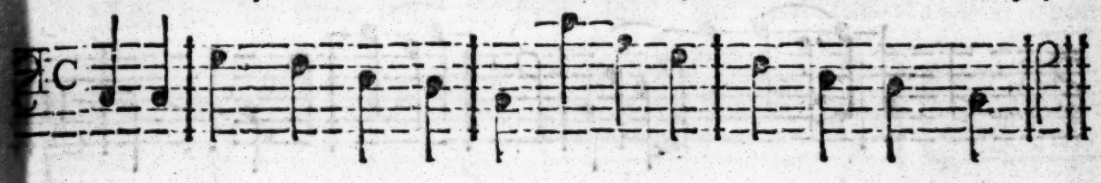
Time ſeems little to look back, and moves on like Clock or Jack;
As the Movement of the Fly, Fortune ſwiftly paſſes by;
And when Life's ſhort Thread is ſpun, the Larum ſtrikes, and we have do
The Larum, &c

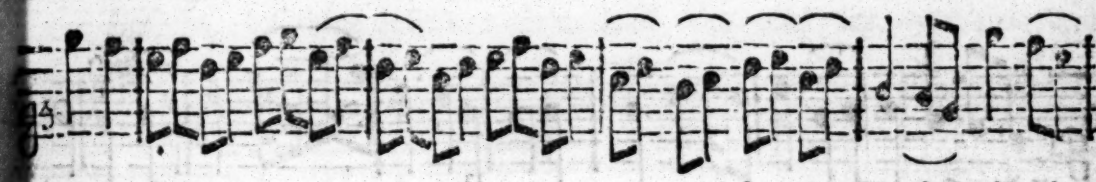
The Advice. *For Two Voices:*

Set by George Frederick Handel, *Esq*;.

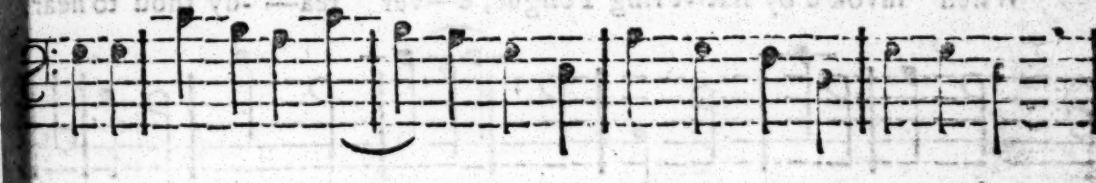


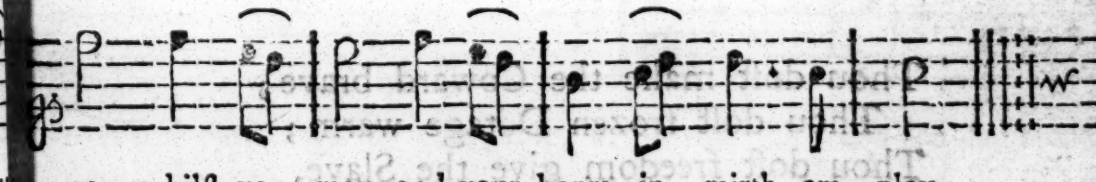
Mortals wiſe-ly learn to meaſure, Life by the Ex-tent of Joy;



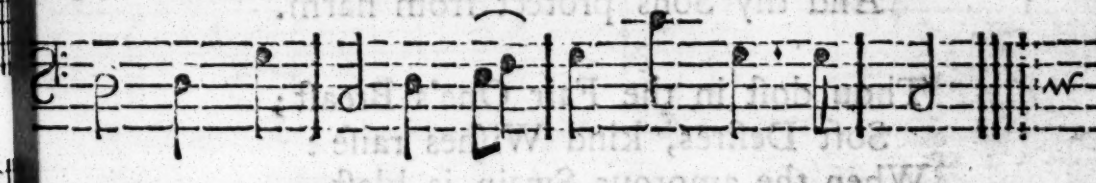


Life is ſho——————————rt, and fleet-ing Pleaſure, then be





gay, whilſt you may, and your hours in mirth em—ploy.



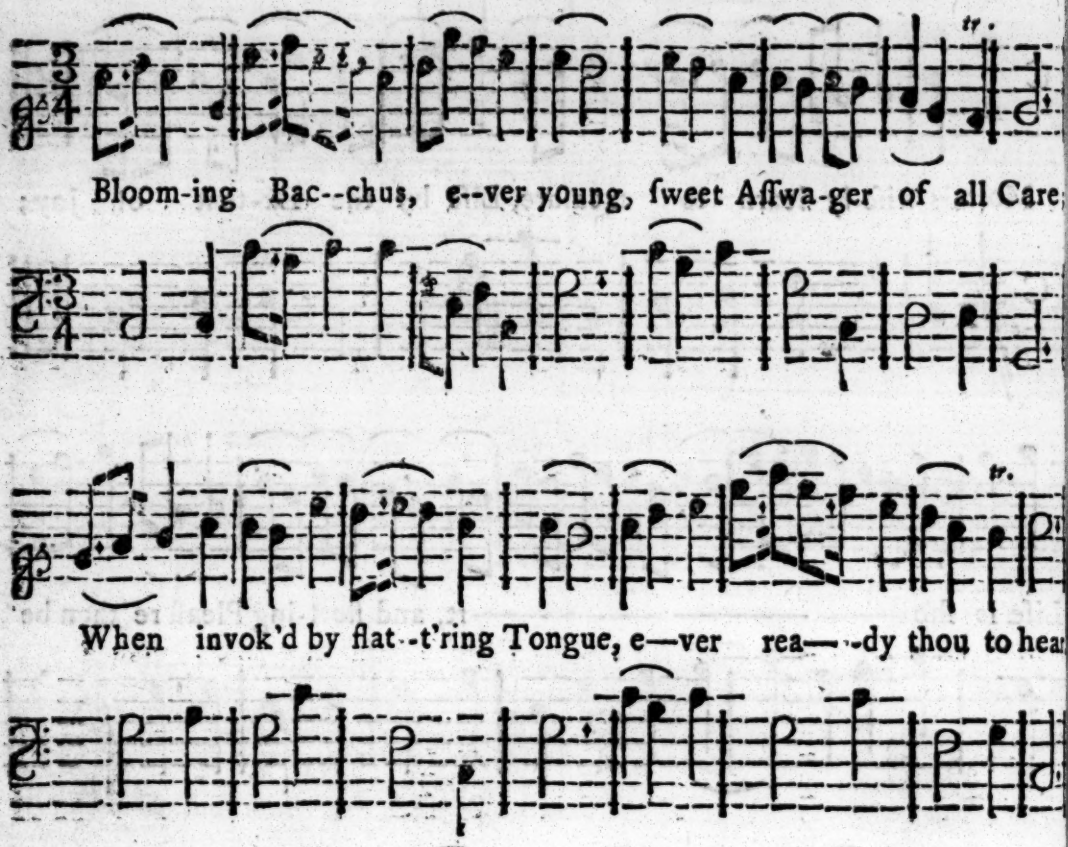
Never let a Miſtreſs pain you, tho' ſhe meets you with a Frown;
Fly to Wine, 'twill ſoon unchain you, chear thy Heart, and all ſmart,
In a ſweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flames ſhou'd ſeize thee, to ſome gentle Maid repair;
She'll with ſoft Endearments eaſe thee, on her Breaſt, lull'd to reſt,
Eas'd of Love and free'd from Care.

Friendſhip, Love, and Wine united, from all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted, happy State, ſmile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Mr. John Arnold.



Thou doſt make the Coward brave;
Thou doſt frozen Dotage warm;
Thou doſt freedom give the Slave,
And thy Sons protect from harm.

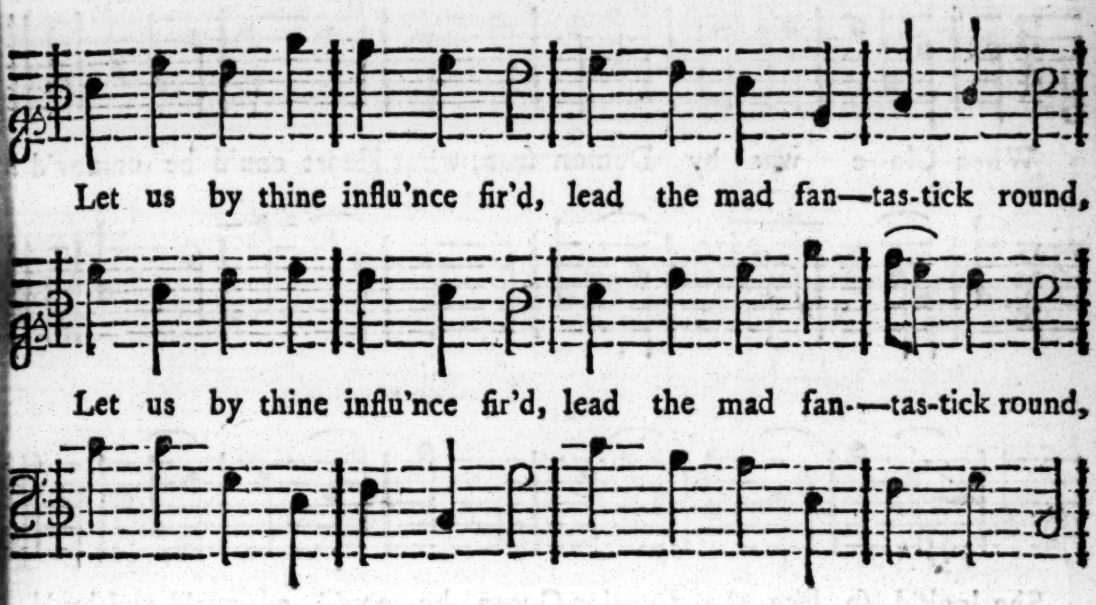
Thou doſt in the Fair One's Breaſt;
Soft Deſires, kind Wiſhes raiſe:
When the amorous Swain is bleſt,
Thine the Conqueſt, thine the Praiſe.

To our Vows propitious prove,
We by thy Aſſiſtance may,
Triumph o'er the God of Love;
Triumph o'er the God of Day.

CHO

Continued.

CHORUS, *for Three Voices.*

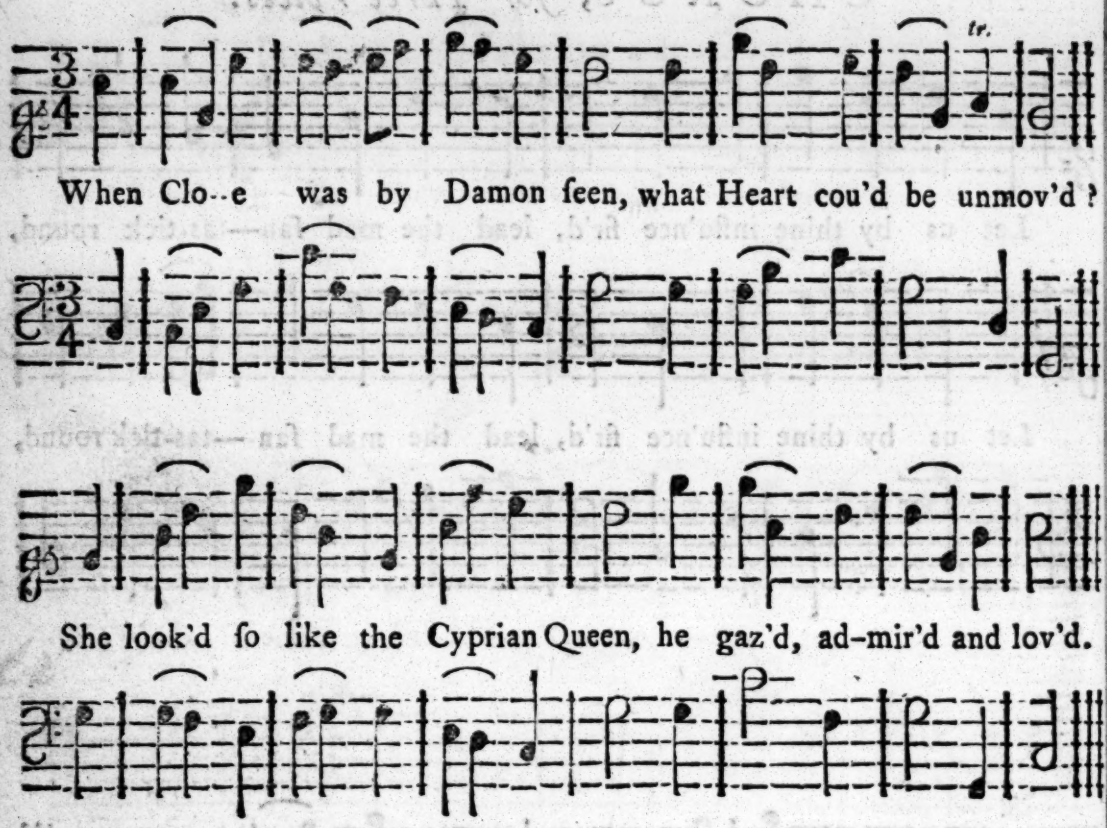


N. B. *This Chorus is to be ſung at the End of every Verſe.*

A SONG

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Mr. John Arnold.



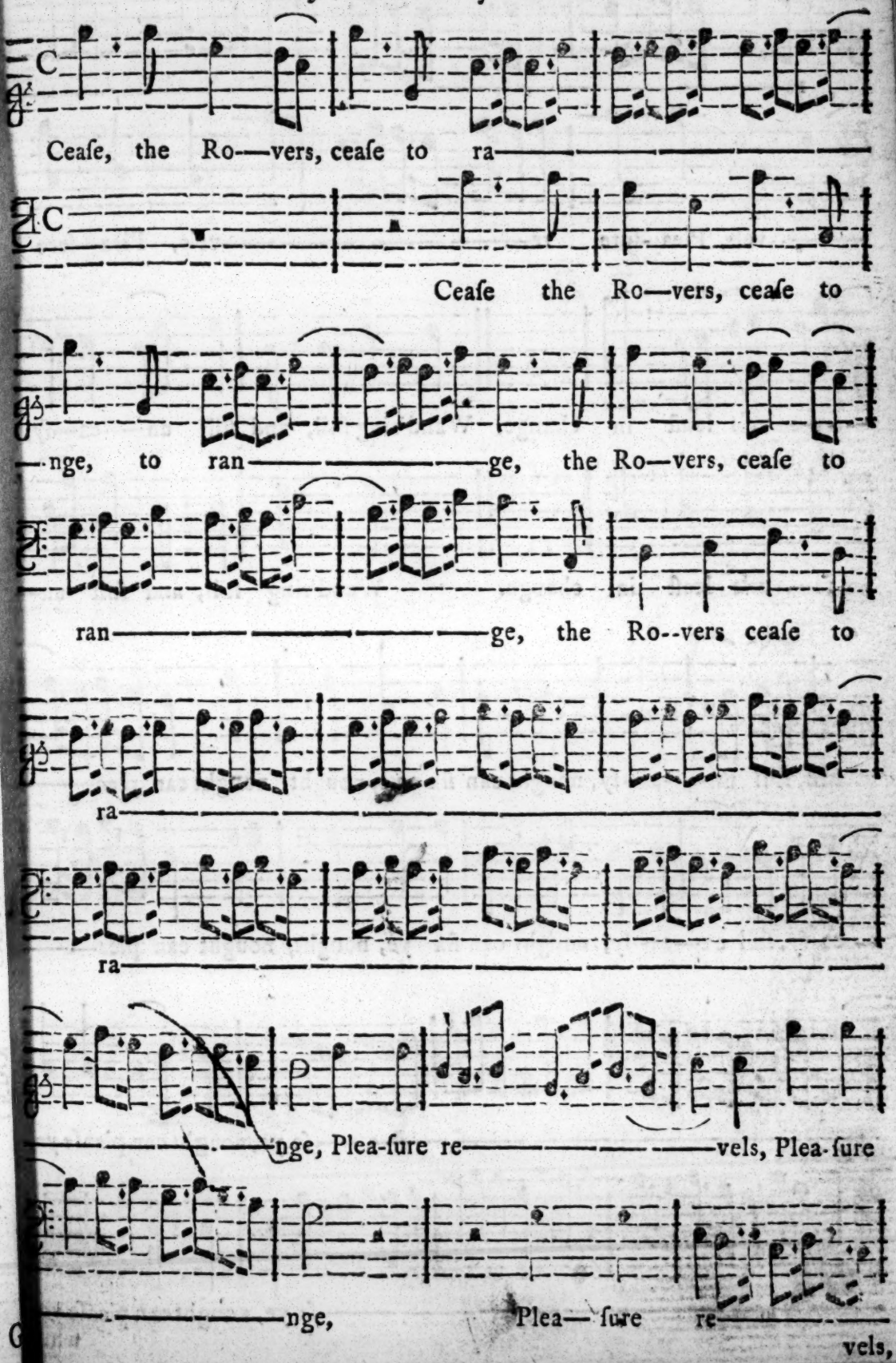
He lov'd, alaſs! but lov'd in vain,
And, full of Grief and Care,
He knew he never cou'd obtain,
The lovely, charming Fair.

Cloe deſerv'd a better Swain;
He not ſo fair a Bride;
Yet ſtill he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd, deſpair'd, and dy'd.

Take pity then thou lovely Maid,
For Cloe's Caſe is thine,
I dare not aſk, ſo much I dread;
Muſt Damon's Fate be mine?

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



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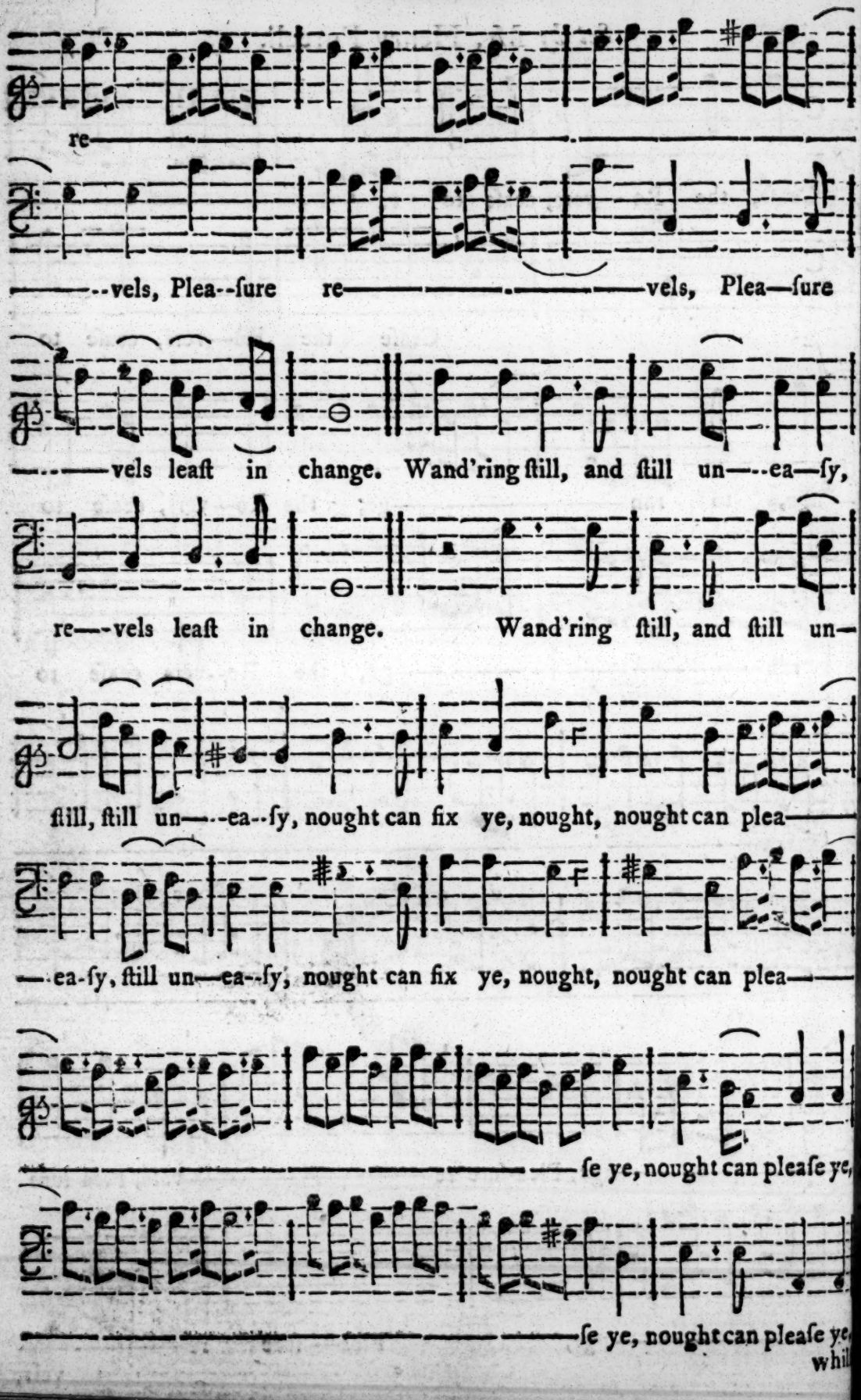

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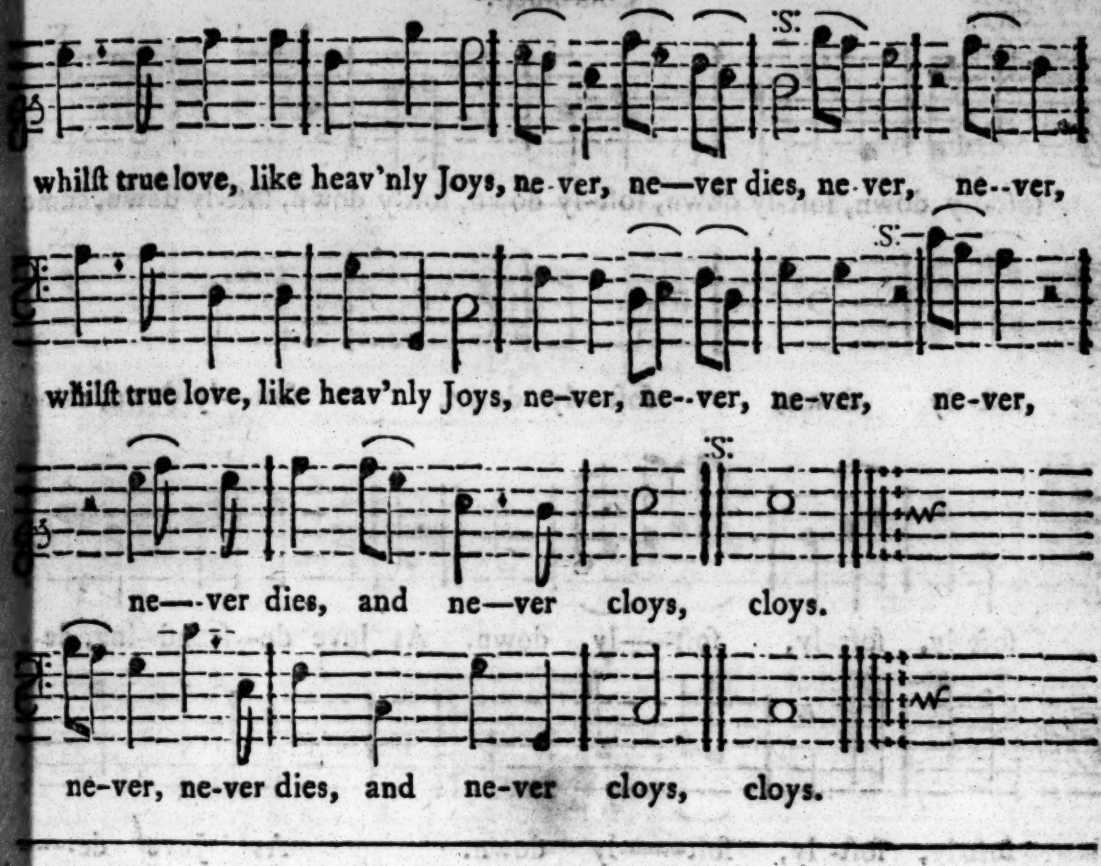
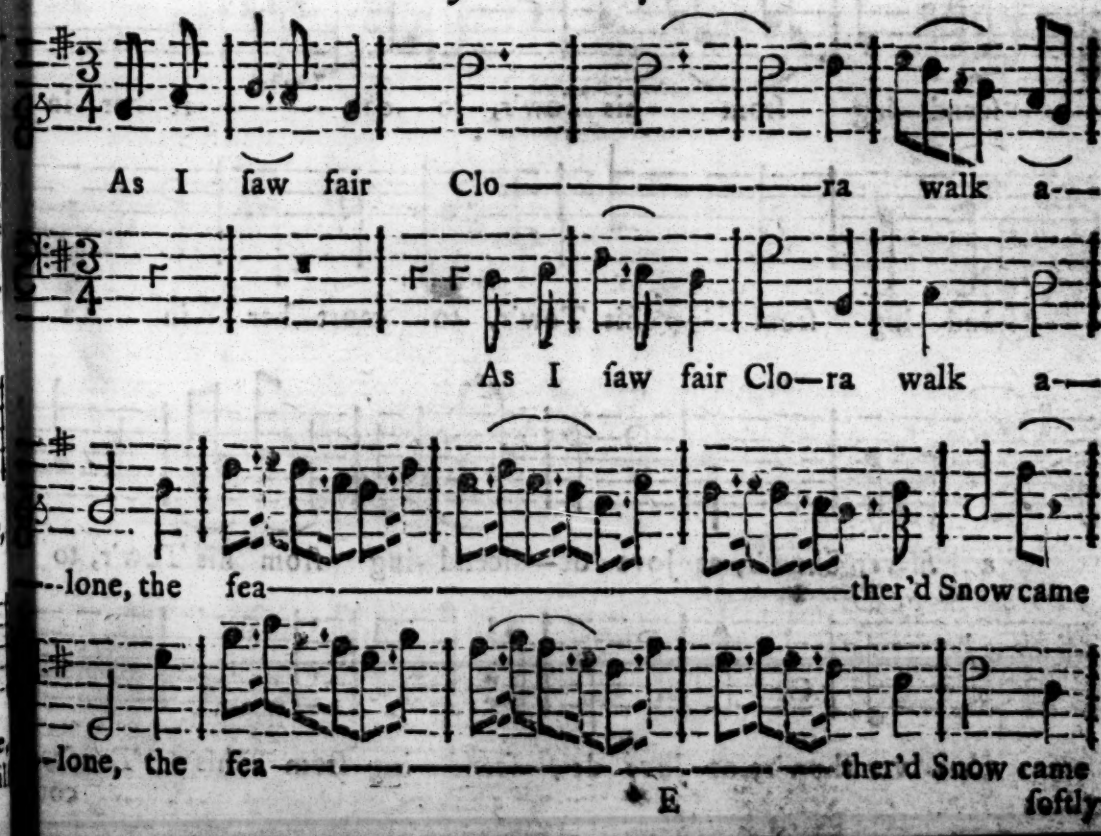


Fair Clora. *For two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Hayden.



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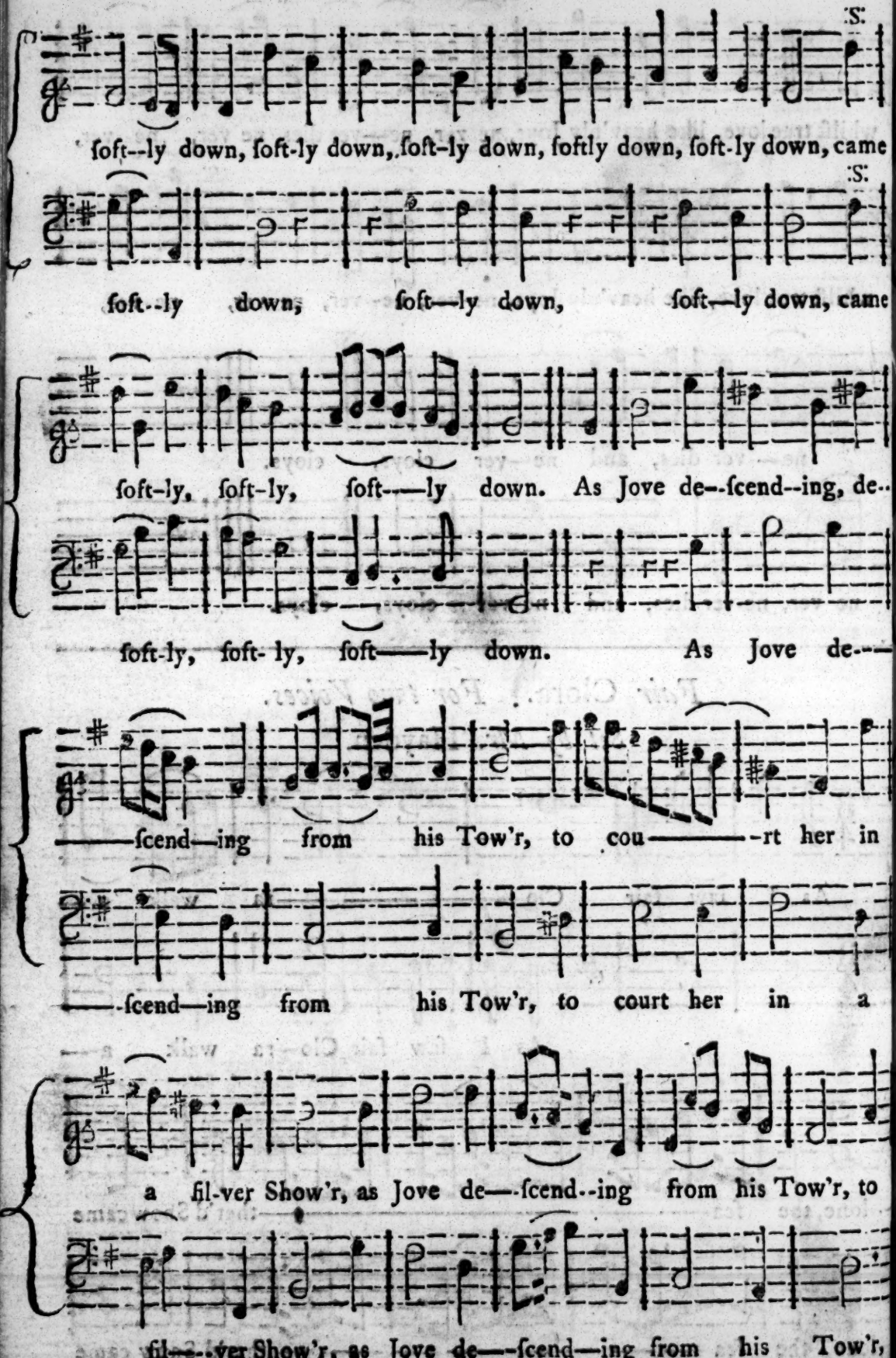
:S:
ſoft--ly down, ſoft-ly down, ſoft-ly down, ſoftly down, ſoft-ly down, came
:S:
ſoft--ly down, ſoft—ly down, ſoft—ly down, came
ſoft-ly, ſoft-ly, ſoft—ly down. As Jove de--ſcend--ing, de--
ſoft-ly, ſoft-ly, ſoft—ly down. As Jove de--
—ſcend—ing from his Tow'r, to cou—rt her in
—ſcend—ing from his Tow'r, to court her in a
a ſil-ver Show'r, as Jove de—ſcend--ing from his Tow'r, to
ſil—ver Show'r, as Jove de—ſcend—ing from his Tow'r,

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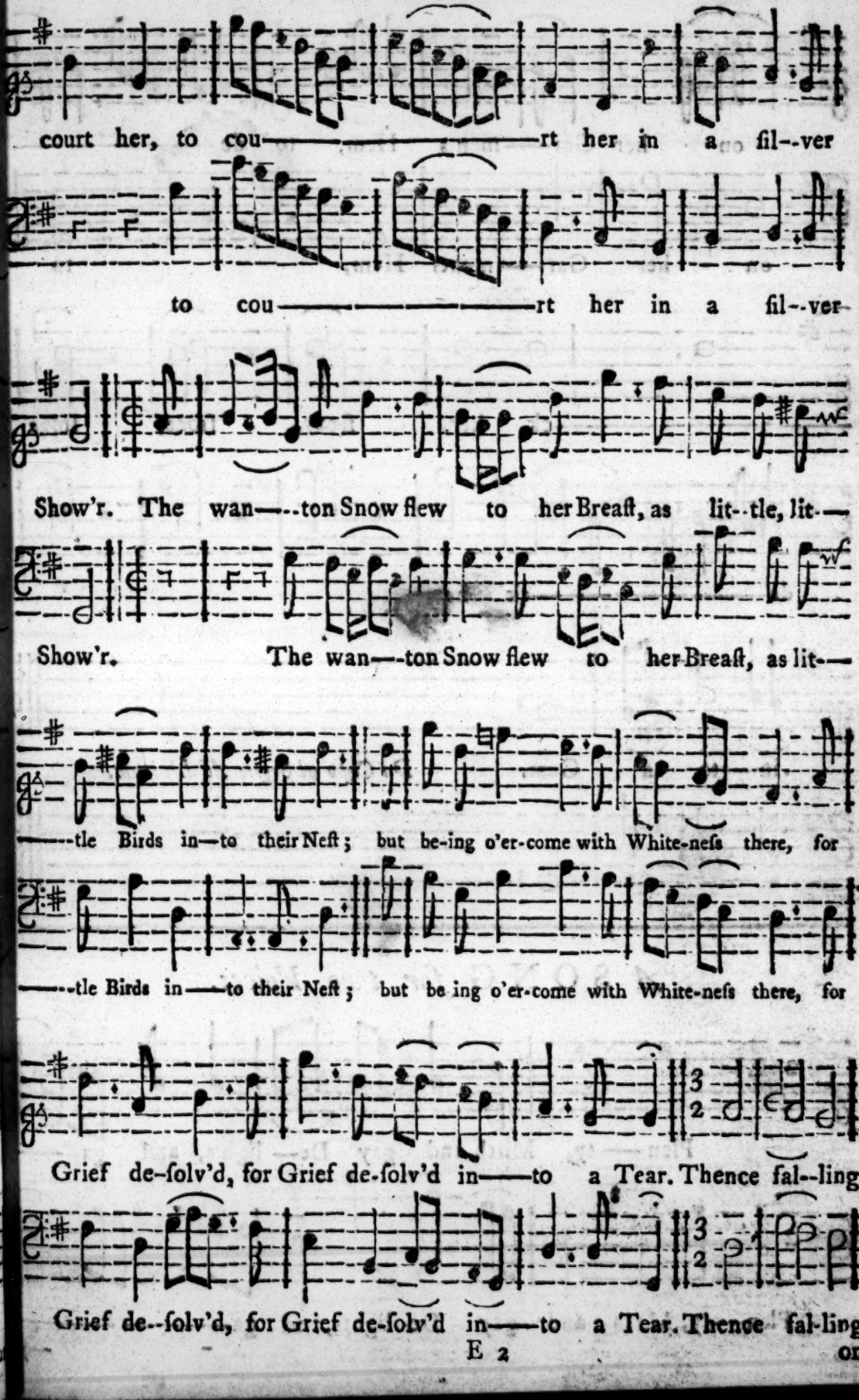
court her, to cou——rt her in a ſil--ver
to cou——rt her in a ſil--ver
Show'r. The wan—-ton Snow flew to her Breaſt, as lit--tle, lit—
Show'r. The wan—-ton Snow flew to her Breaſt, as lit—
—tle Birds in—to their Neſt; but be-ing o'er-come with White-neſs there, for
—tle Birds in—to their Neſt; but be ing o'er-come with White-neſs there, for
Grief de-ſolv'd, for Grief de-ſolv'd in—to a Tear. Thence fal--ling
Grief de--ſolv'd, for Grief de-ſolv'd in—to a Tear. Thence fal-ling

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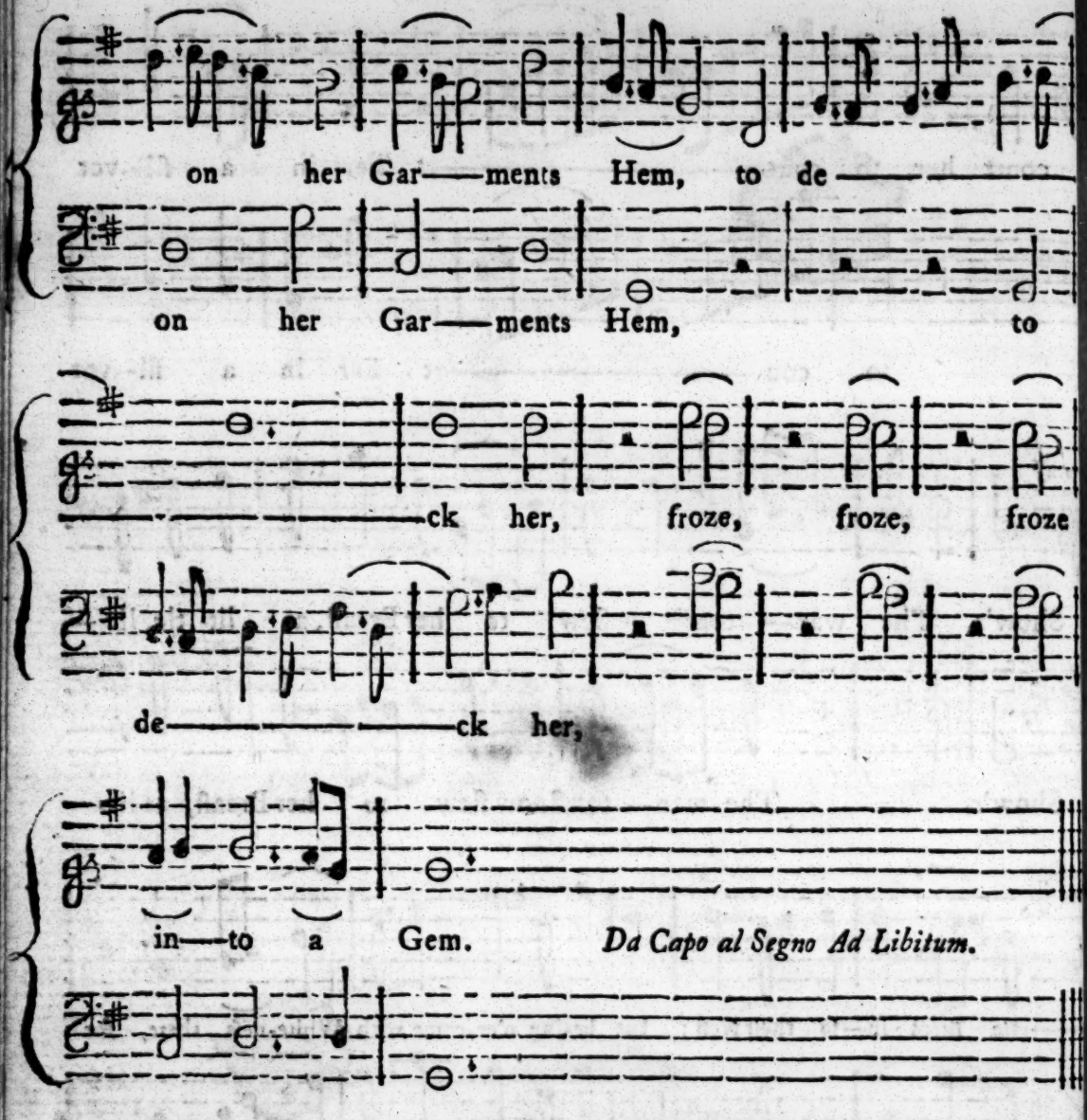
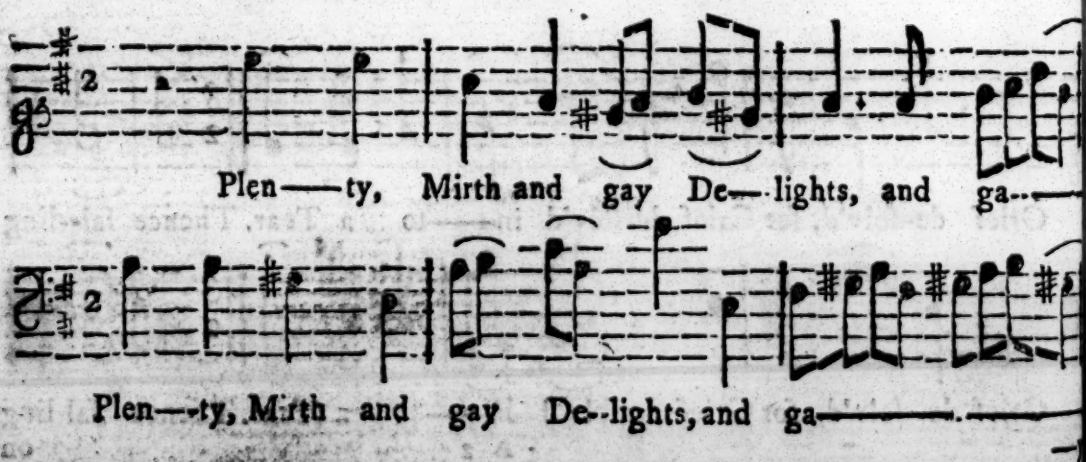


A SONG *for two Voices.*



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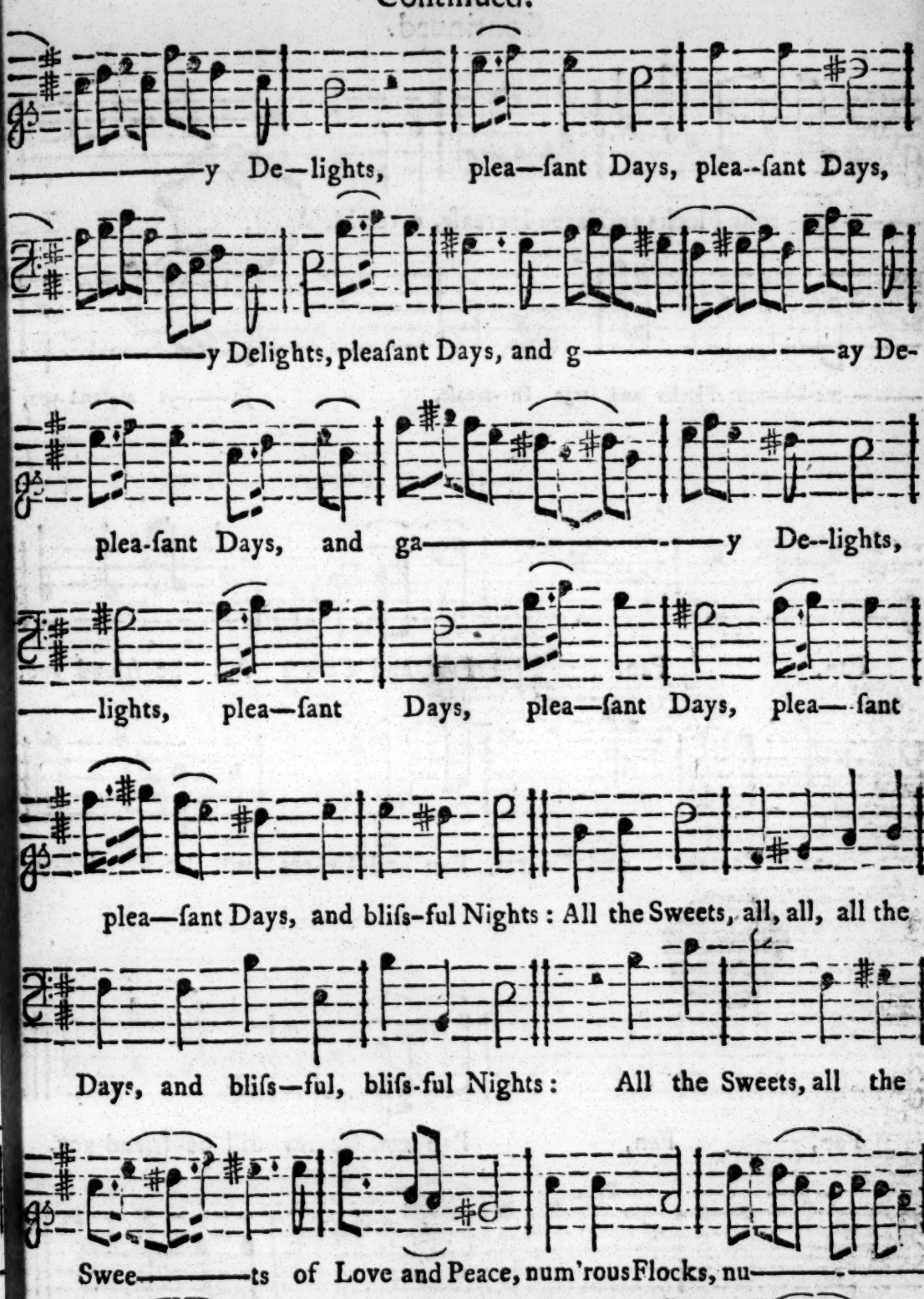

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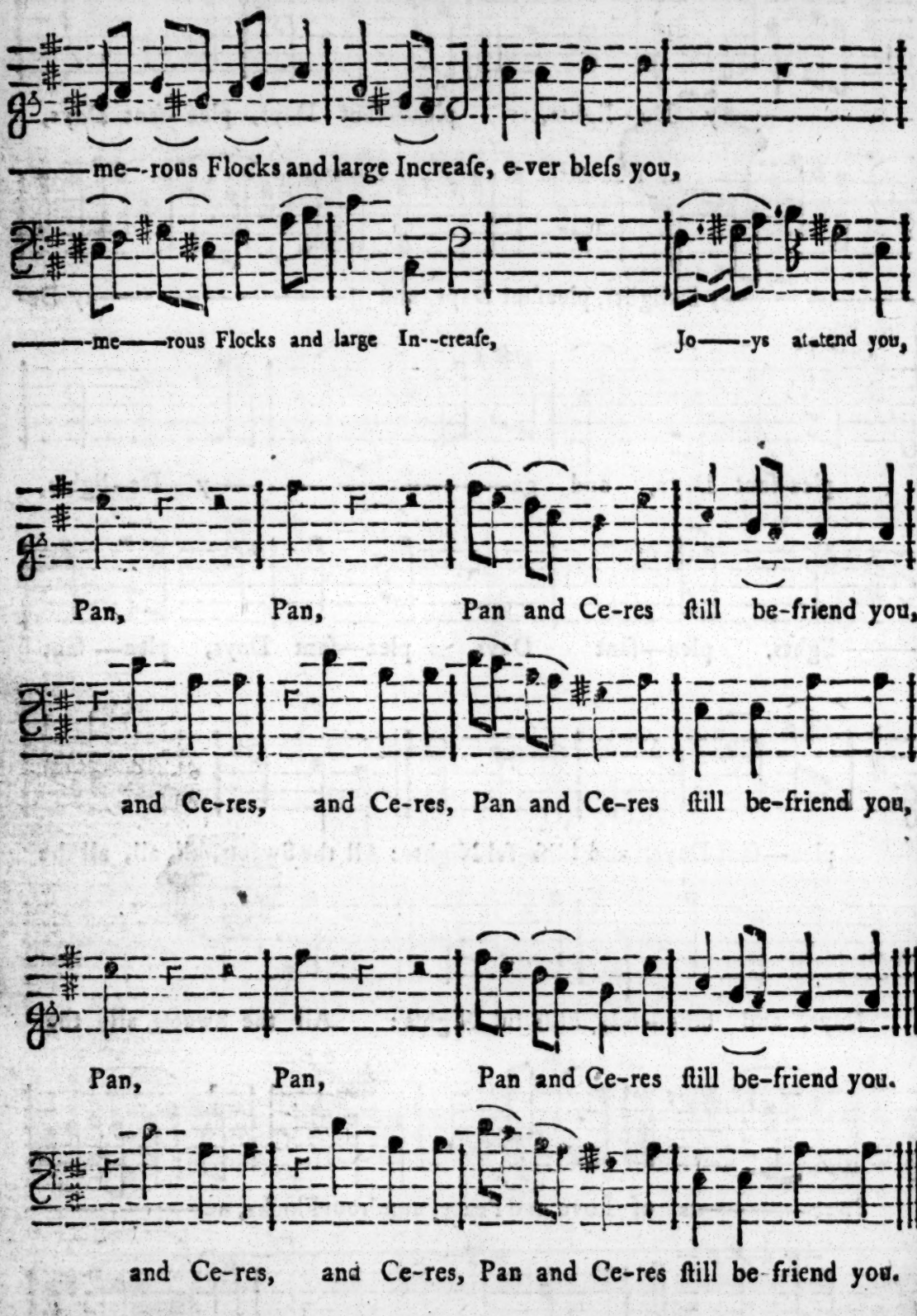
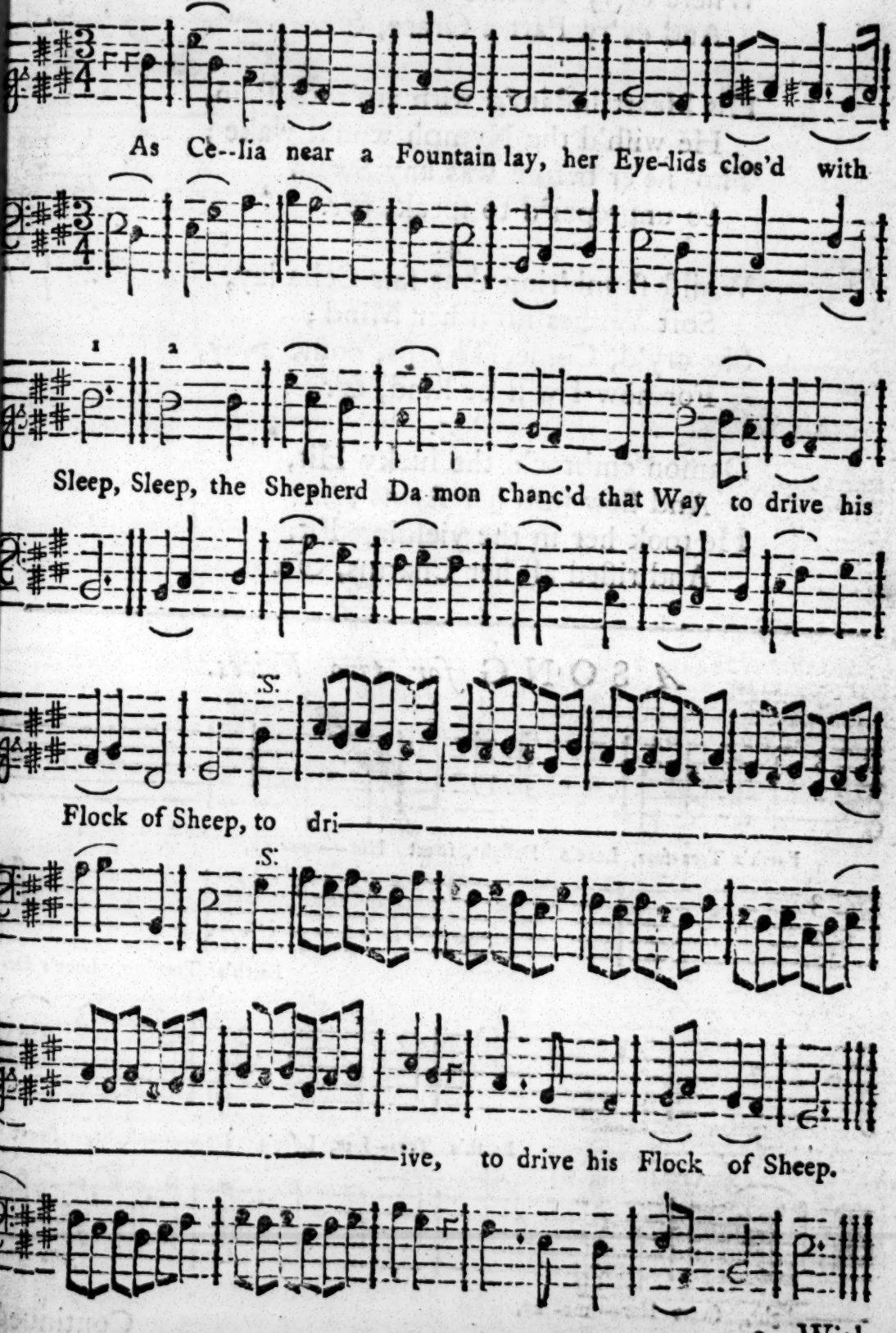

——me--rous Flocks and large Increaſe, e-ver bleſs you,
——me——rous Flocks and large In--creaſe, Jo——-ys attend you,
Pan, Pan, Pan and Ce-res ſtill be-friend you,
and Ce-res, and Ce-res, Pan and Ce-res ſtill be-friend you,
Pan, Pan, Pan and Ce-res ſtill be-friend you.
and Ce-res, and Ce-res, Pan and Ce-res ſtill be-friend you.

DAMON *and* CELIA. *For Two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Cannington.



2. With

2.

With aweful Step, h' approach'd the Fair,
To view her lovely Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace, *&c.*

3.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph wou'd wake;
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to ſpeak, *&c.*

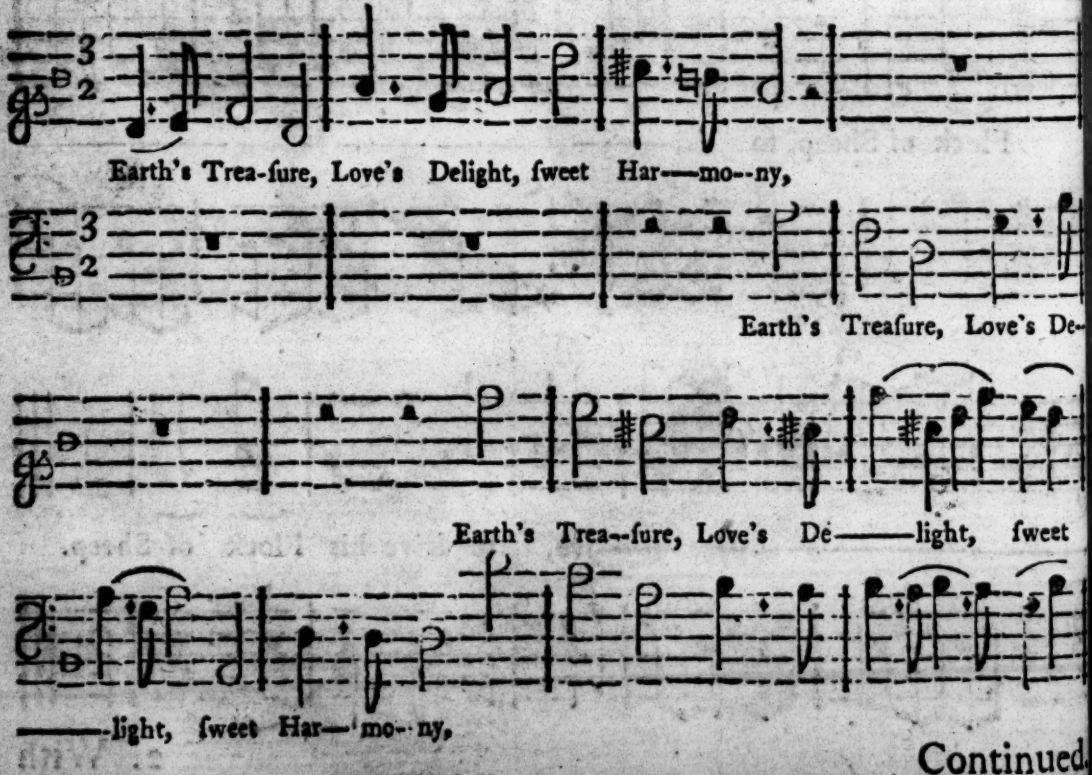
4.

Whilſt ſlumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind;
She cry'd, Come, Thyrſis, come away,
For now I will be kind, *&c.*

5.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms;
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms, *&c.*

A SONG *for two Voices.*



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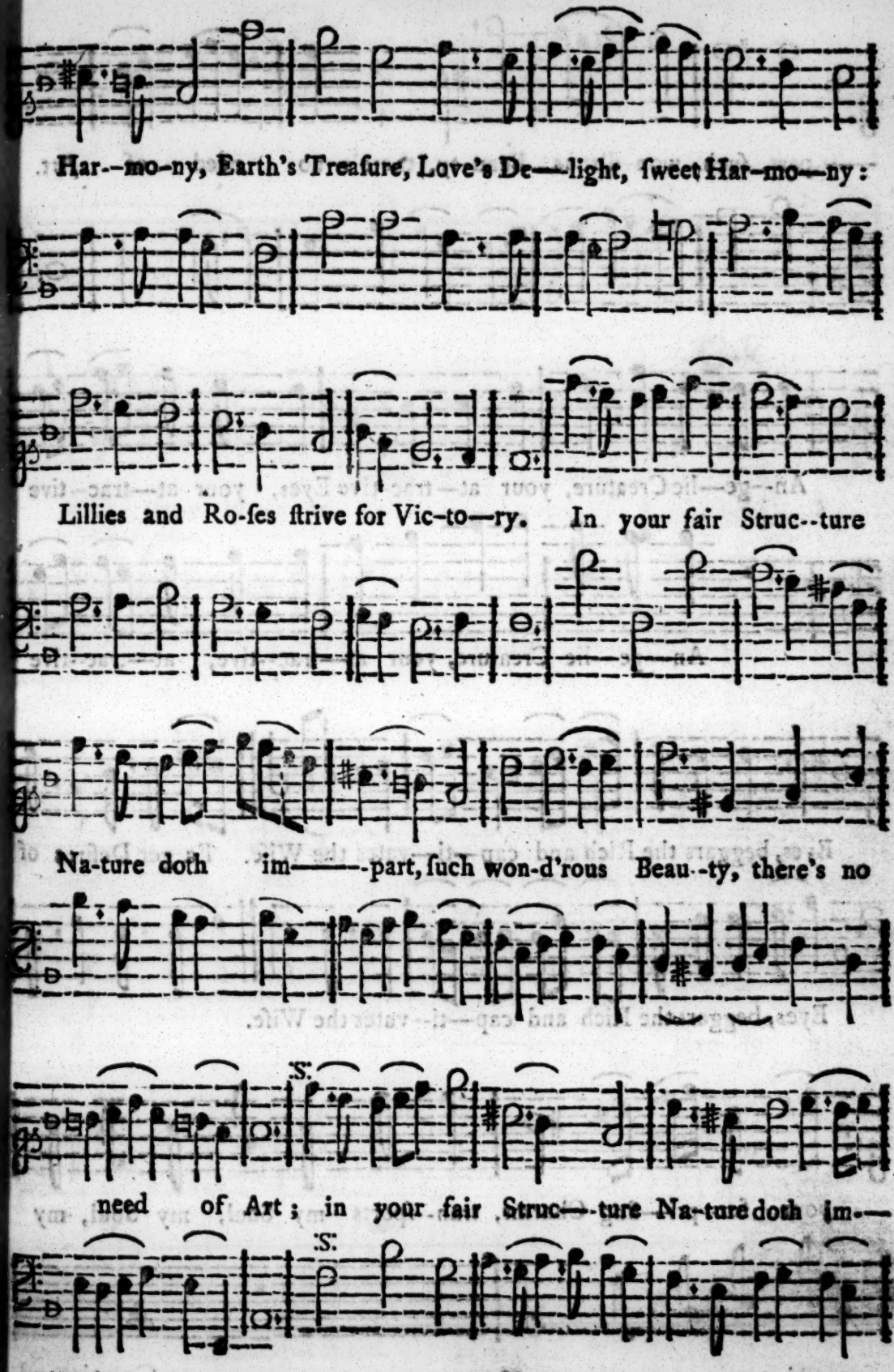
Har--mo-ny, Earth's Treaſure, Love's De——light, ſweet Har-mo—ny:
Lillies and Ro-ſes ſtrive for Vic-to—ry. In your fair Struc--ture
Na-ture doth im———-part, ſuch won-d'rous Beau--ty, there's no
need of Art; in your fair Struc—-ture Na-ture doth im—

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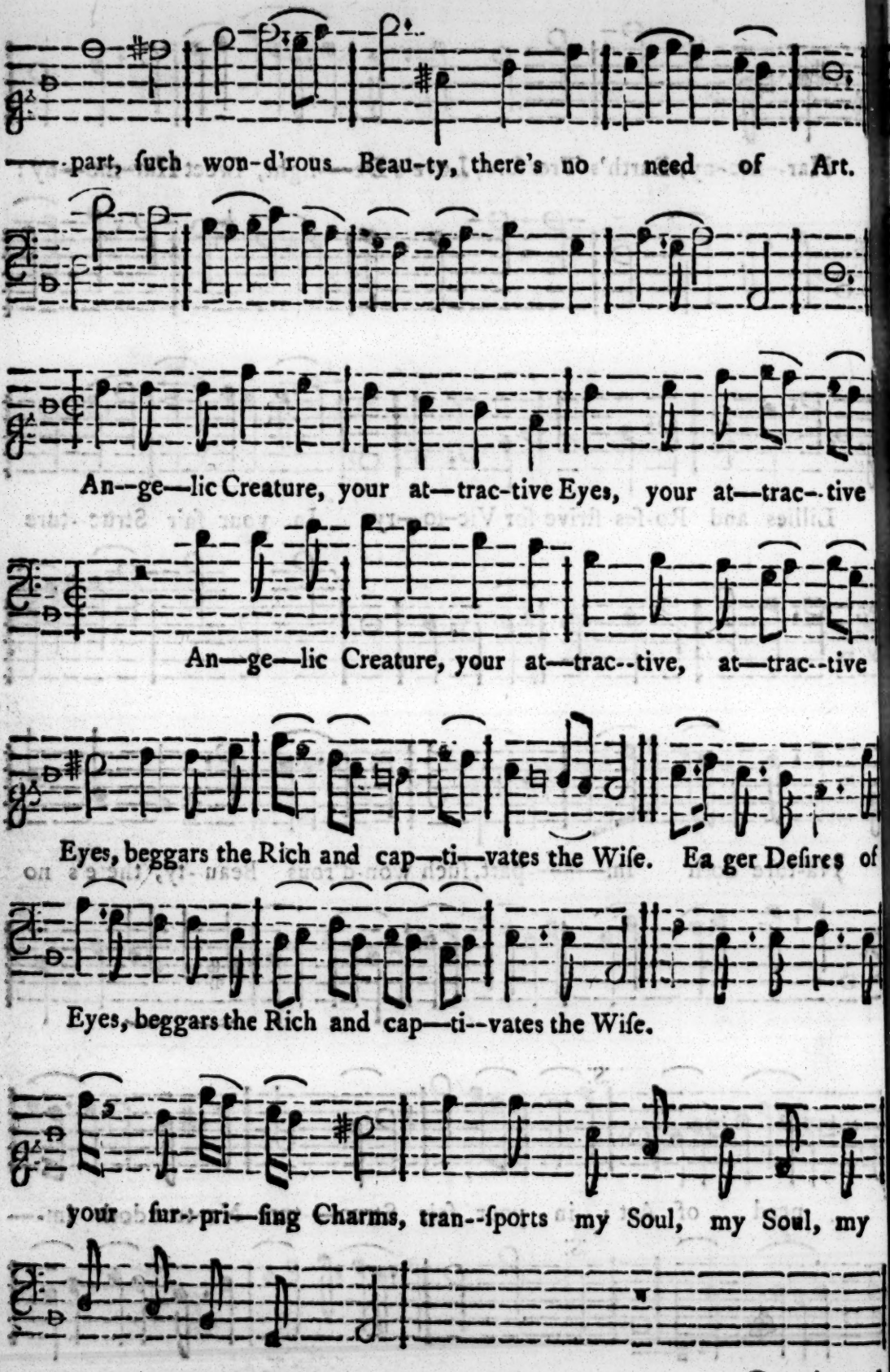

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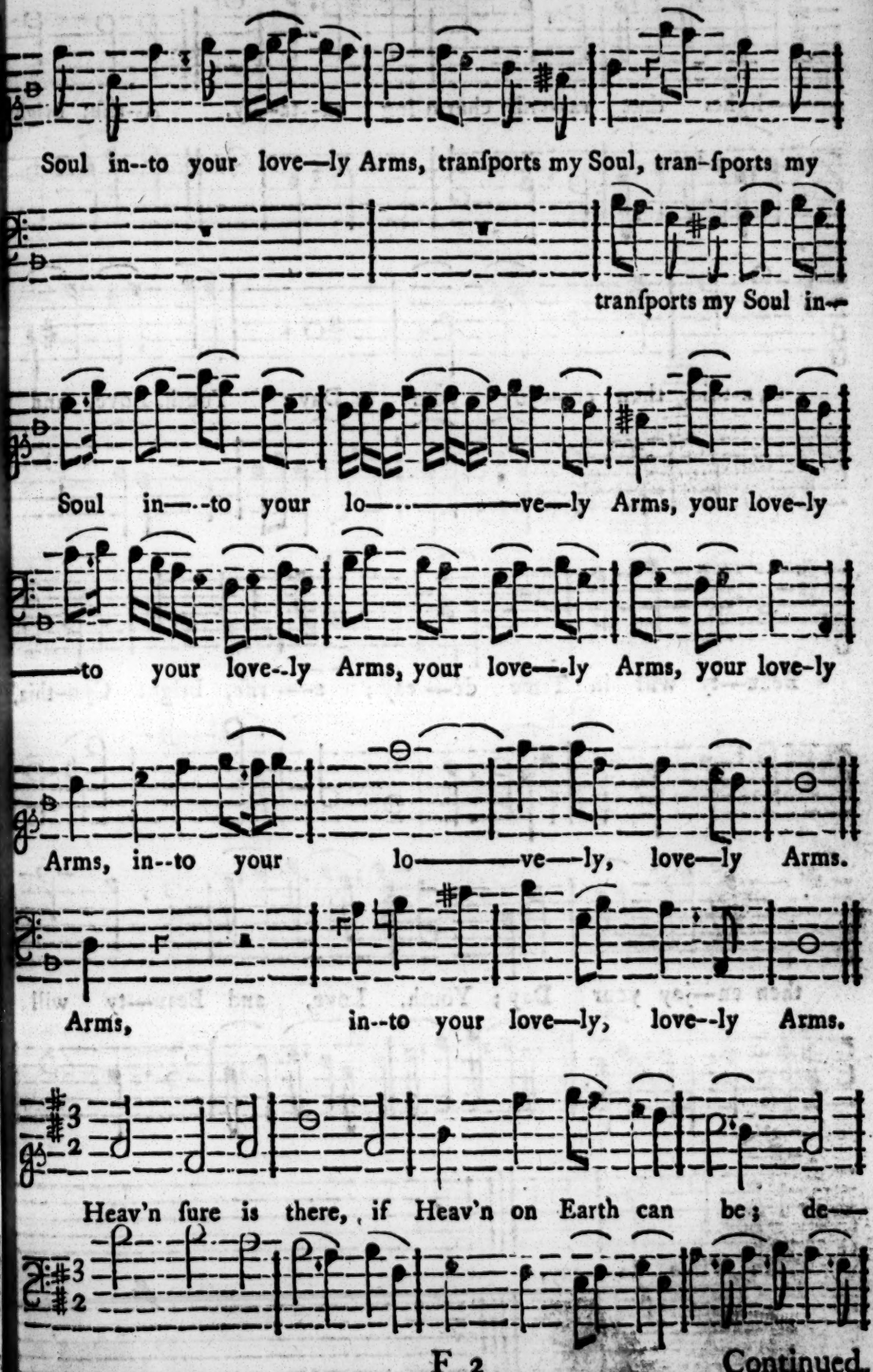

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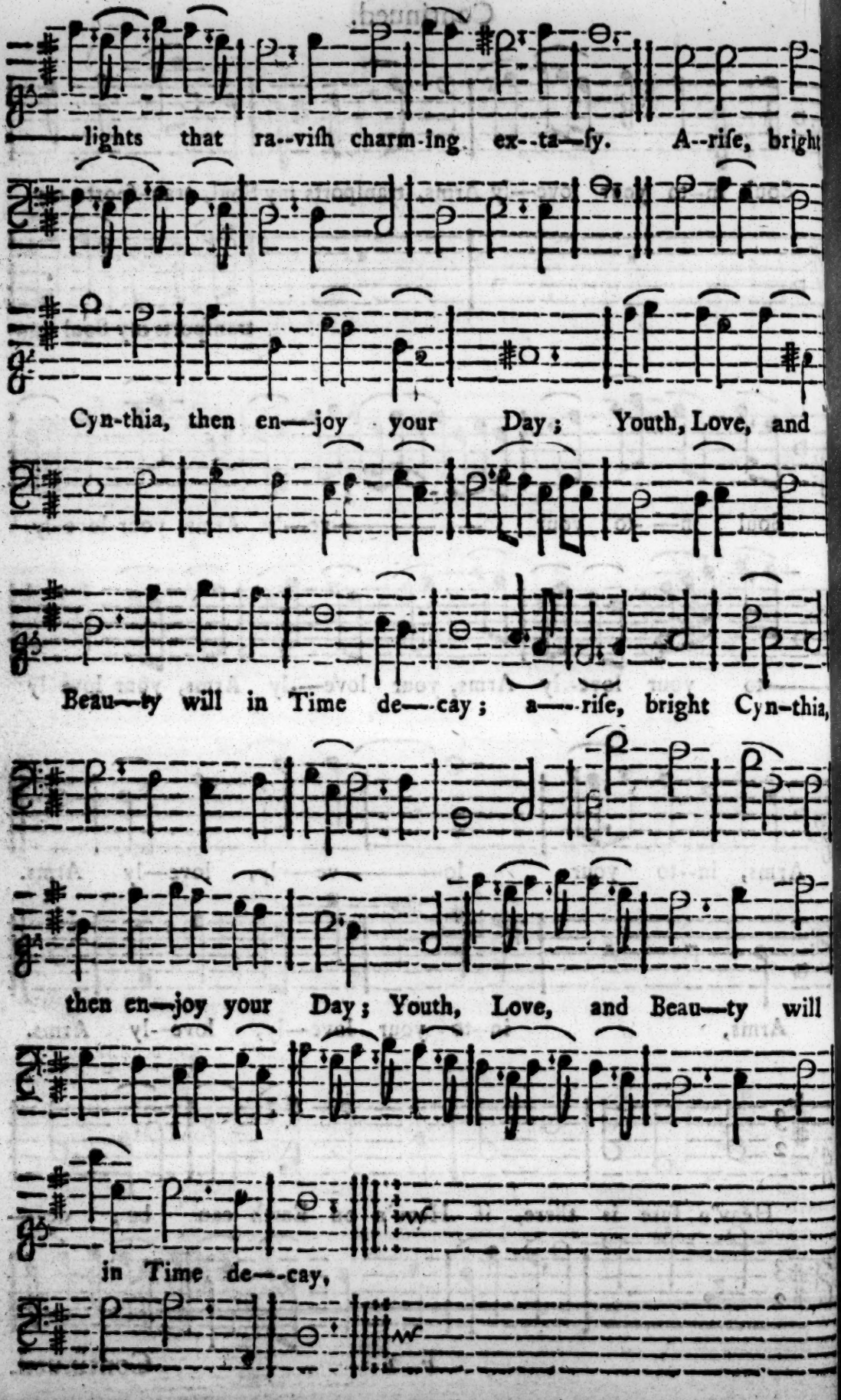
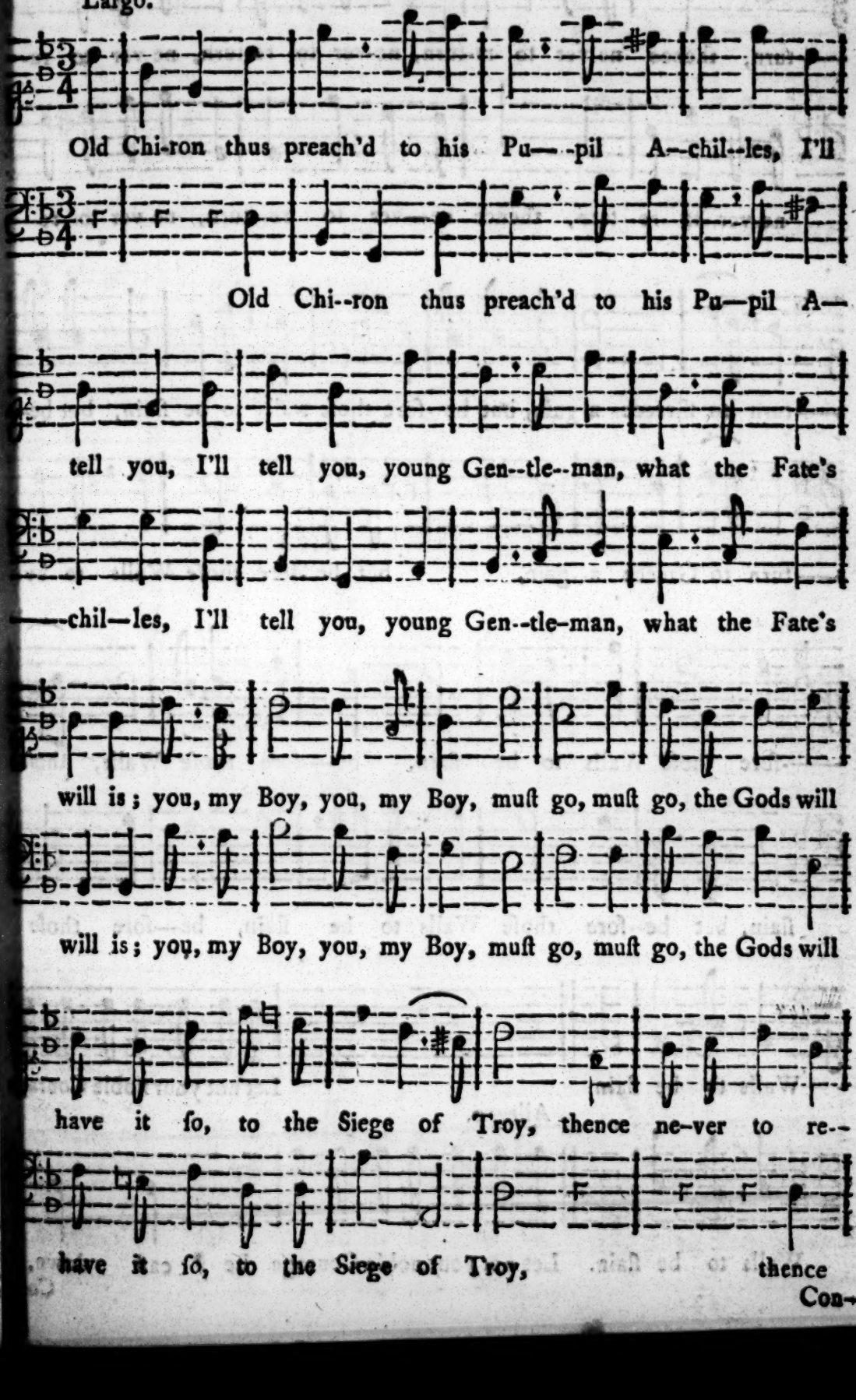

——lights that ra--vish charm-ing ex--ta—sy. A--rise, bright
Cyn-thia, then en—joy your Day; Youth, Love, and
Beau—ty will in Time de—cay; a—rise, bright Cyn-thia,
then en—joy your Day; Youth, Love, and Beau—ty will
in Time de—cay,

Old Chiron's *Advice to* Achilles. *For two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Wiſe.

Largo.



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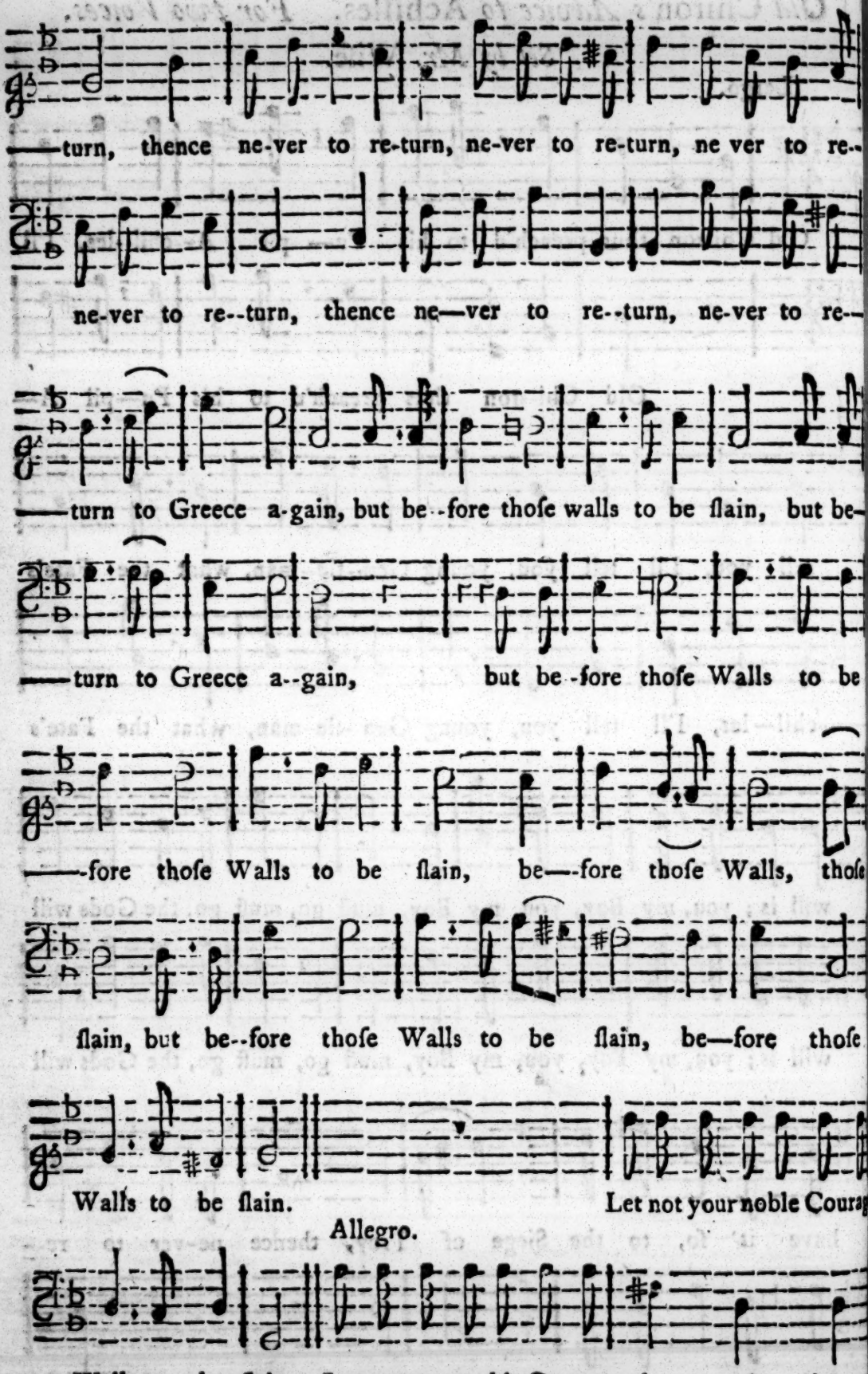
—turn, thence ne-ver to re-turn, ne-ver to re-turn, ne ver to re--
ne-ver to re--turn, thence ne—ver to re--turn, ne-ver to re--
—turn to Greece a-gain, but be--fore thoſe walls to be ſlain, but be-
—turn to Greece a--gain, but be--fore thoſe Walls to be
—-fore thoſe Walls to be ſlain, be—-fore thoſe Walls, thoſe
ſlain, but be--fore thoſe Walls to be ſlain, be—fore thoſe
Walls to be ſlain. Let not your noble Courag
Allegro.
Walls to be ſlain. Let not your noble Courage be caſt down,

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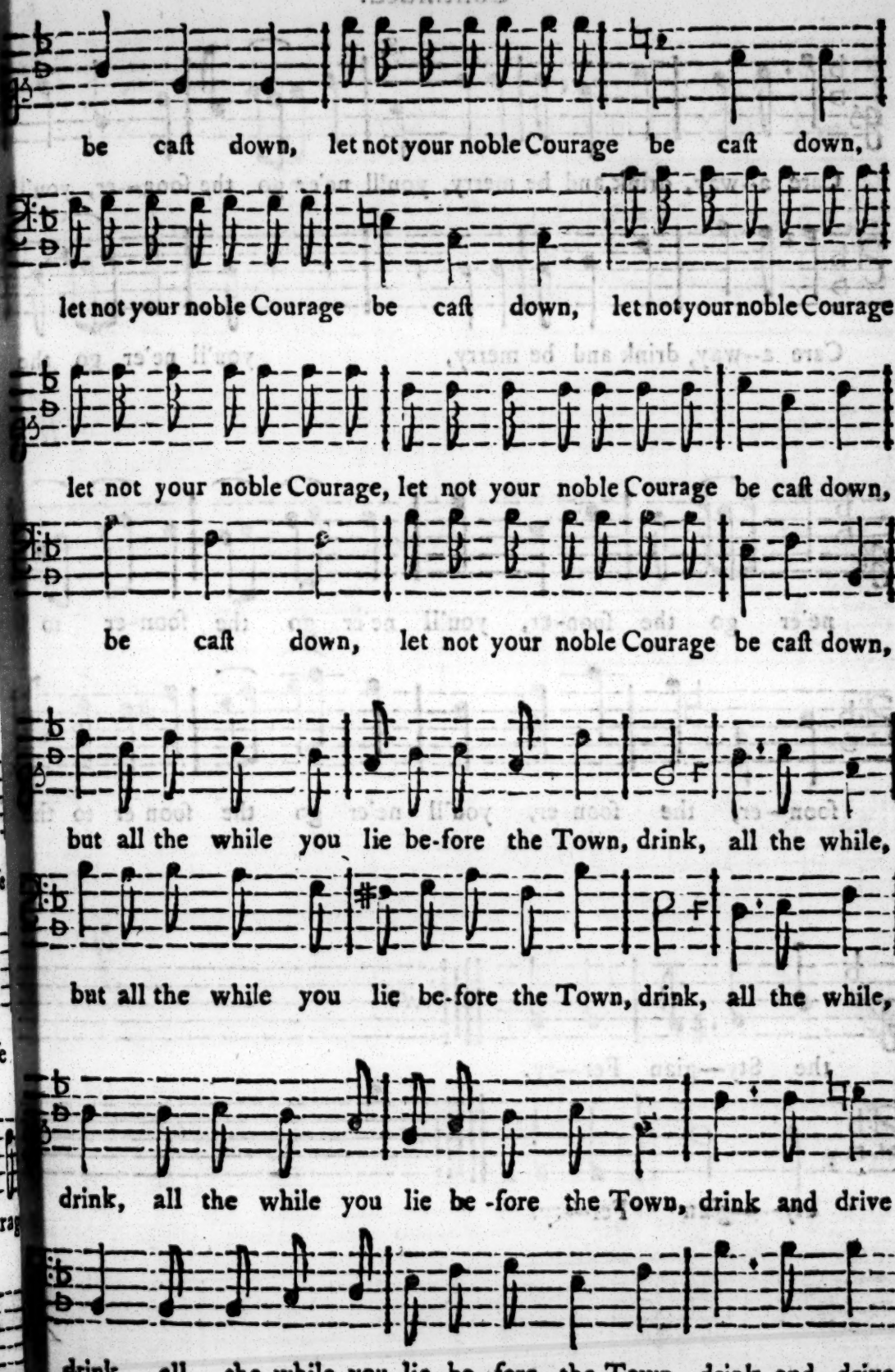

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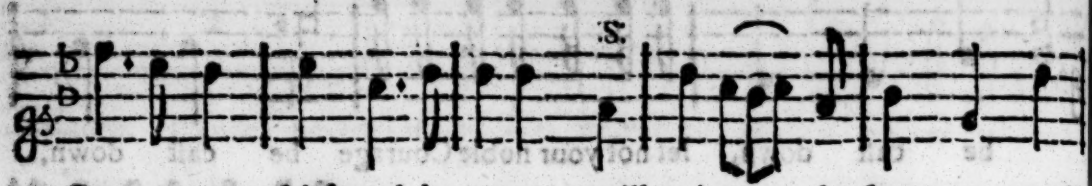
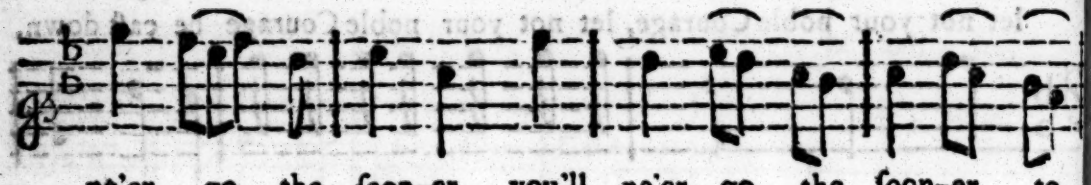


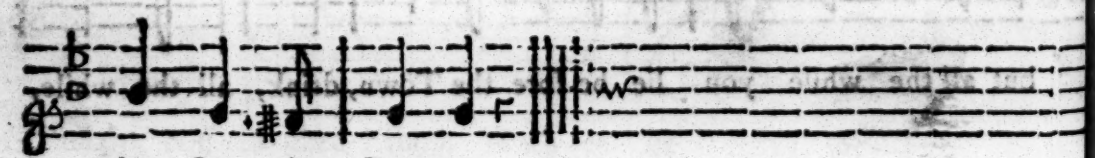
Care a--way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the ſoon--er, you'll

Care a--way, drink and be merry, you'll ne'er go the

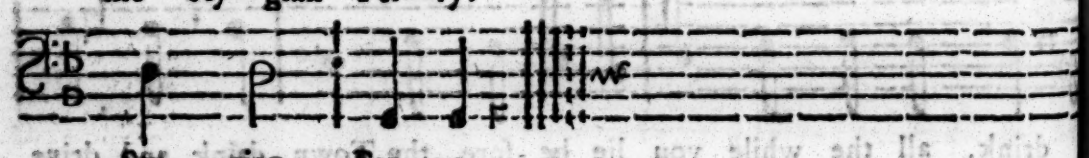


ne'er go the ſoon-er, you'll ne'er go the ſoon-er to

ſoon—er, the ſoon-er, you'll ne'er go the ſoon er to the

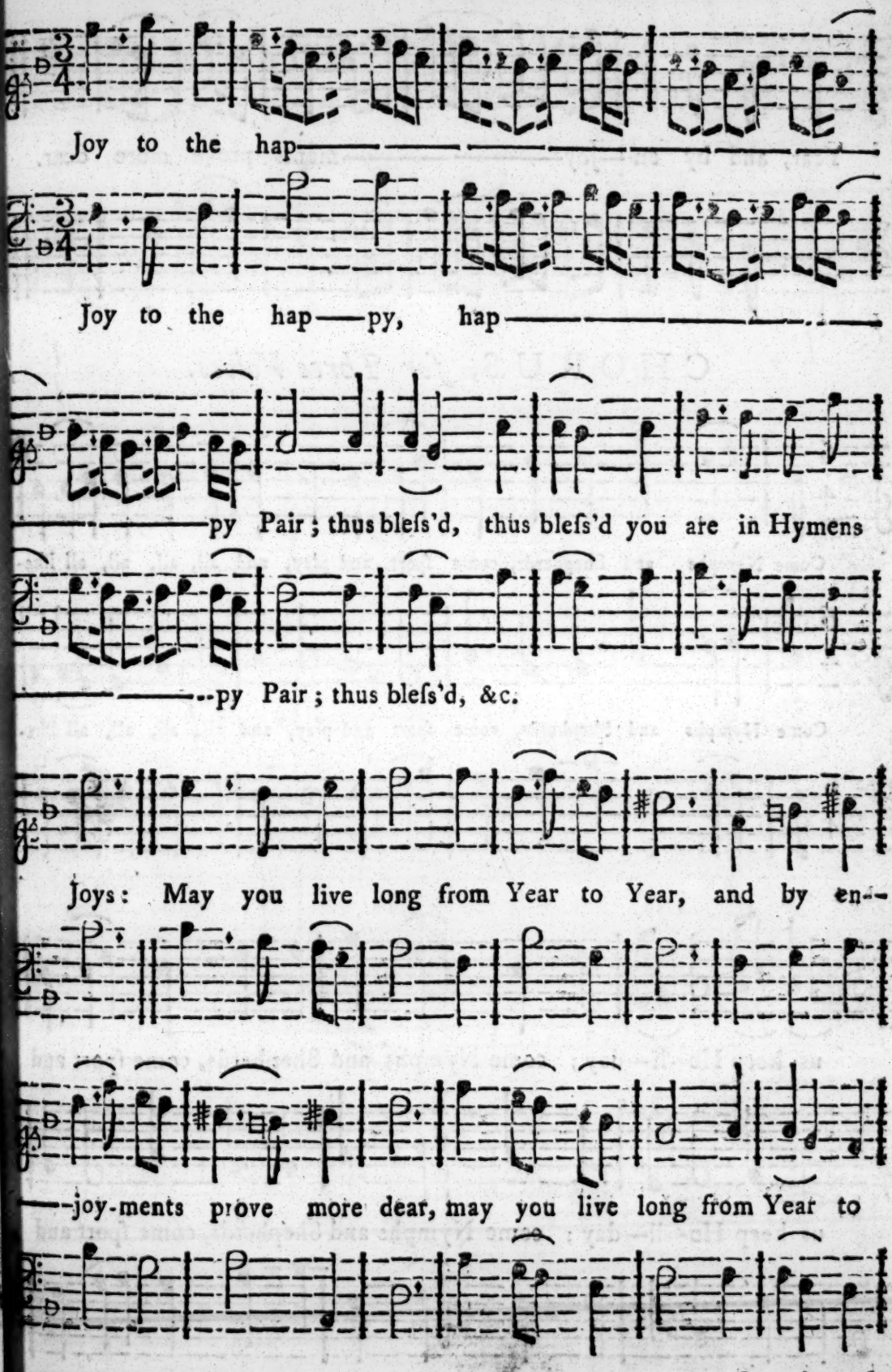


the Sty—gian Fer—ry.



Sty—gian Fer—ry.

An Epithilamium. *Compoſed by Mr.* Cook.



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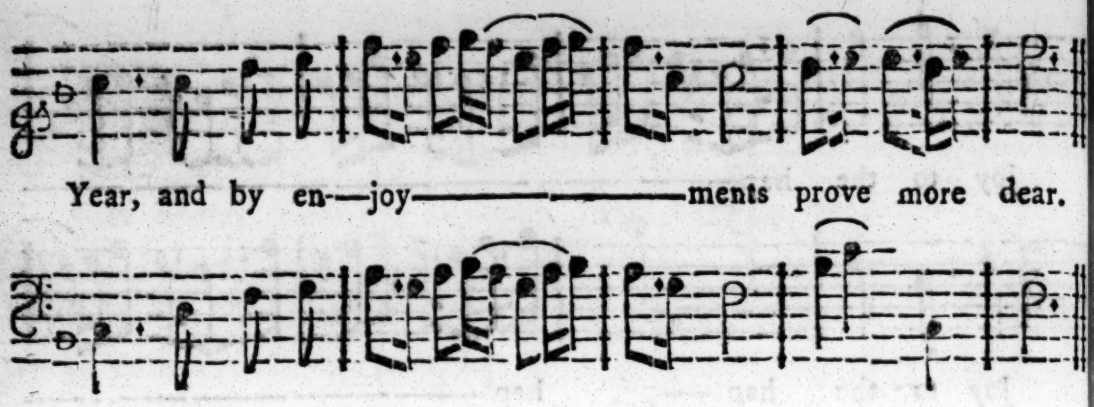
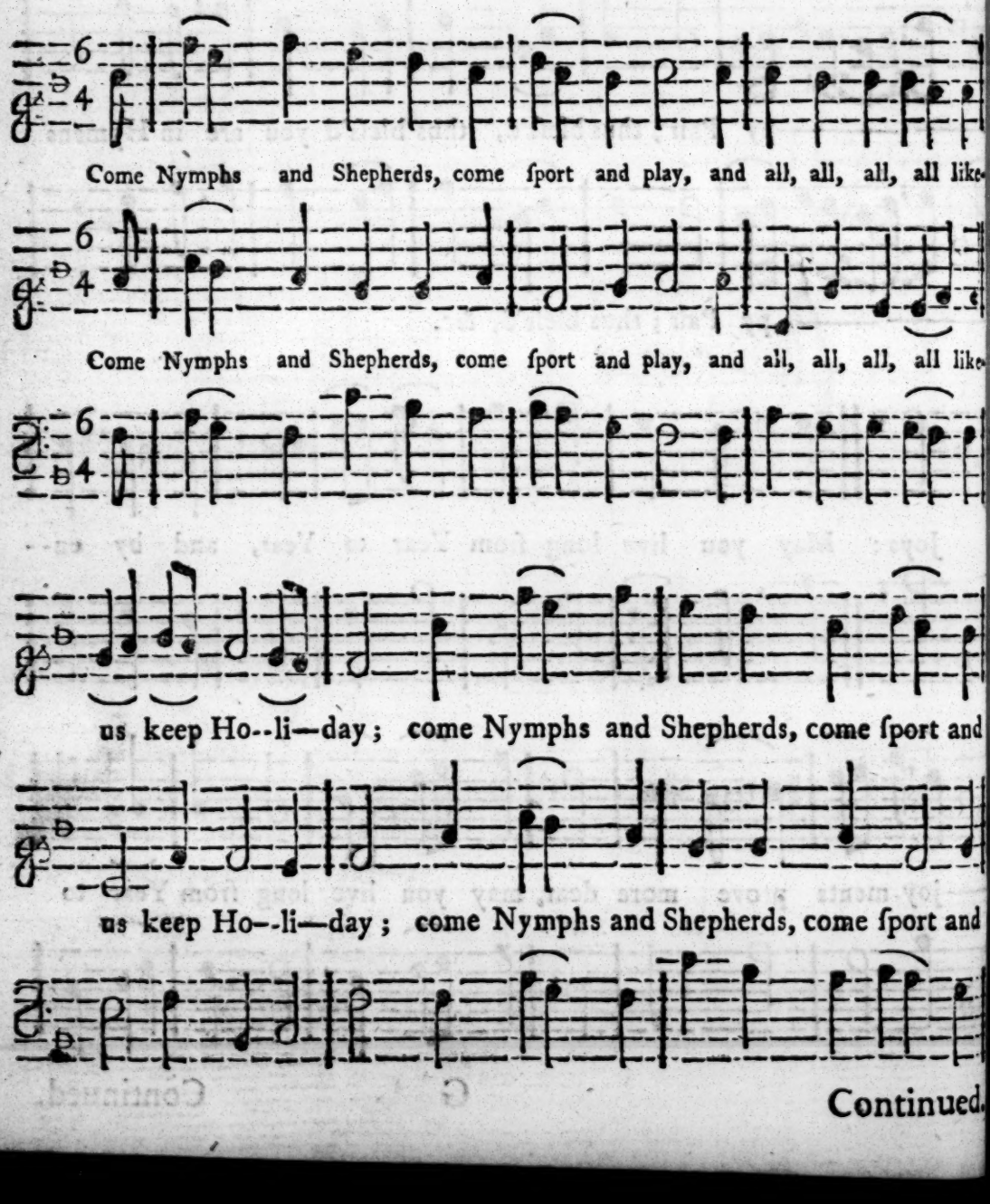


CHORUS, *for Three Voices.*



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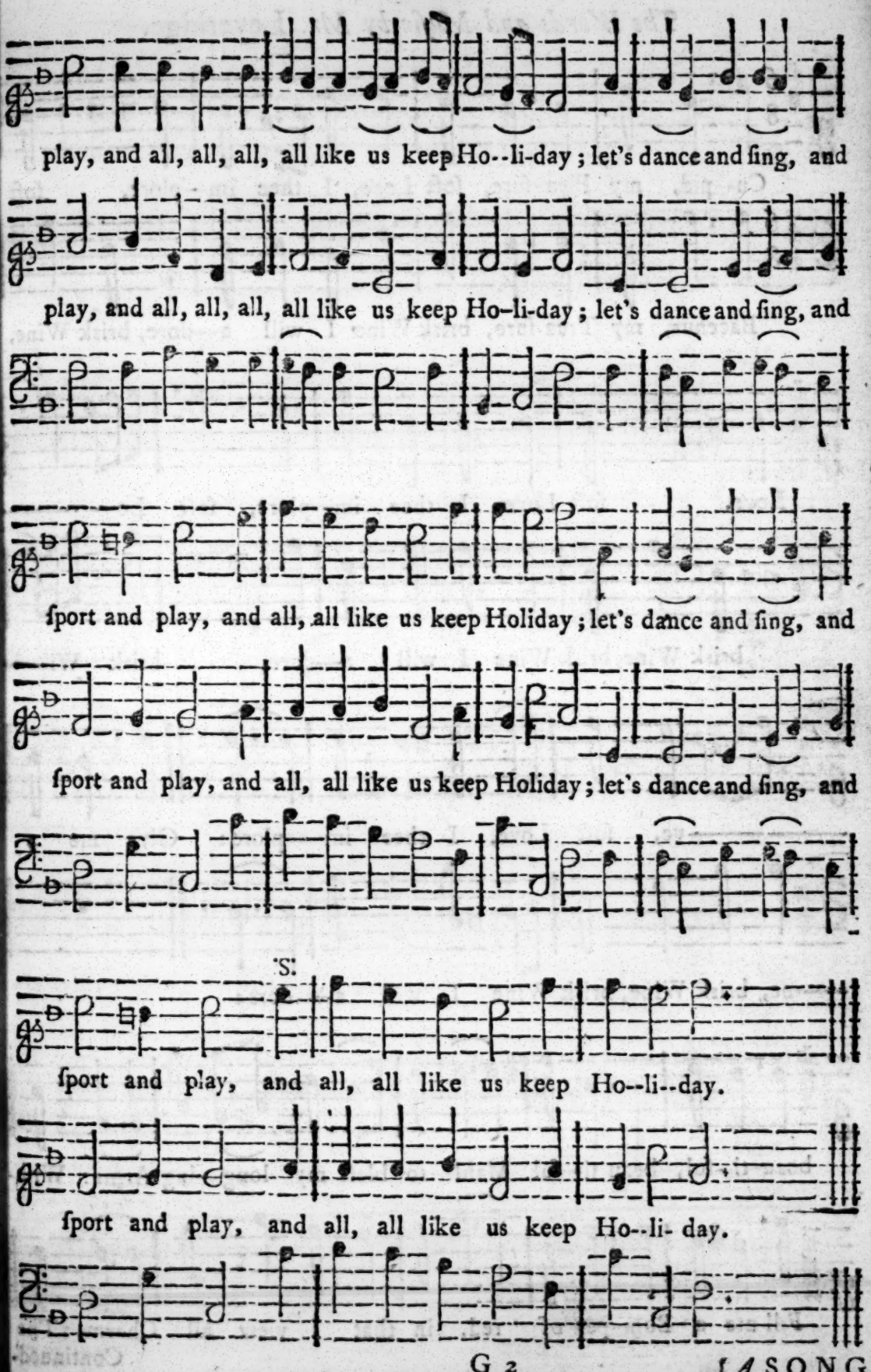
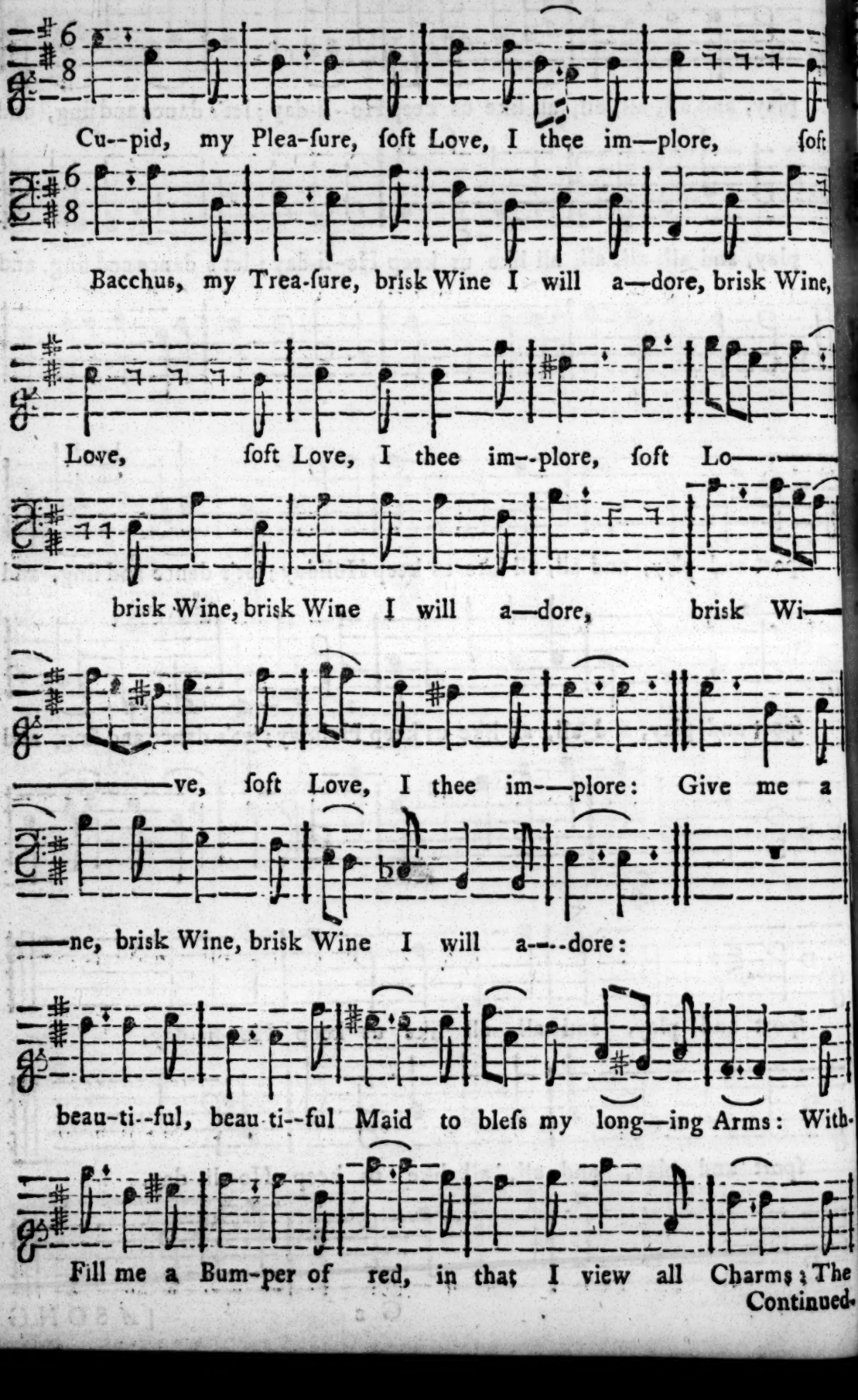

play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho--li-day; let's dance and ſing, and
play, and all, all, all, all like us keep Ho--li-day; let's dance and ſing, and
ſport and play, and all, all like us keep Holiday; let's dance and ſing, and
ſport and play, and all, all like us keep Holiday; let's dance and ſing, and
S:
ſport and play, and all, all like us keep Ho--li--day.
ſport and play, and all, all like us keep Ho--li- day.

A SONG *for two Voices.*

The Words and Muſic by Mr. Leveridge.



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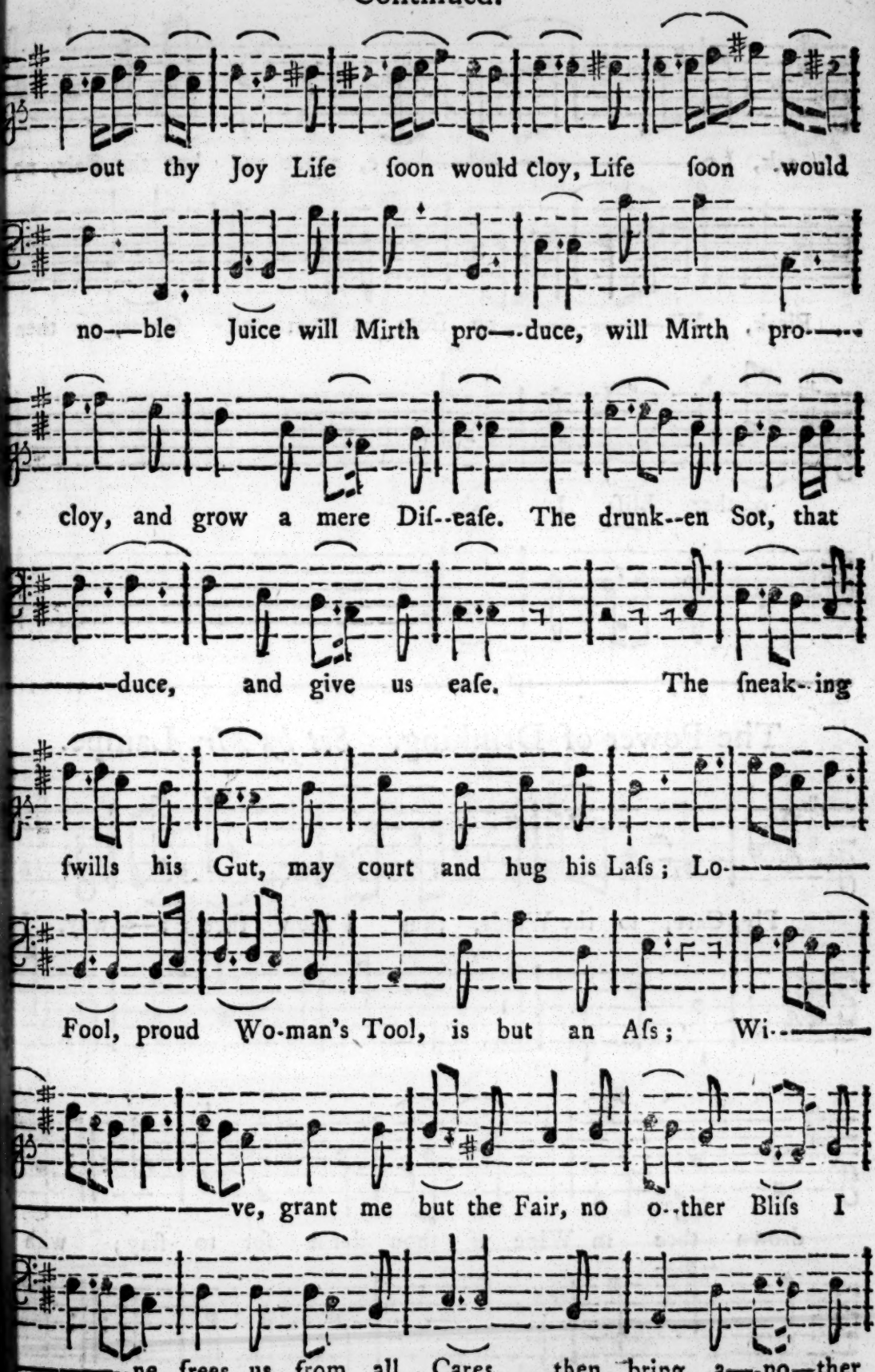

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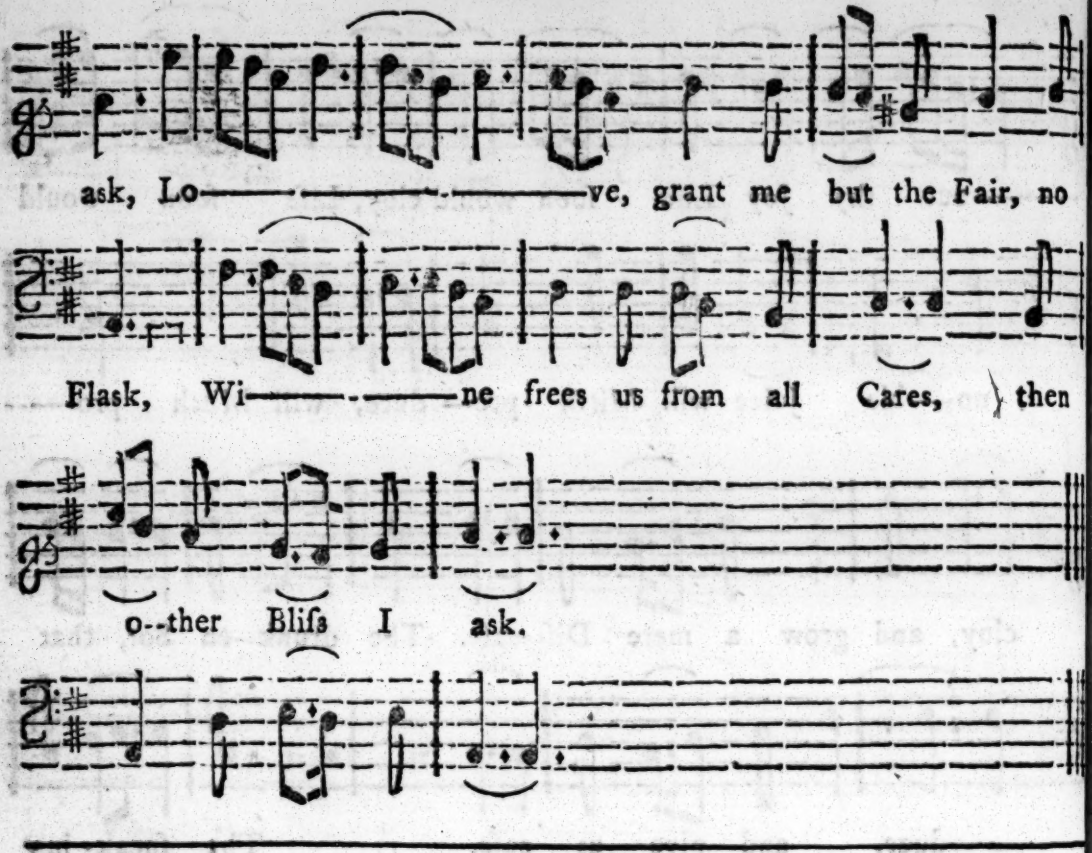
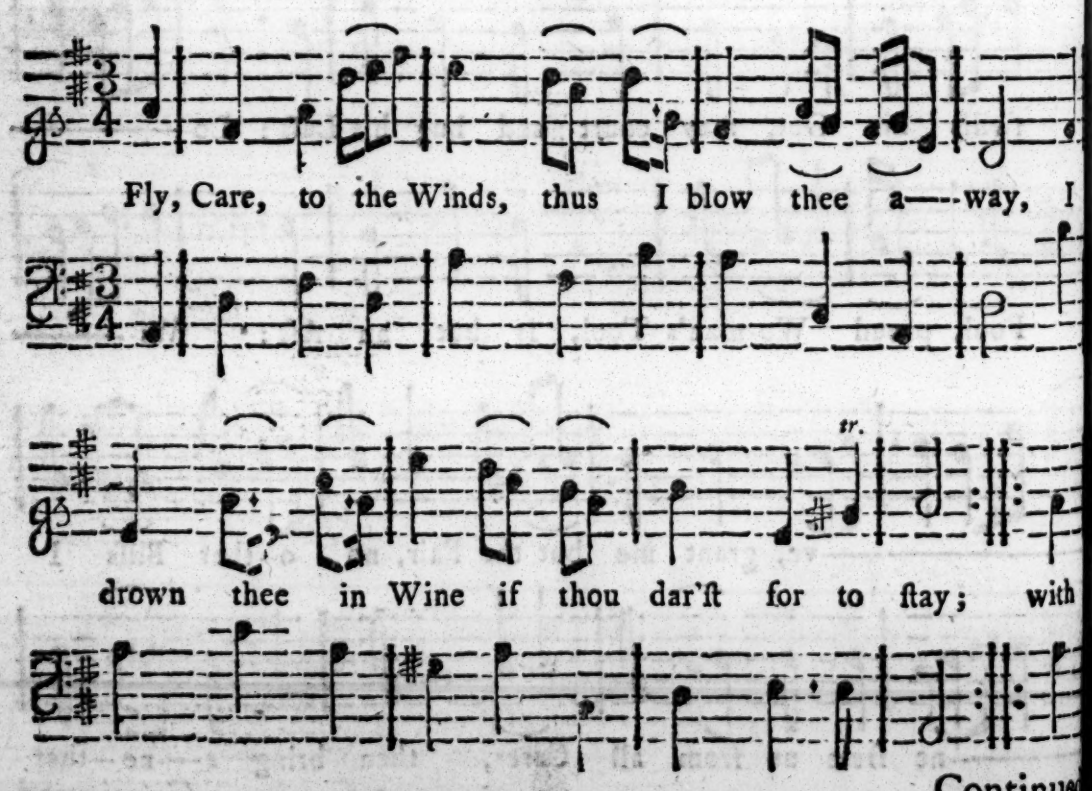


The Power of Drinking. *Set by Mr.* Lampe.



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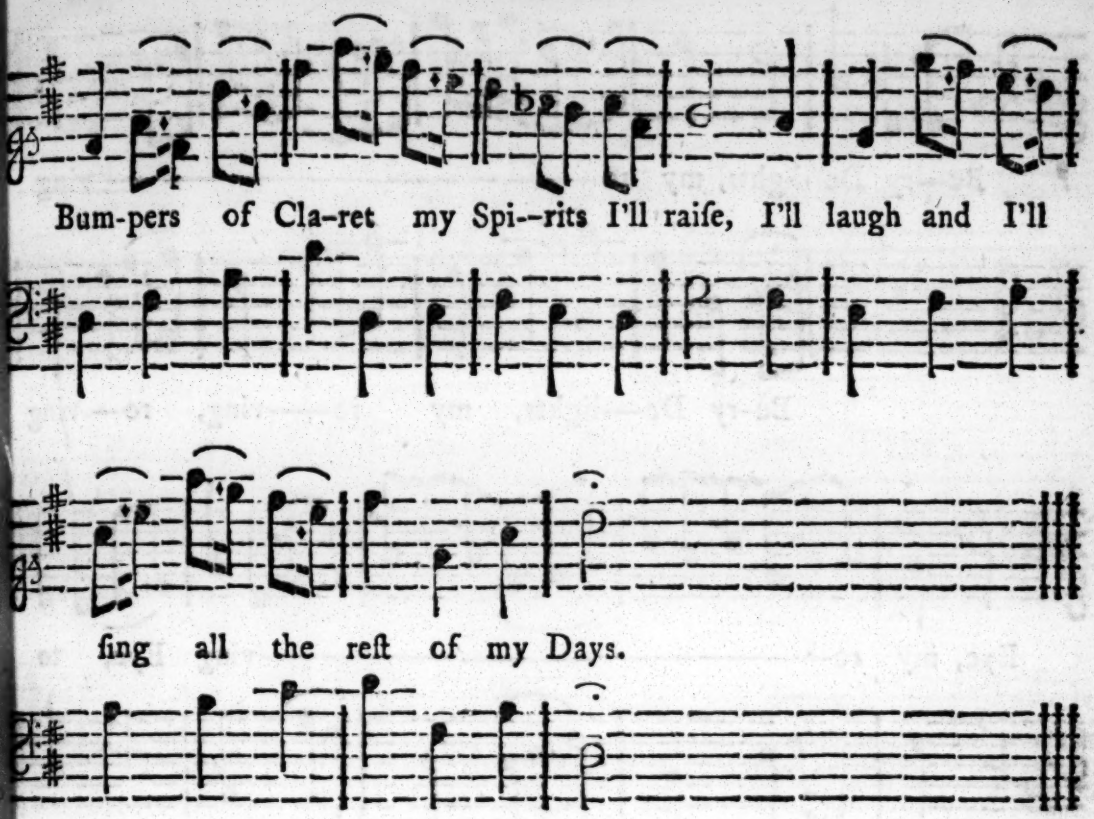


2.

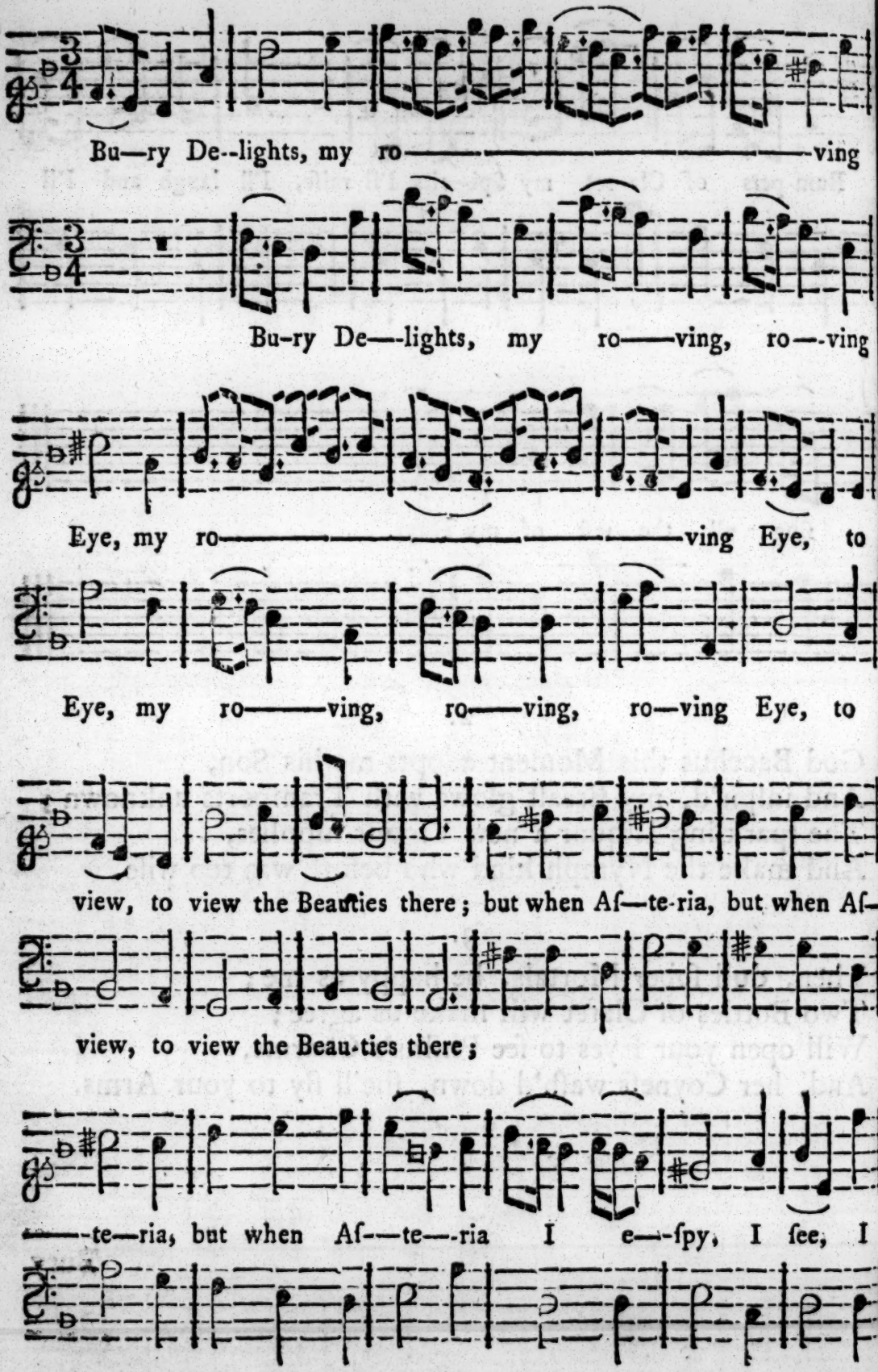
God Bacchus this Moment adopts me his Son,
And inſpir'd, my Breaſt glows with Tranſports unknown;
The ſparkling Liquor a new Vigour ſupplies,
And make the Nymph kind who before was too wiſe.

3.

Then, dull ſober Mortals, be happy as me;
Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree;
Will open your Eyes to ſee Phillis's Charms,
And, her Coyneſs waſh'd down, ſhe'll fly to your Arms.

Bury

Bury Delights. *For two Voices.*



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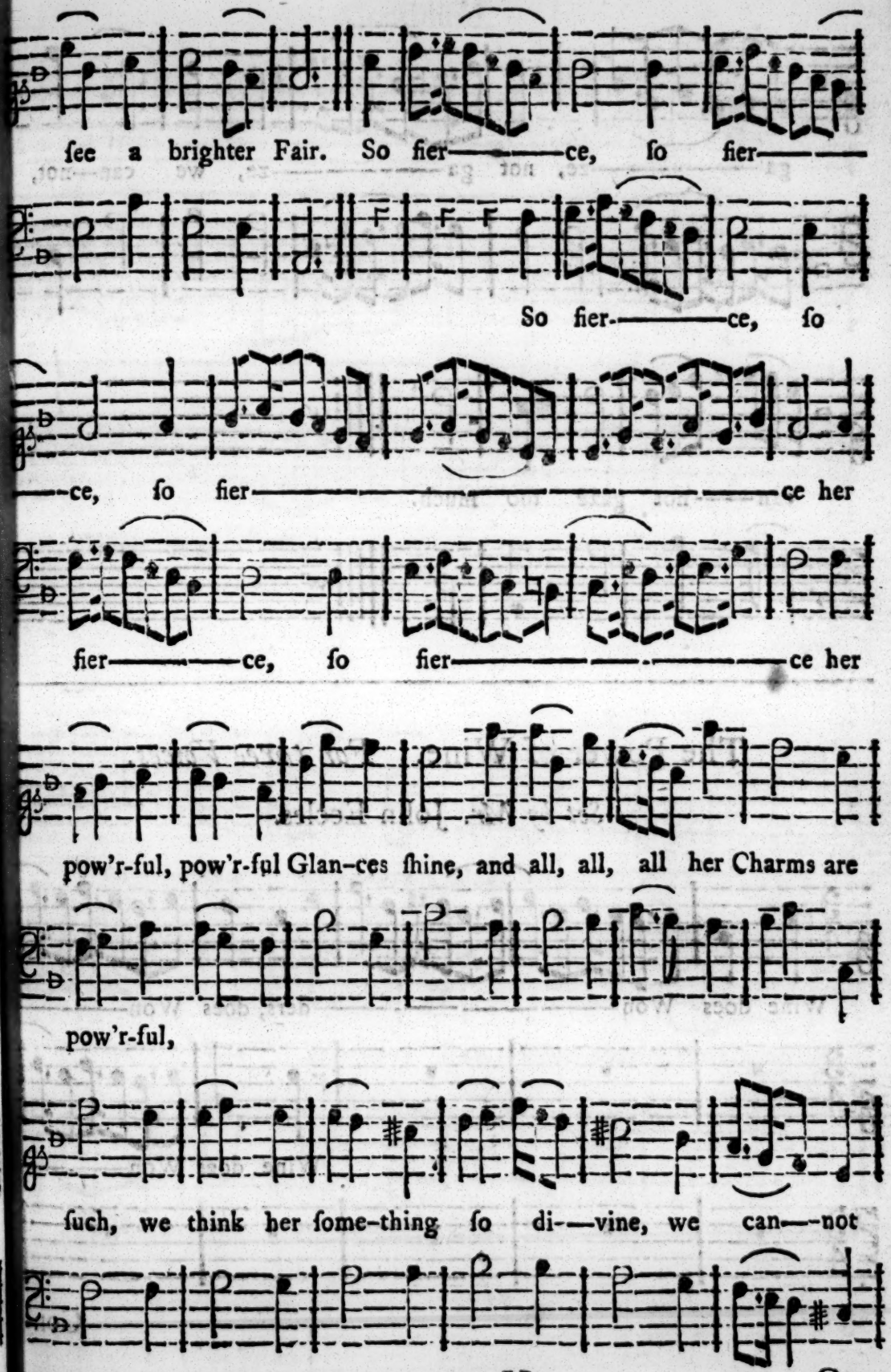
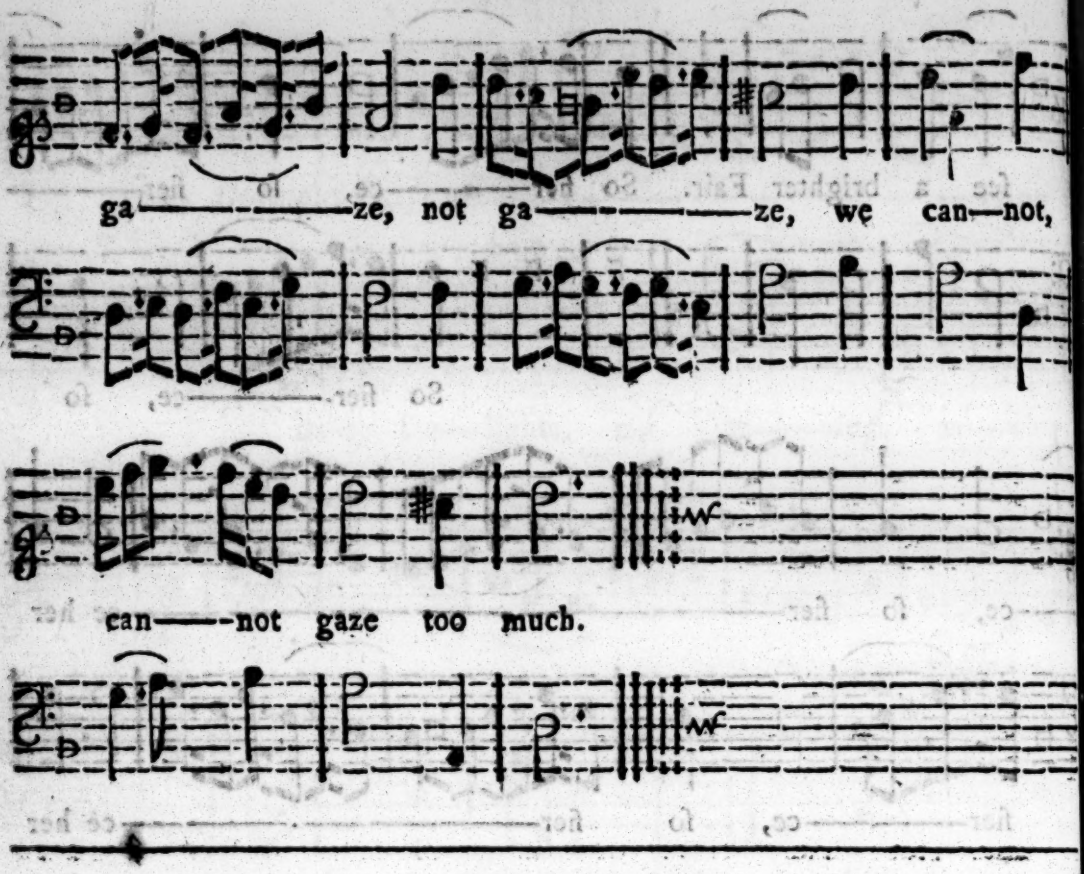
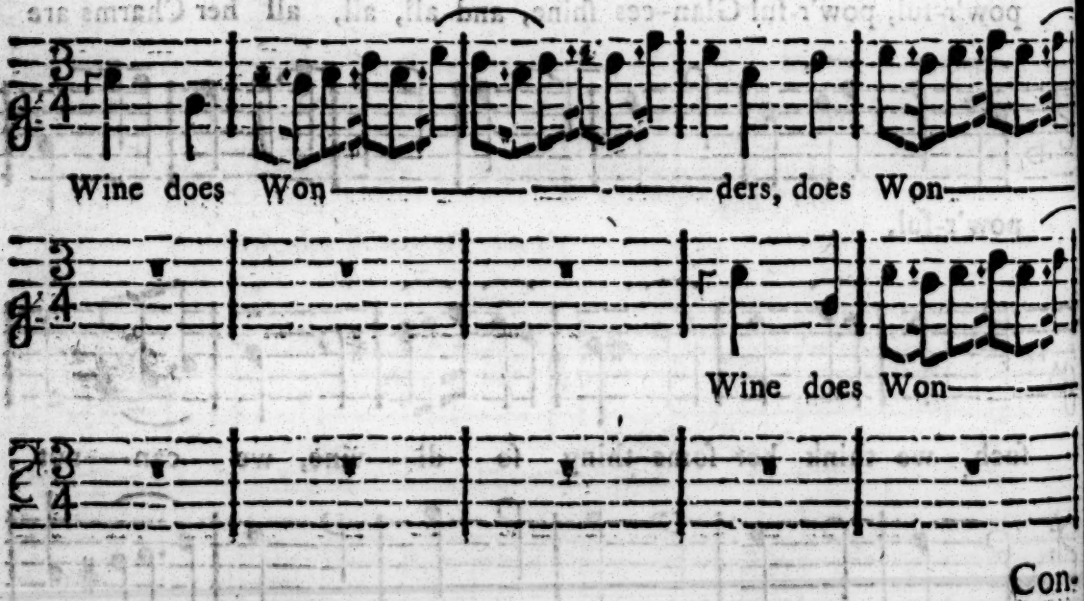

ſee a brighter Fair. So fier——ce, ſo fier——
So fier——ce, ſo
——ce, ſo fier——ce her
fier——ce, ſo fier——ce her
pow'r-ful, pow'r-ful Glan-ces ſhine, and all, all, all her Charms are
pow'r-ful,
ſuch, we think her ſome-thing ſo di-—vine, we can—-not

Continued.



The Power of Wine. *For three Voices.*

Set by Mr. John Eccles.



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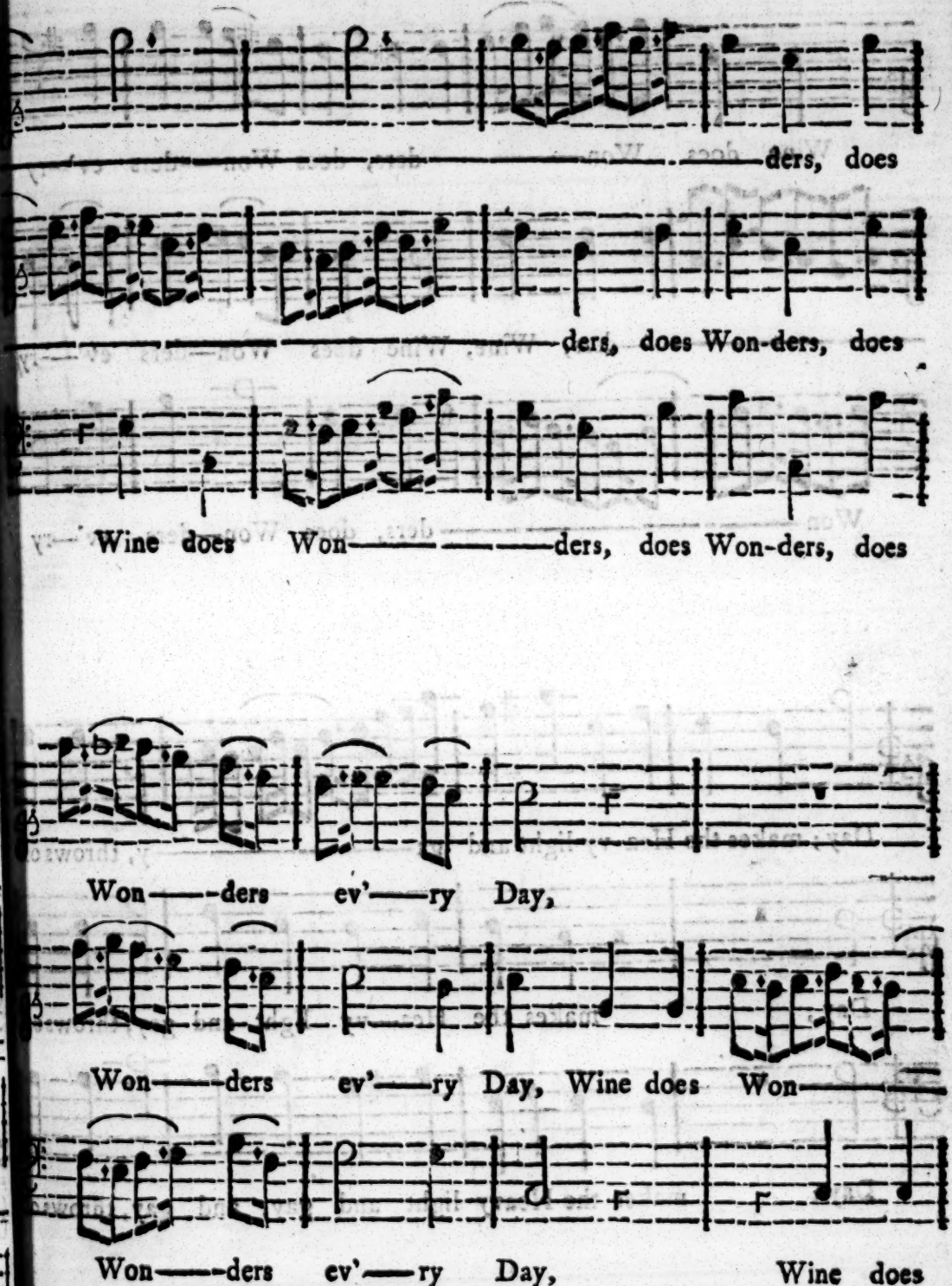
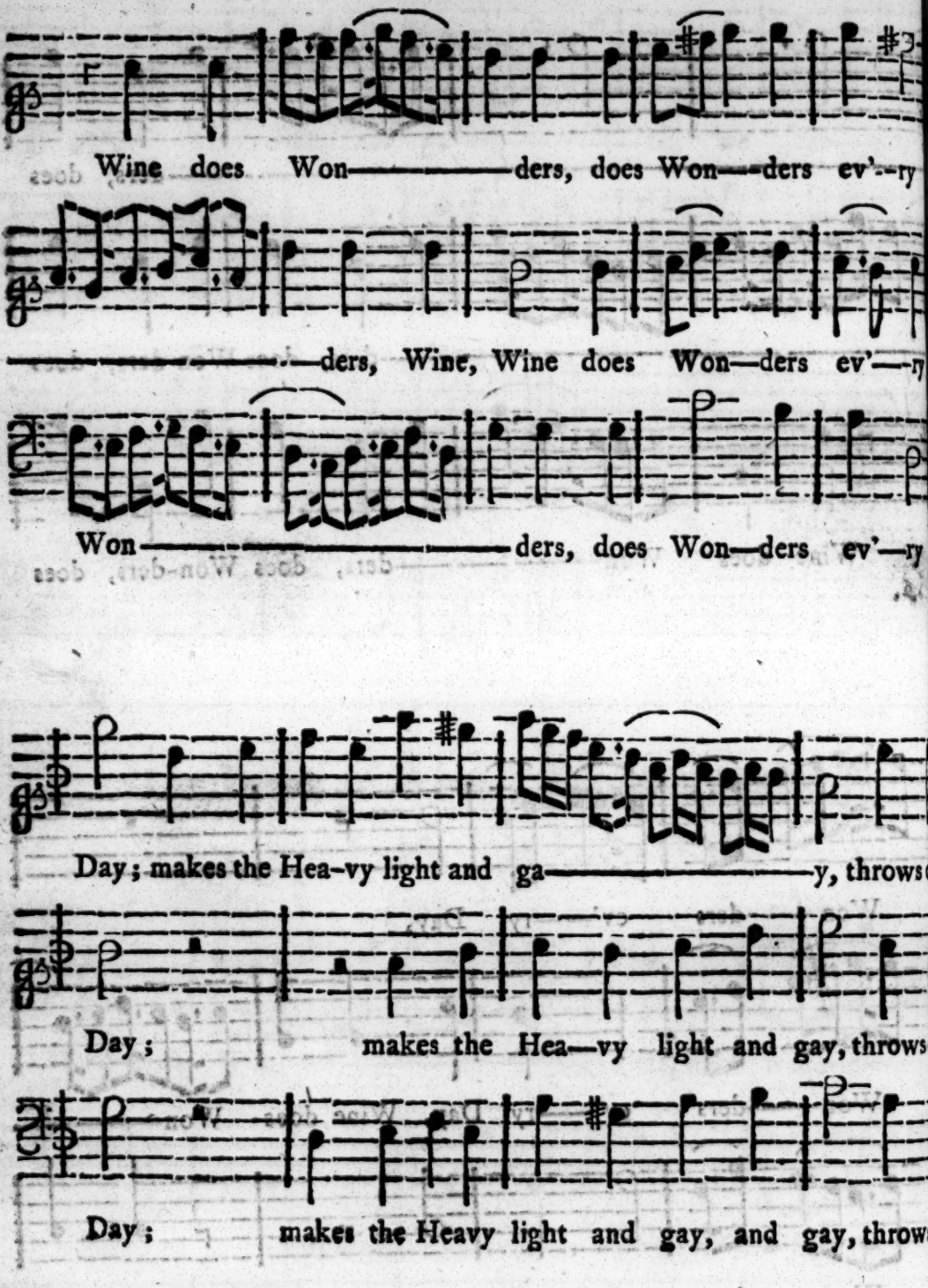

ders, does
ders, does Won-ders, does
Wine does Won——ders, does Won-ders, does
Won——ders ev'——ry Day,
Won——ders ev'——ry Day, Wine does Won——
Won——ders ev'——ry Day, Wine does

Continued.



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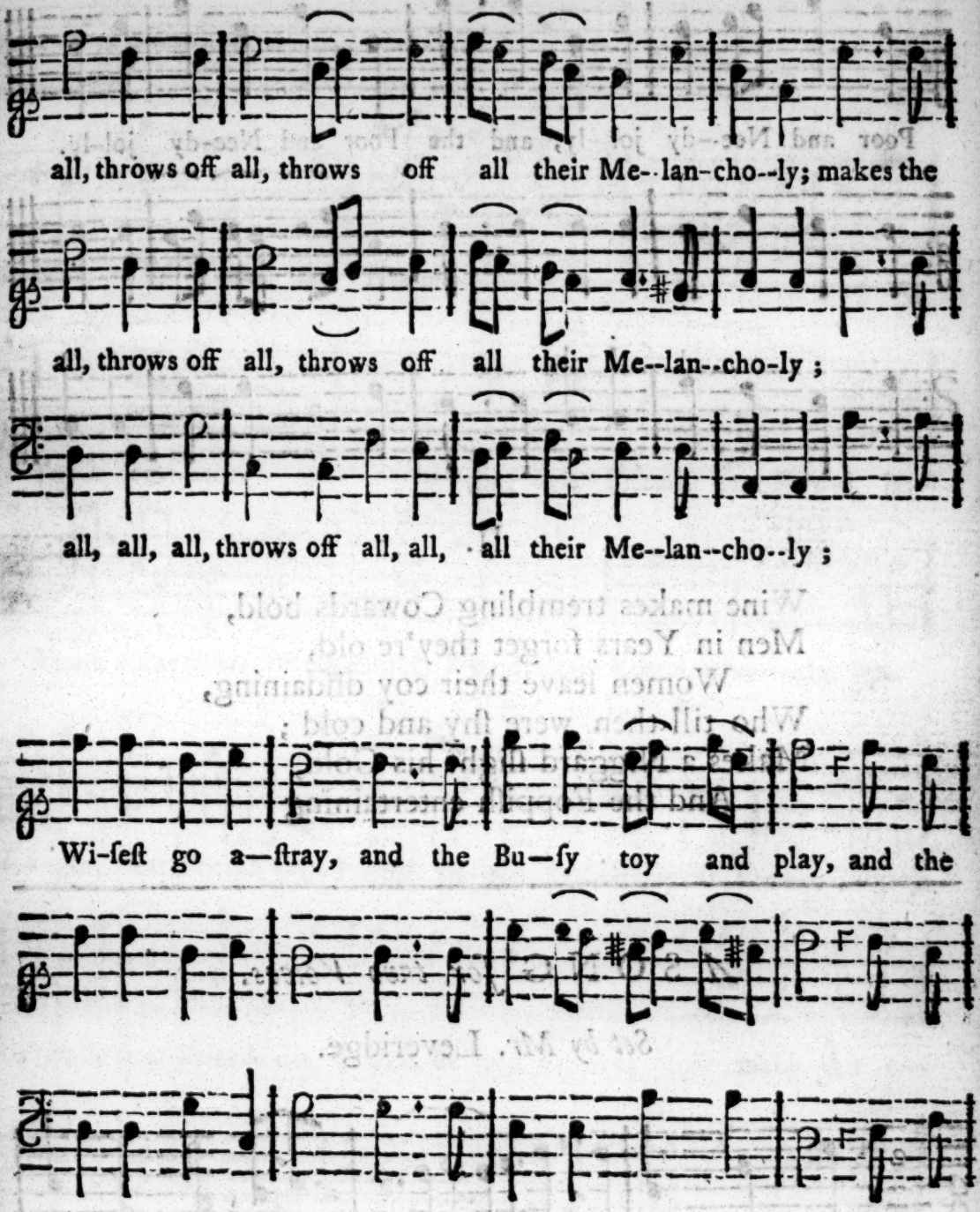

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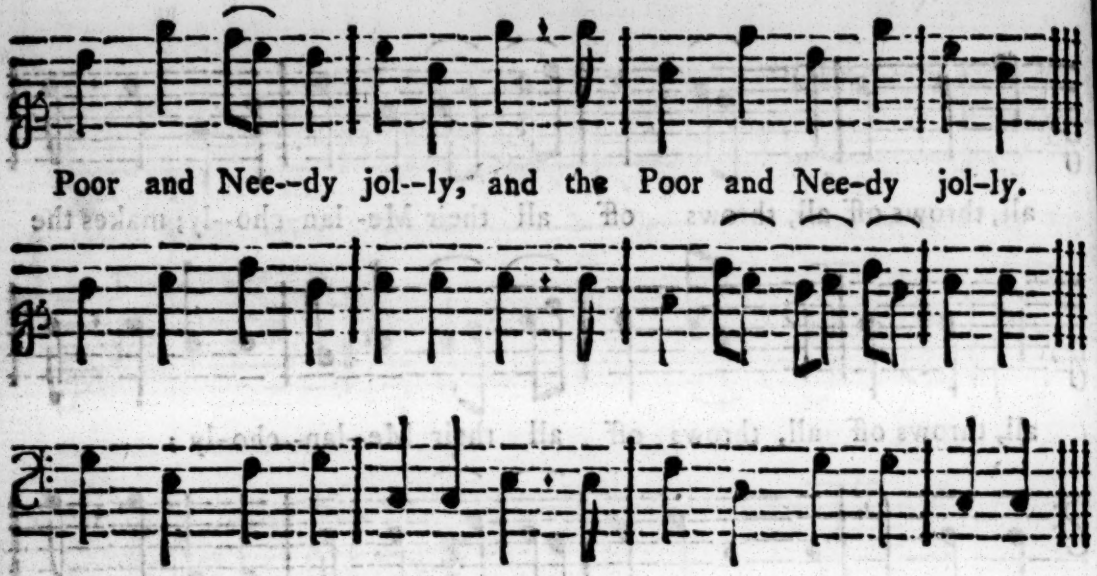
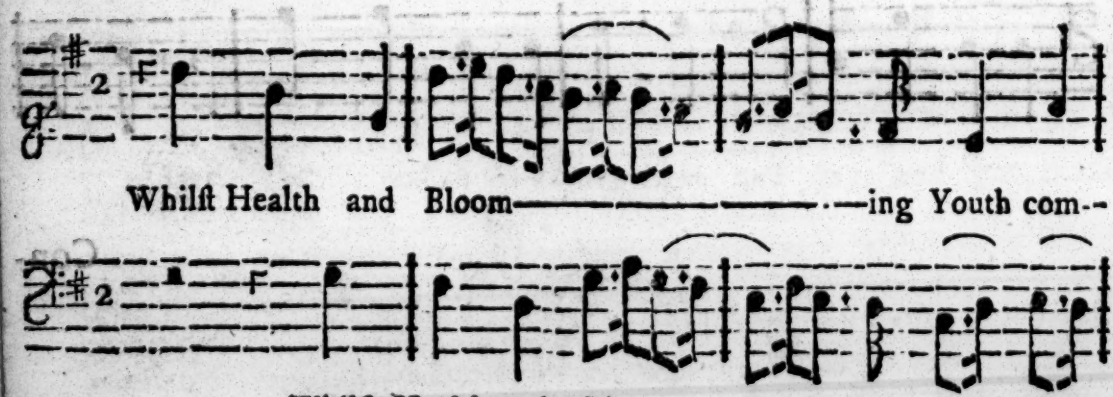


II.

Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
Men in Years forget they're old,
Women leave their coy diſdaining,
Who till then were ſhy and cold ;
Makes a Niggard ſlight his Gold,
And the Foppiſh entertaining

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



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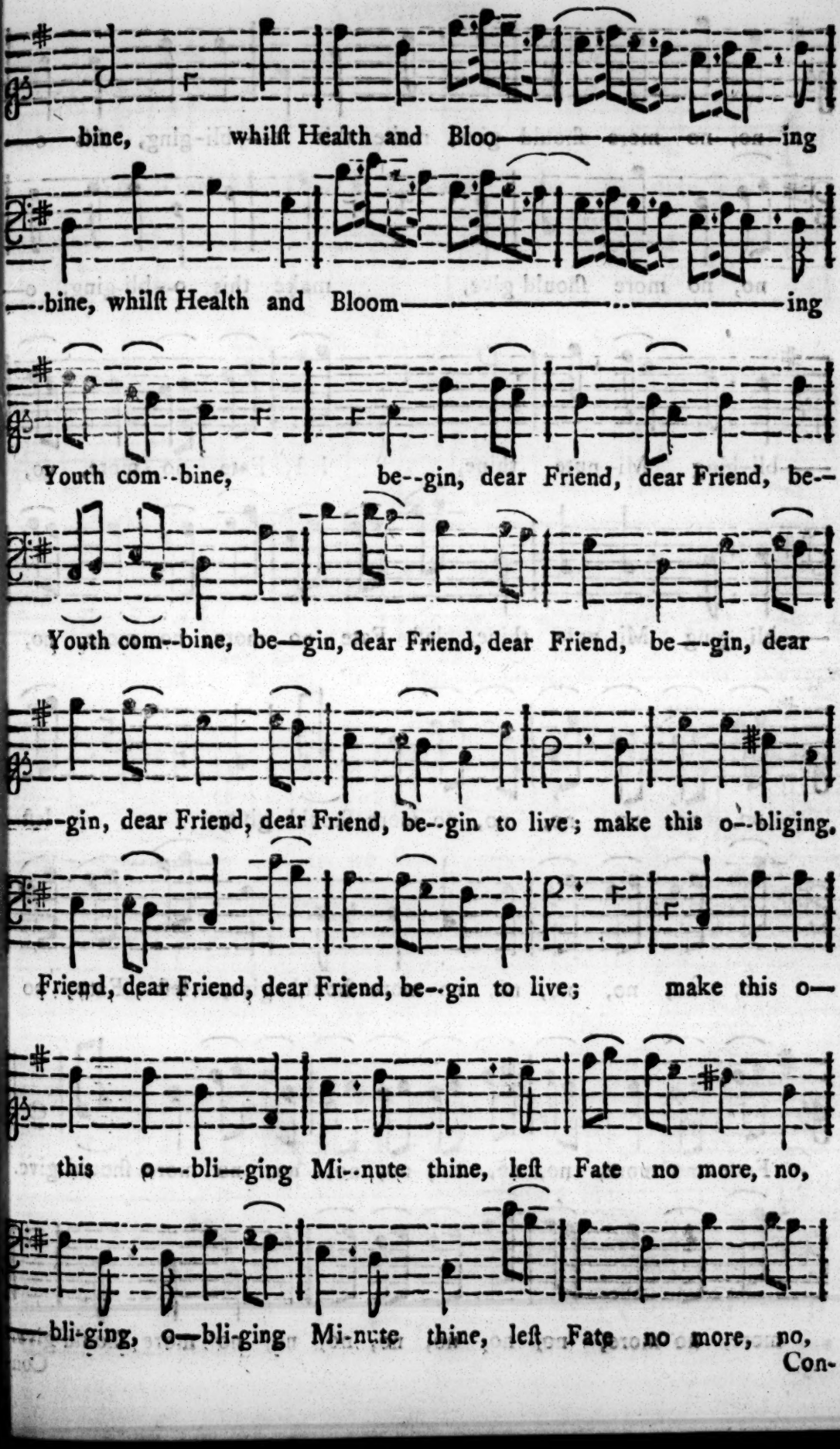

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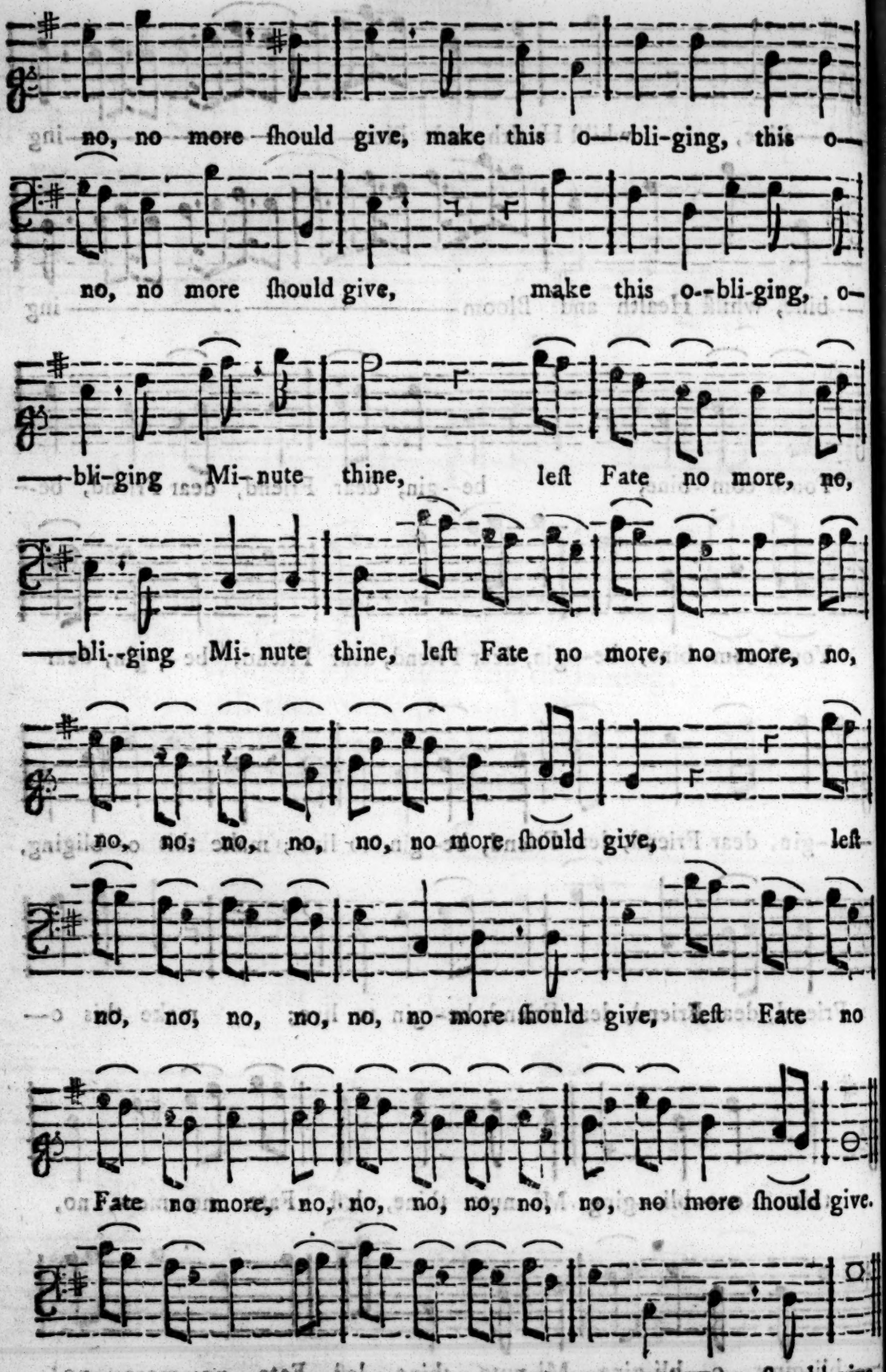

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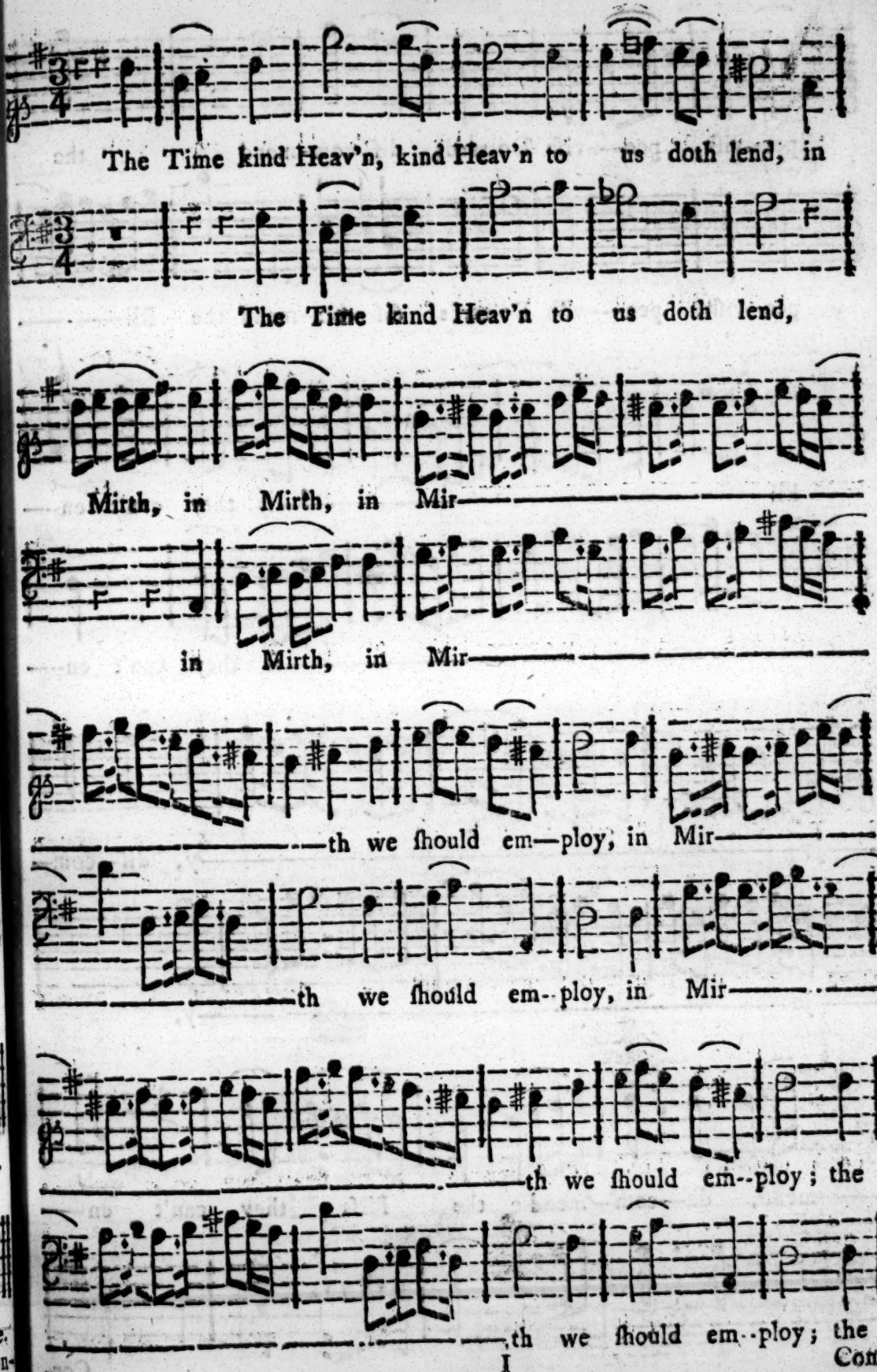
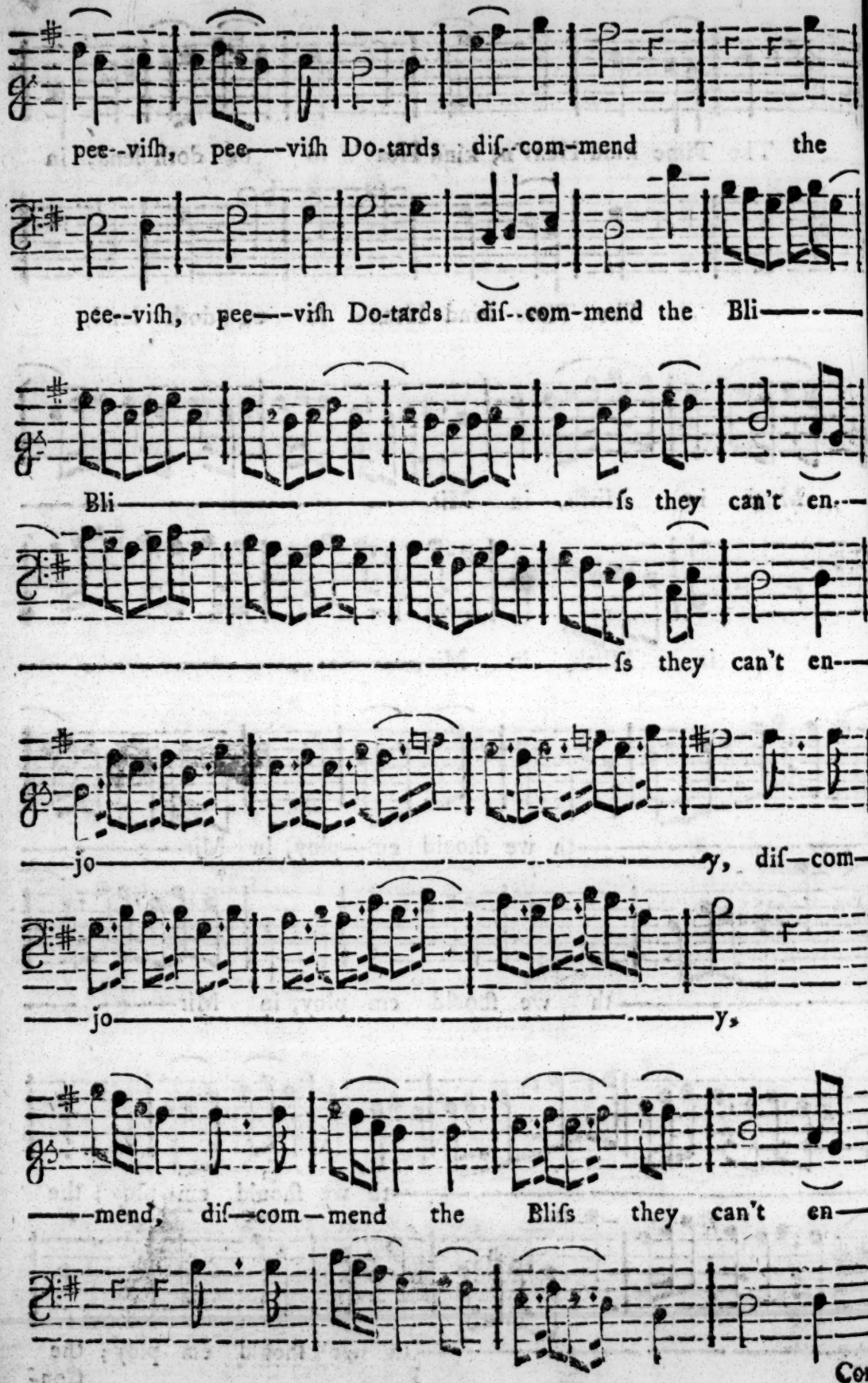

The Time kind Heav'n, kind Heav'n to us doth lend, in
The Time kind Heav'n to us doth lend,
Mirth, in Mirth, in Mir
in Mirth, in Mir
th we ſhould em—ploy, in Mir
th we ſhould em--ploy, in Mir
th we ſhould em--ploy; the
th we ſhould em--ploy; the

Continued.



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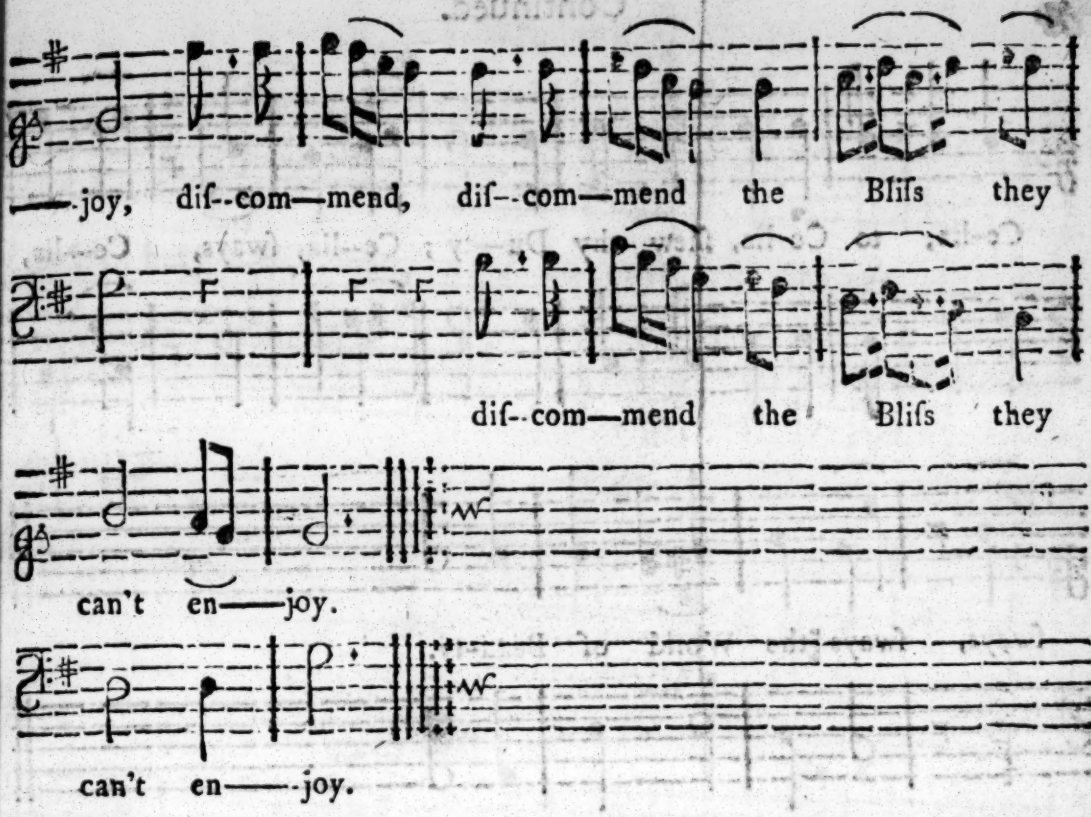
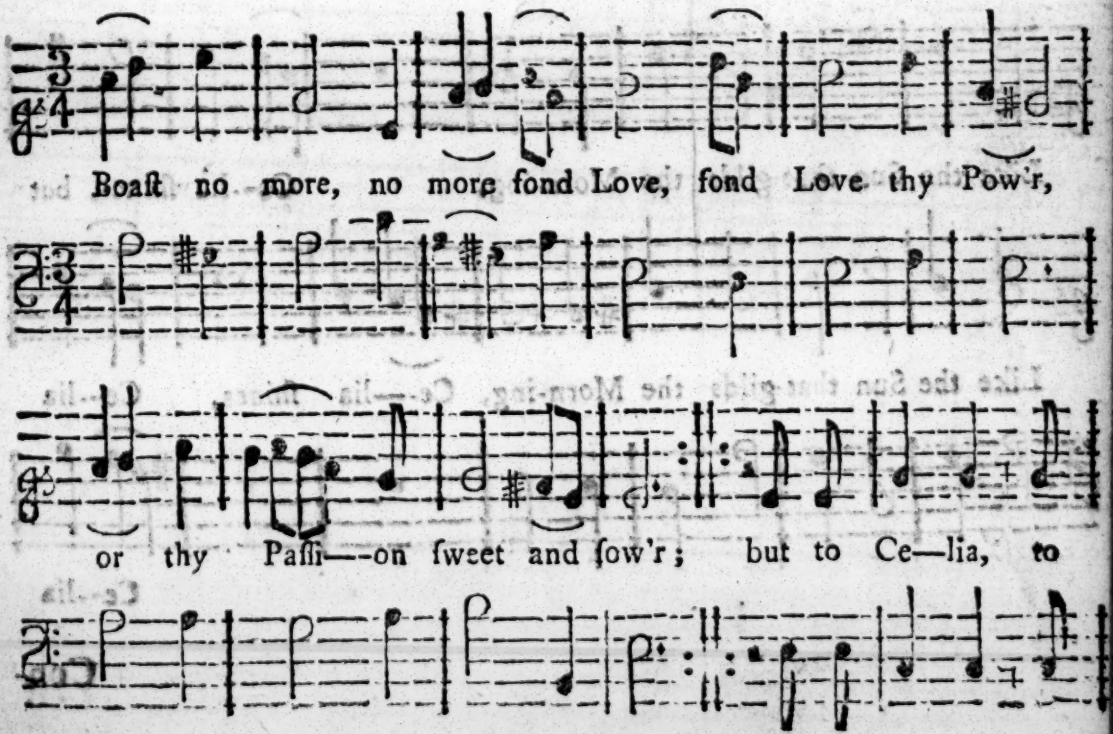


A two Part SONG, *with a Chorus for three Voices.*

Set by Mr. Hicks.



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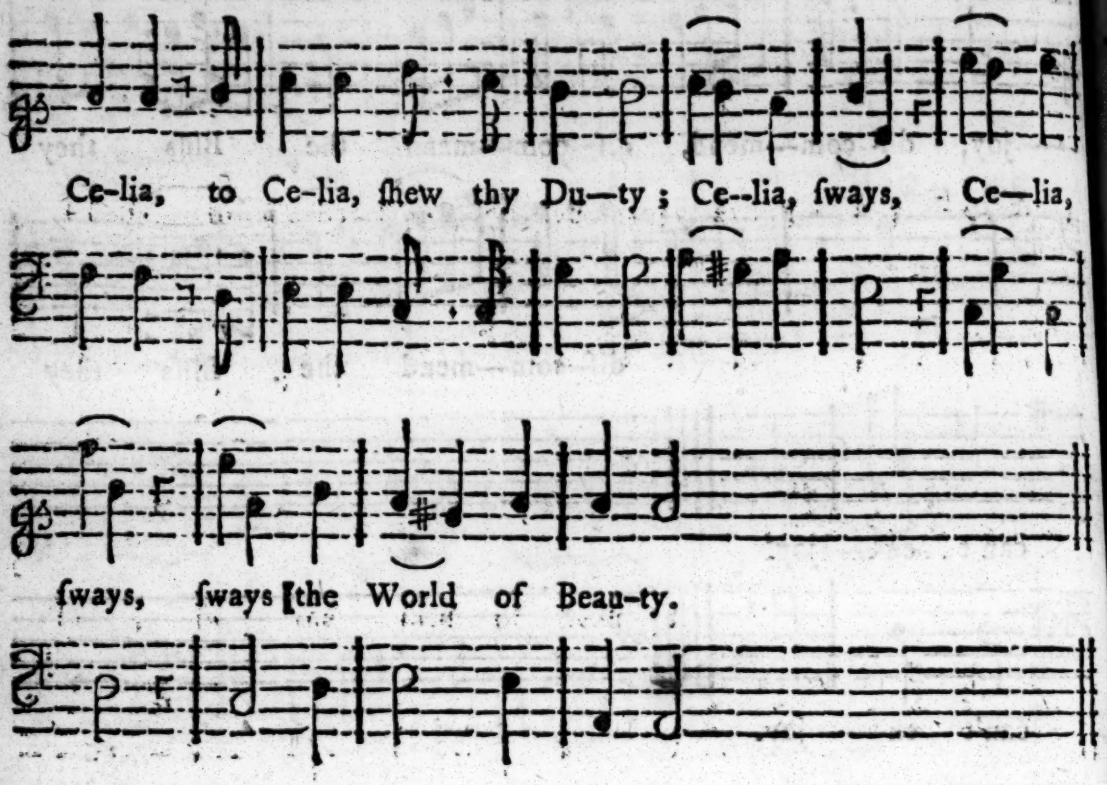
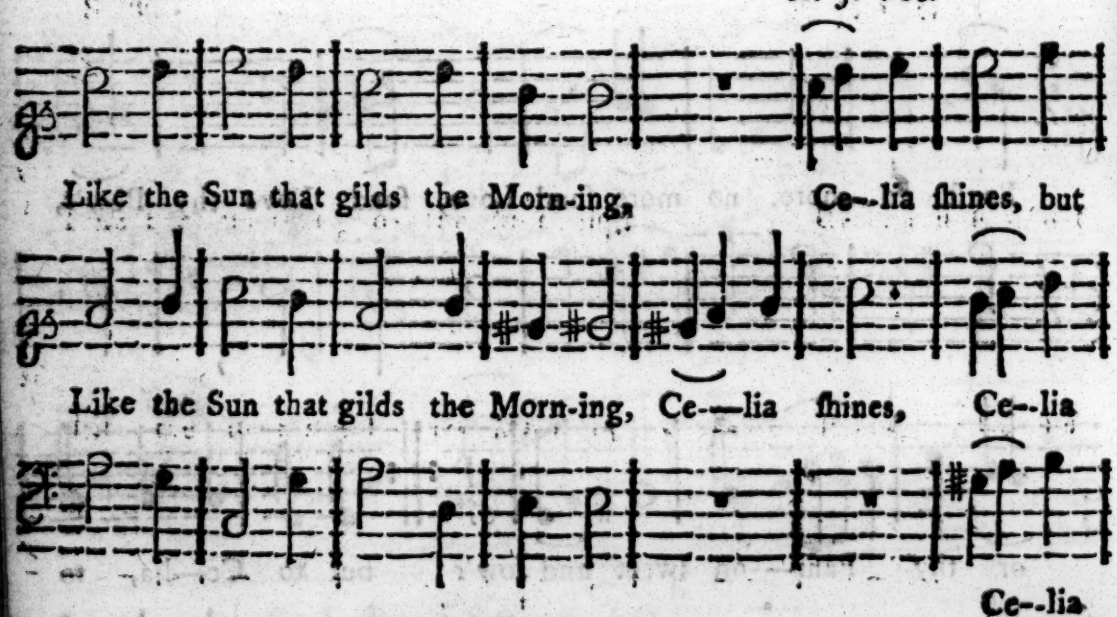


CHORUS.



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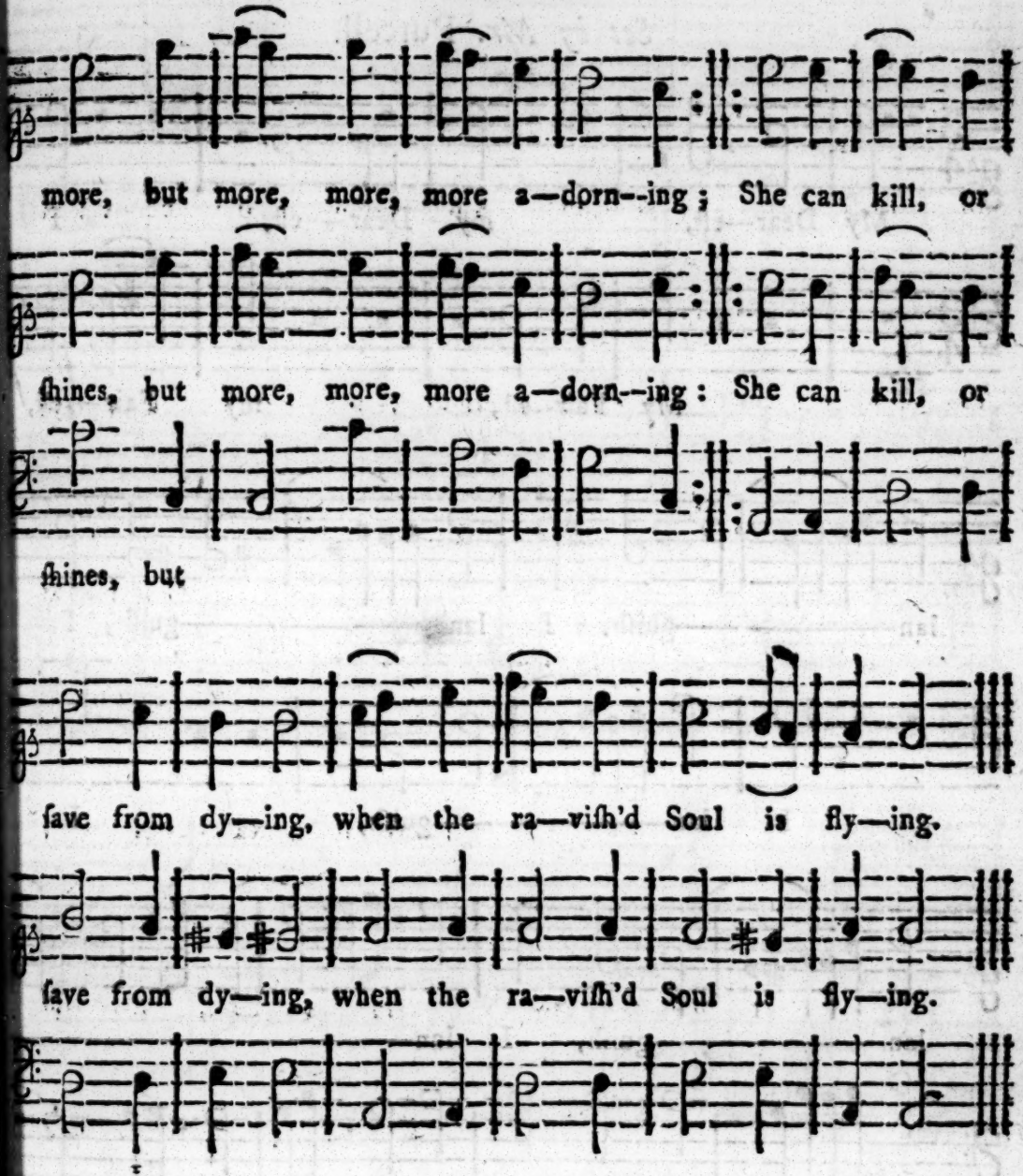
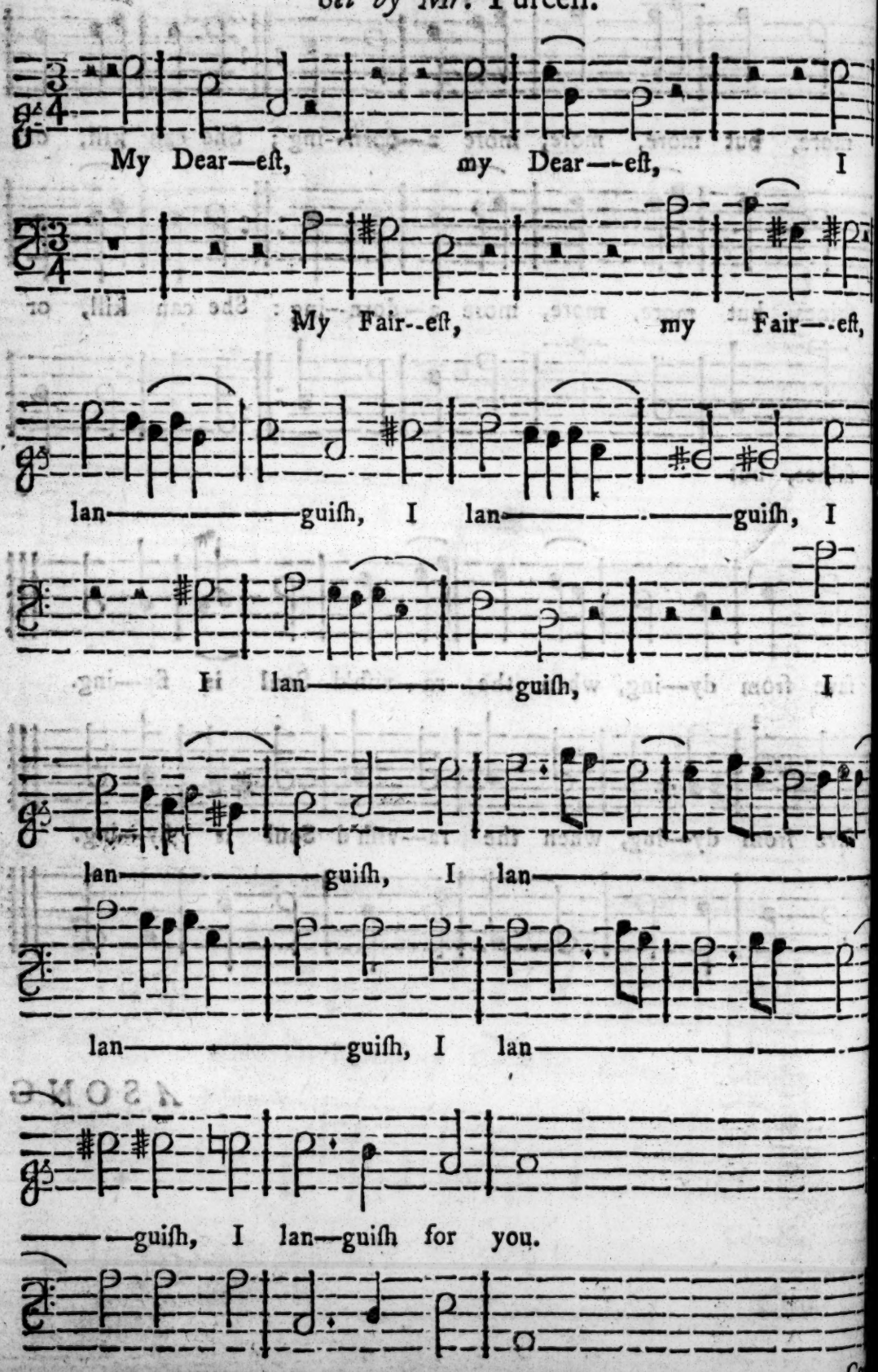


A SONG

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Mr. Purcell.



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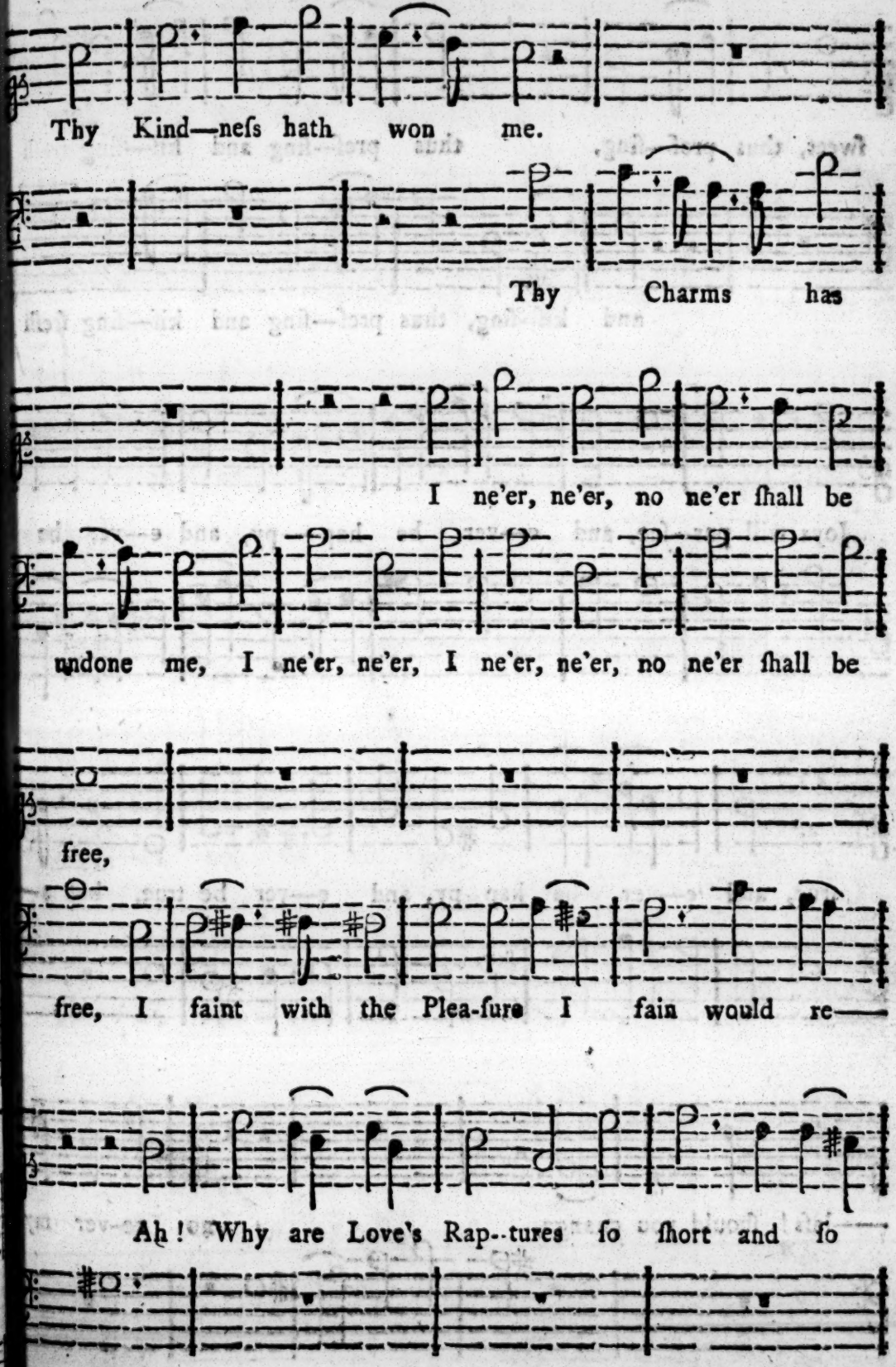

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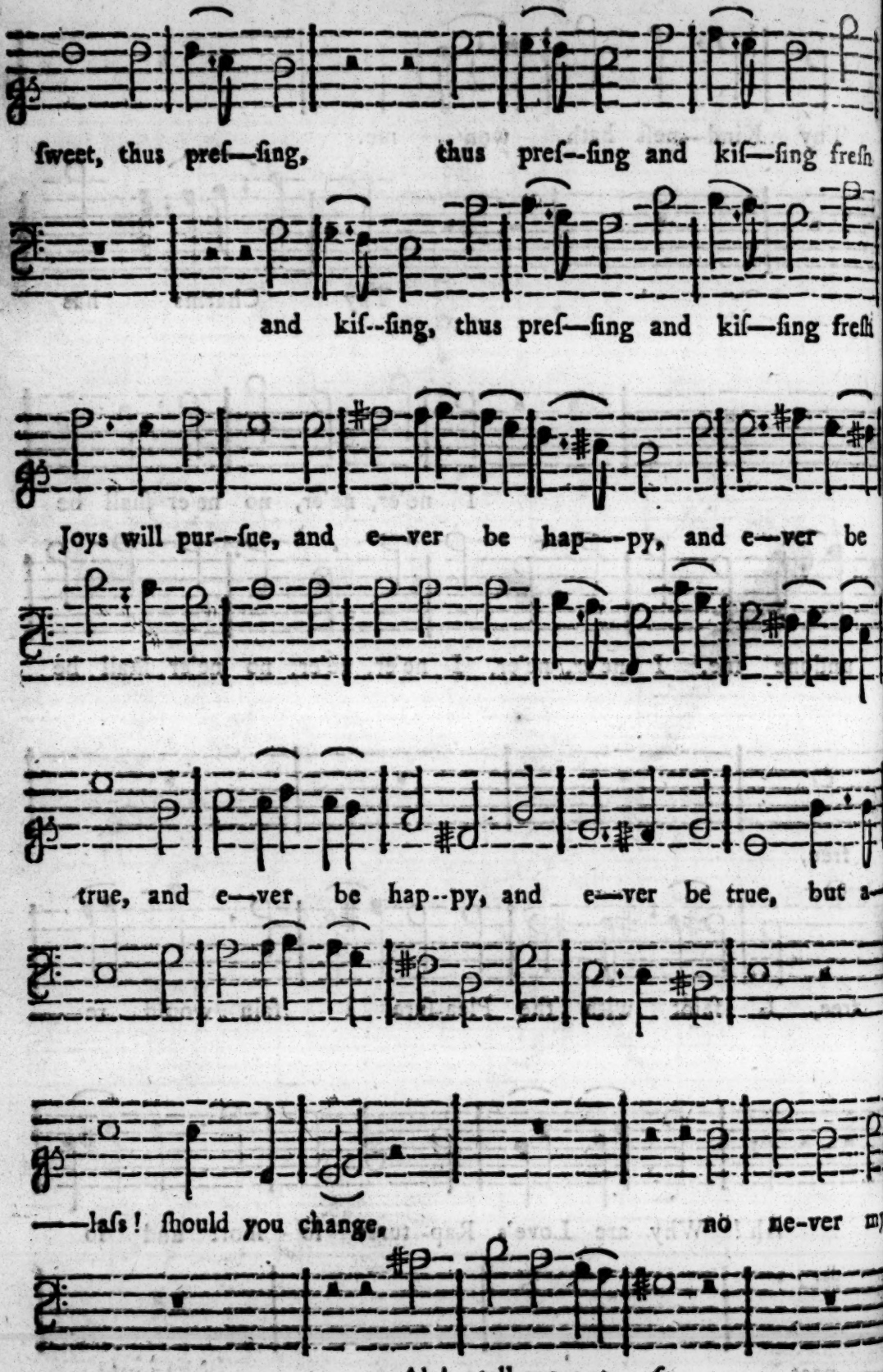

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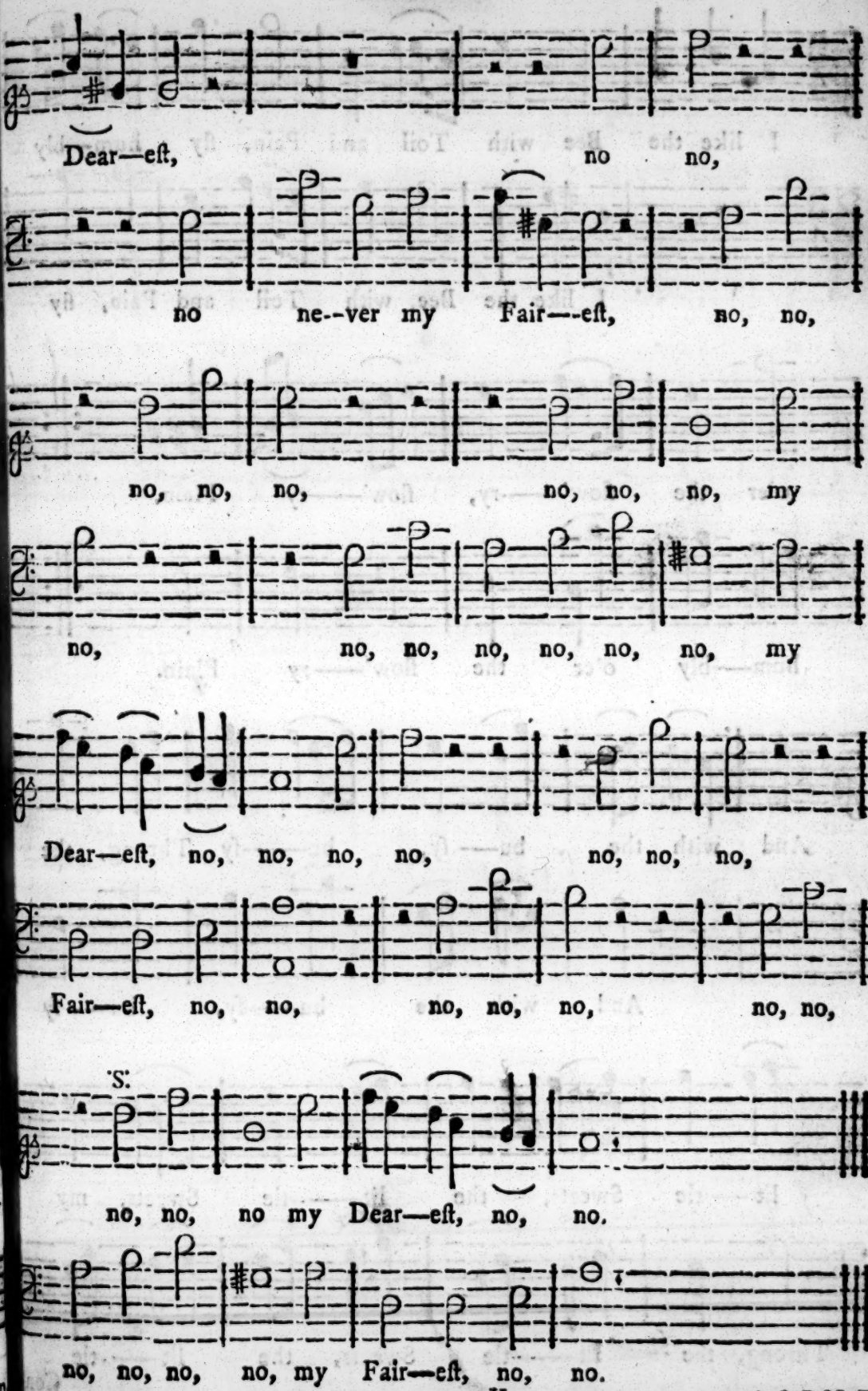
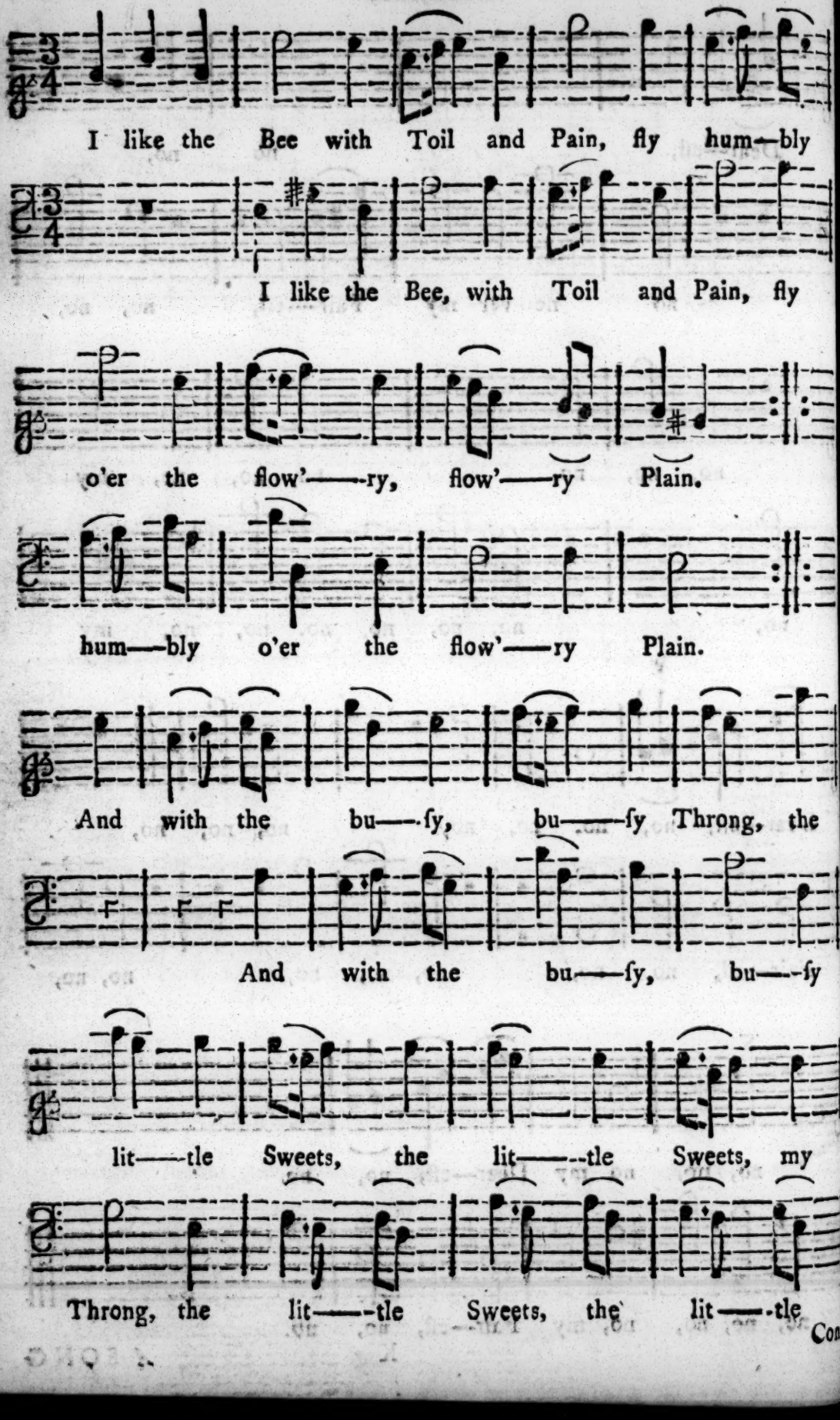

Dear—eſt, no no,
no ne--ver my Fair—eſt, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, my
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, my
Dear—eſt, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Fair—eſt, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
S.
no, no, no my Dear—eſt, no, no.
no, no, no, no, my Fair—eſt, no, no.

A SONG *for two Voices. By Mr.* Travers.



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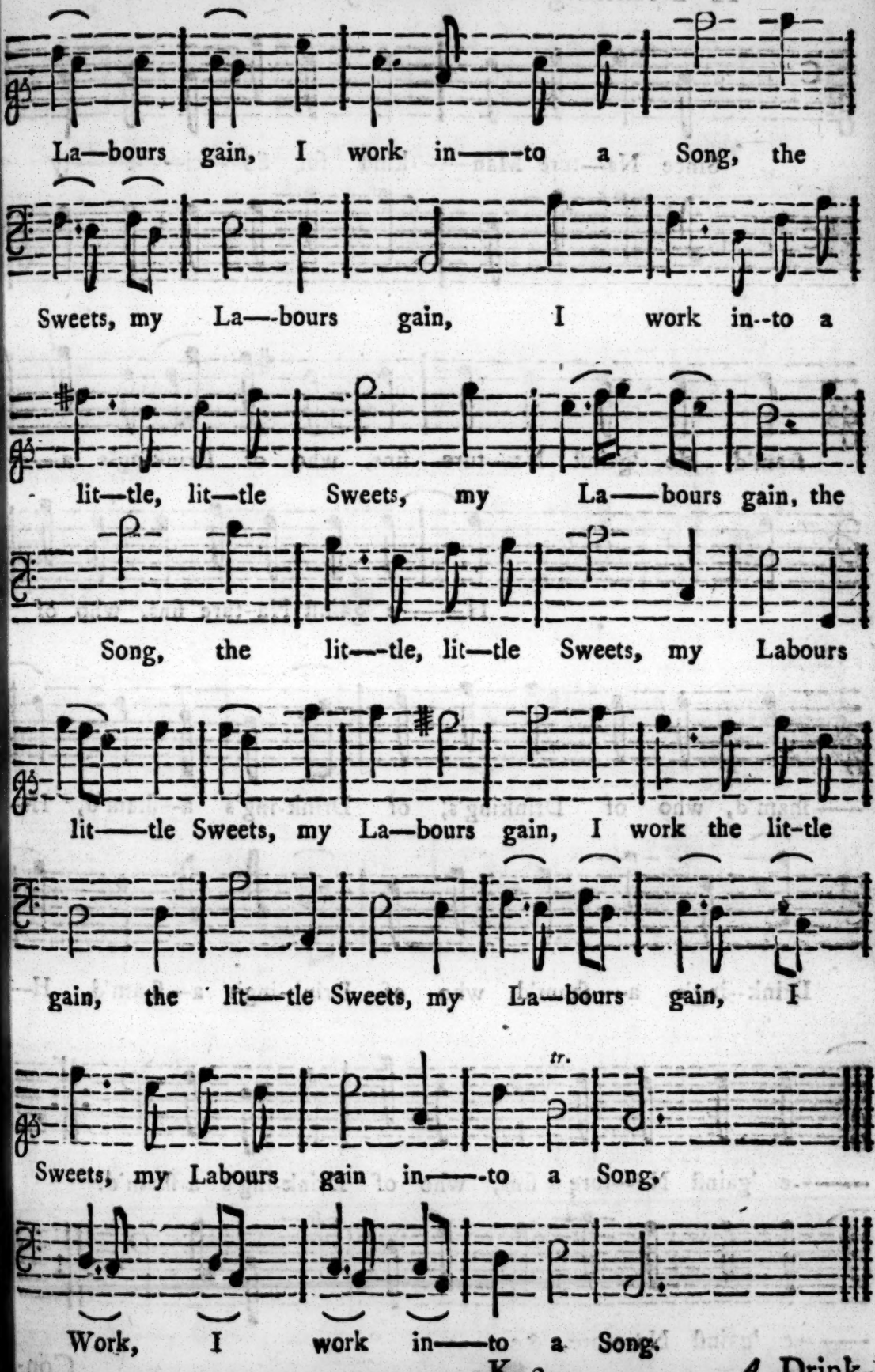
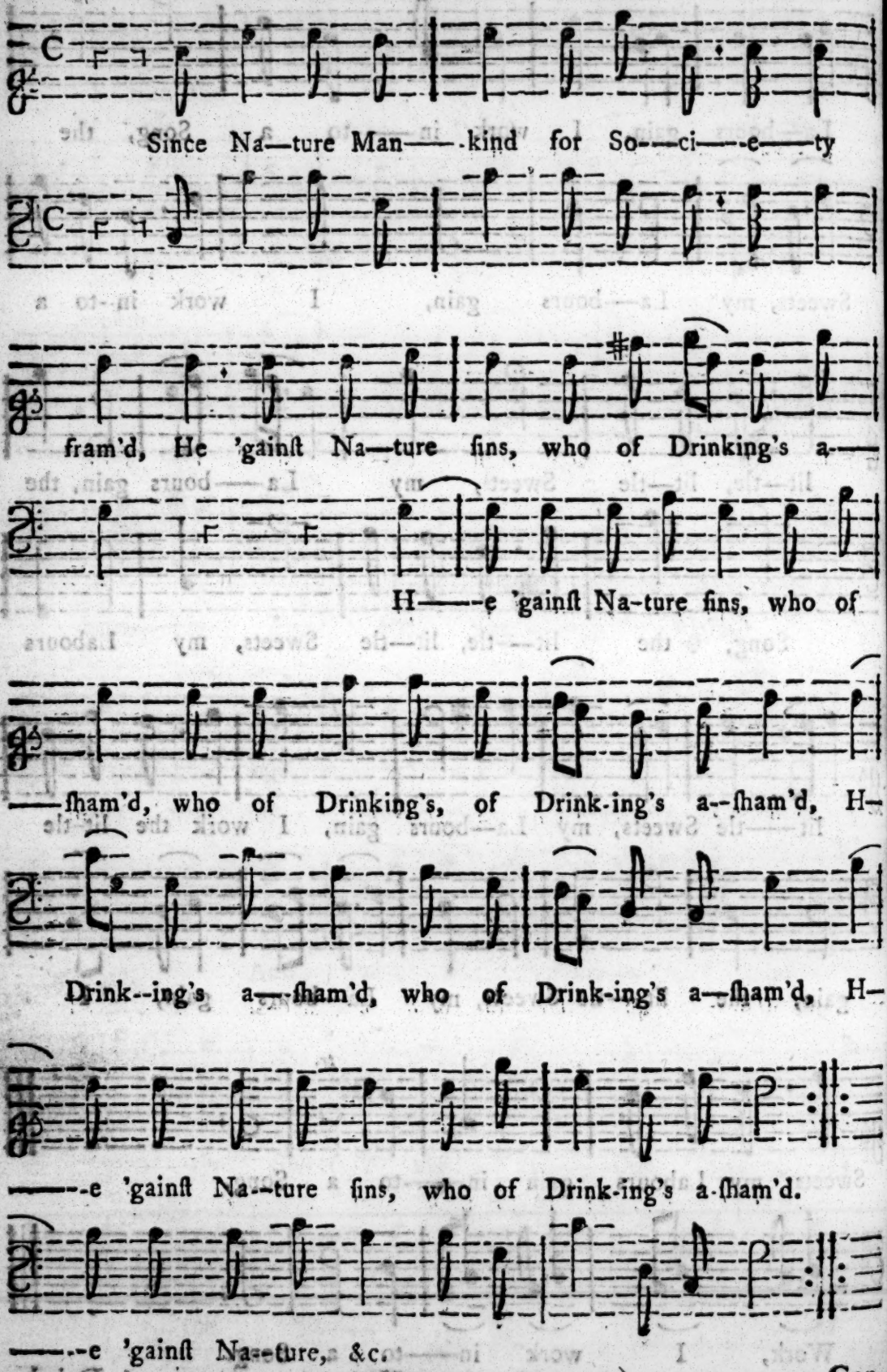

La—bours gain, I work in——to a Song, the
Sweets, my La—bours gain, I work in--to a
lit—tle, lit—tle Sweets, my La——bours gain, the
Song, the lit——tle, lit—tle Sweets, my Labours
lit——tle Sweets, my La—bours gain, I work the lit-tle
gain, the lit——tle Sweets, my La—bours gain, I
tr.
Sweets, my Labours gain in——to a Song.
Work, I work in——to a Song.

A Drinking SONG *for two Voices.*



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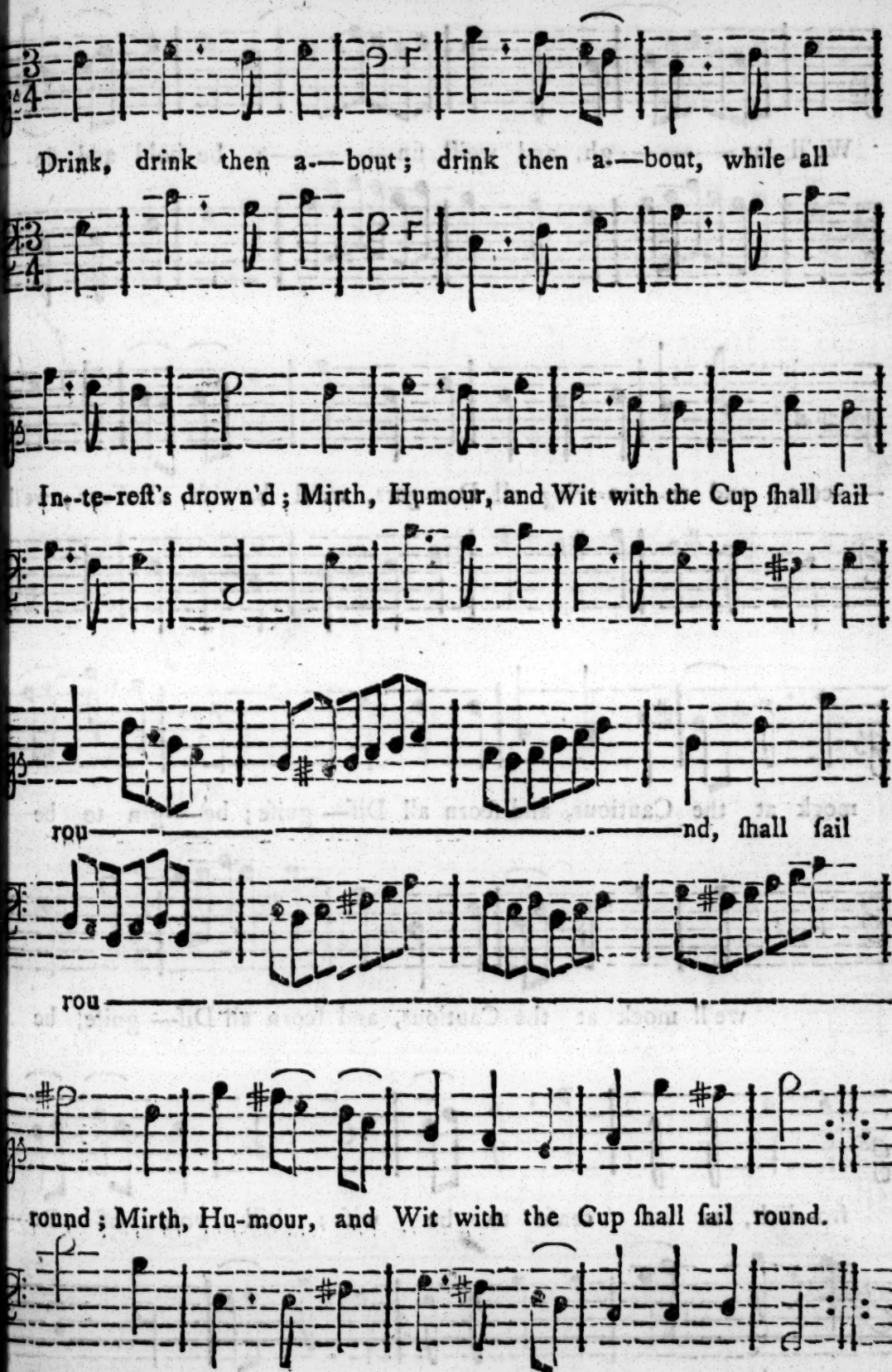
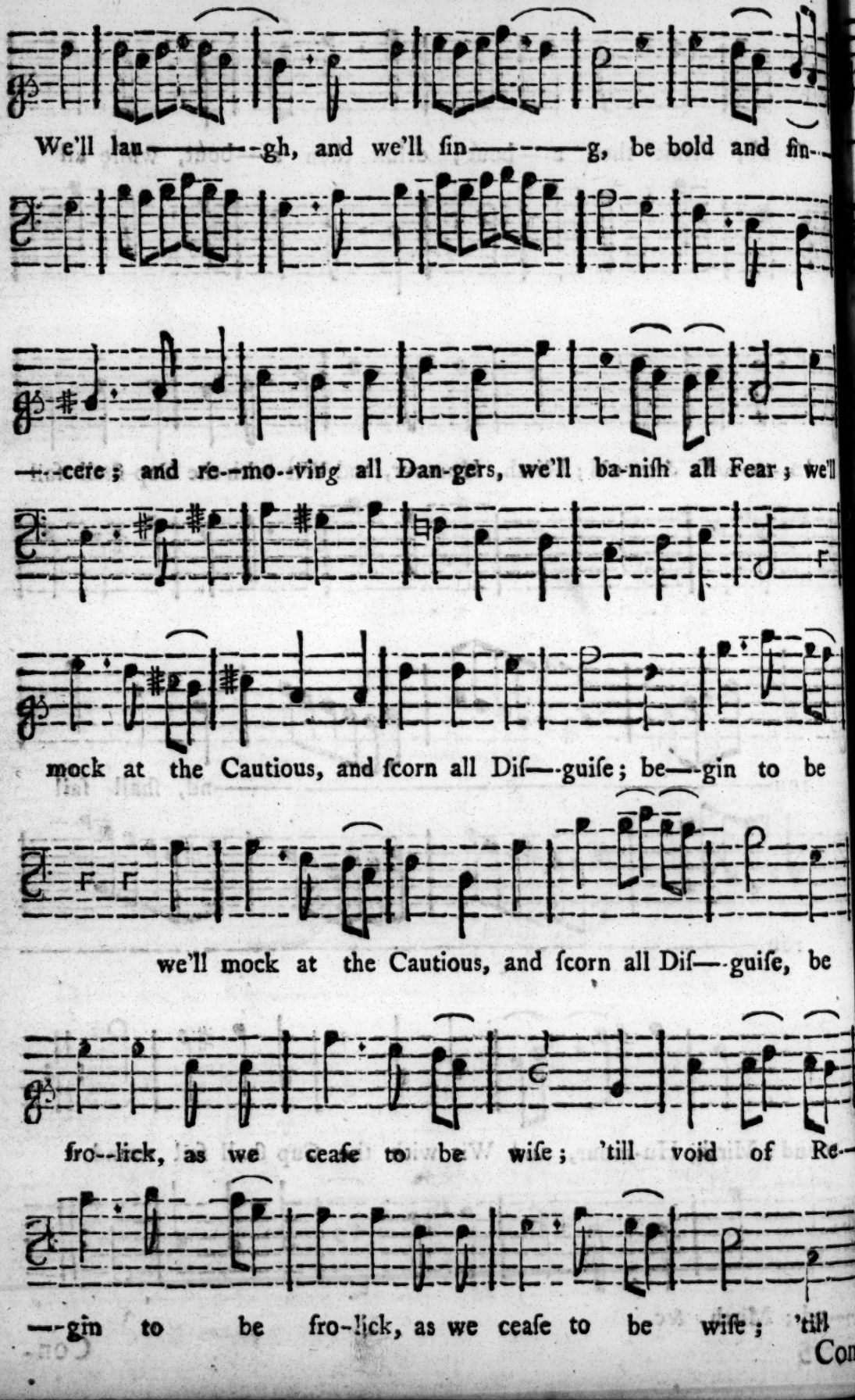

Drink, drink then a—bout; drink then a—bout, while all
In--te-reſt's drown'd; Mirth, Humour, and Wit with the Cup ſhall fail
rou——nd, ſhall fail
rou——
round; Mirth, Hu-mour, and Wit with the Cup ſhall fail round.
—nd; Mirth, &c.

Continued.



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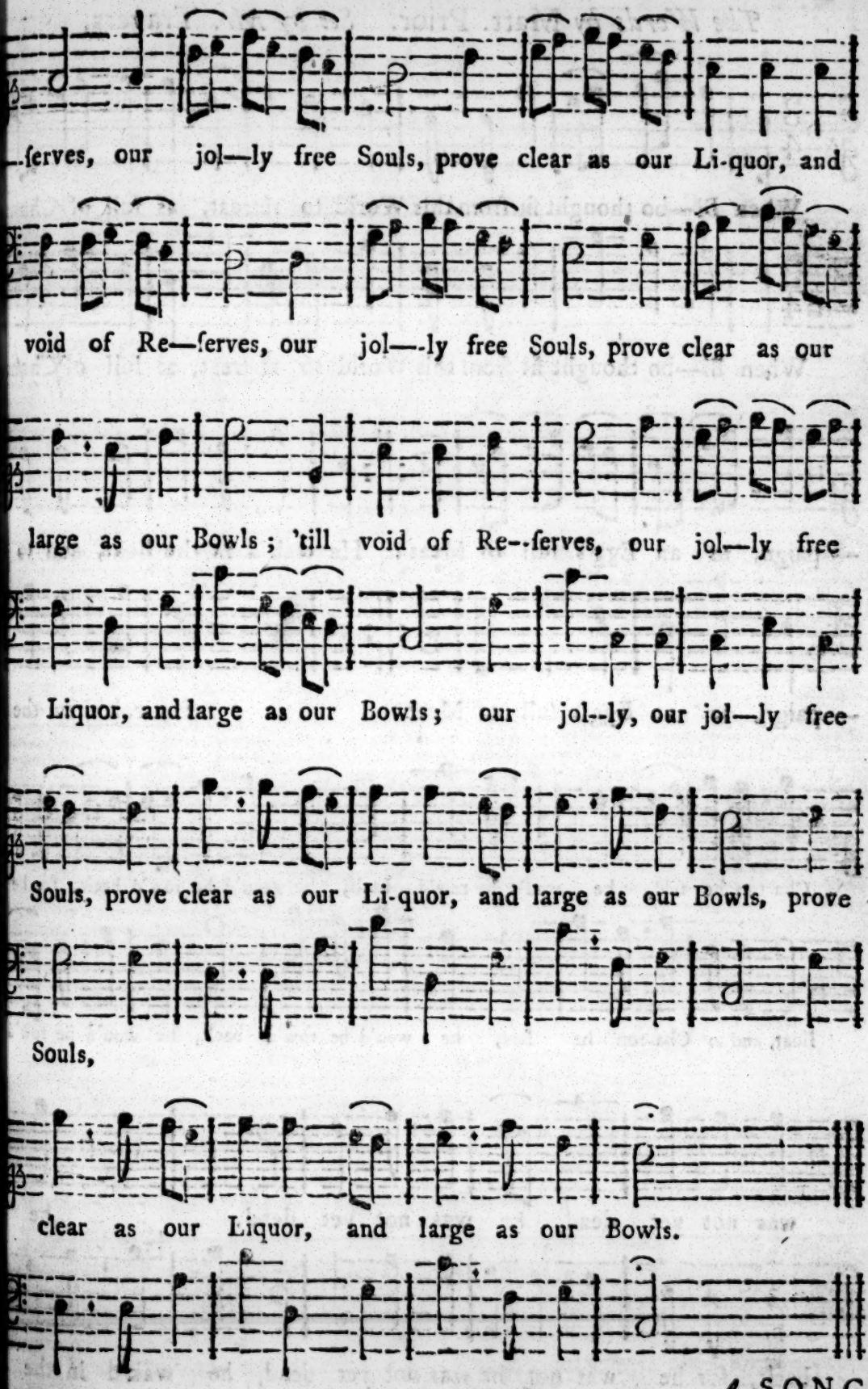
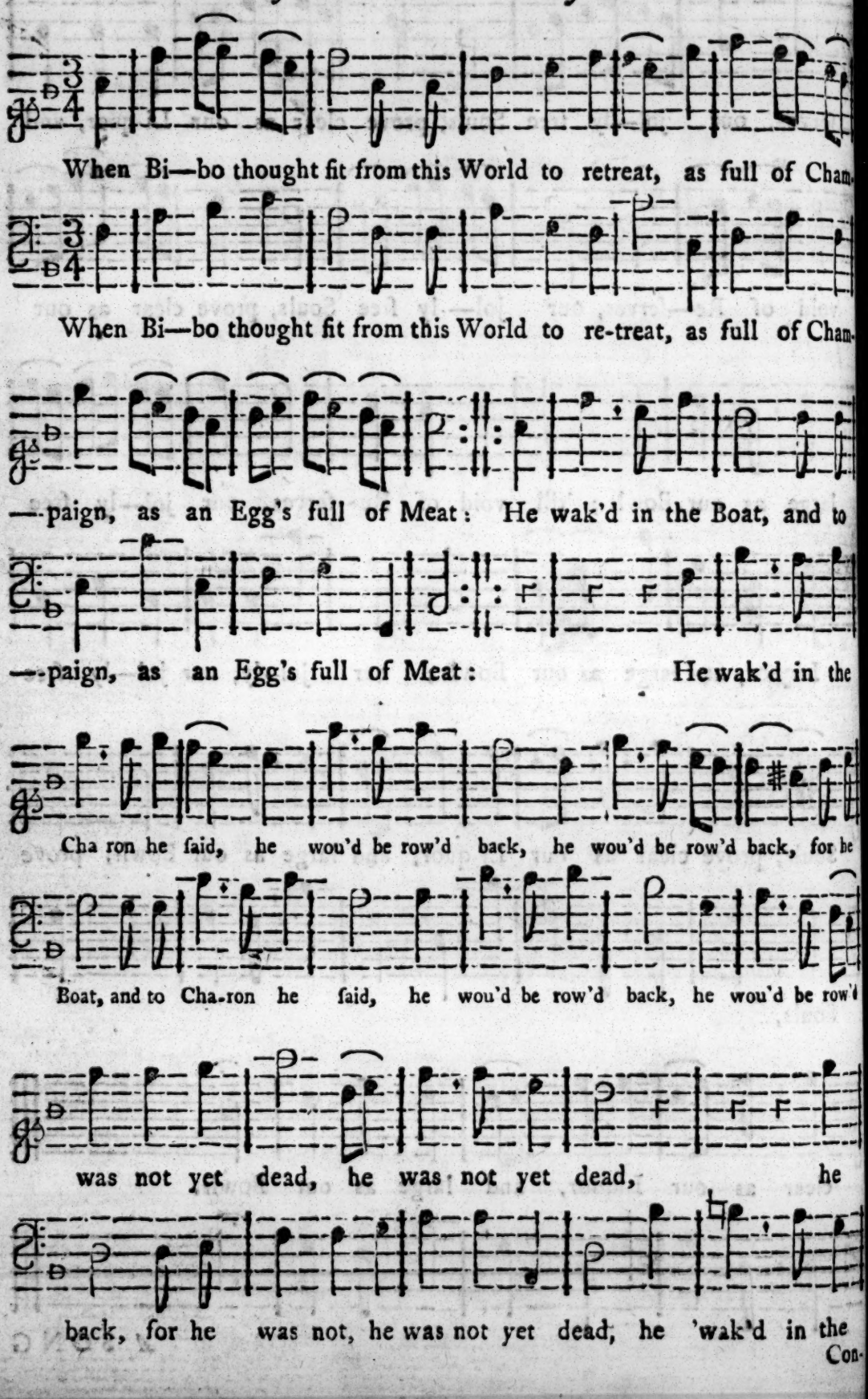


A SONG

A SONG *for two Voices.*

The Words by Matt. Prior. *Set by Mr.* Travers.



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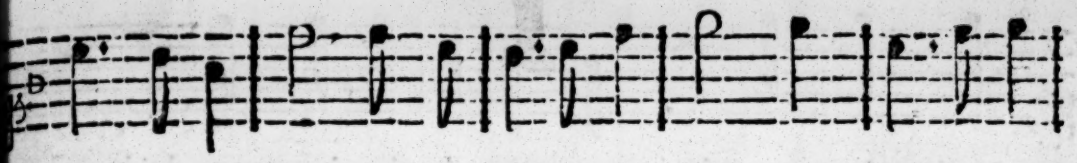
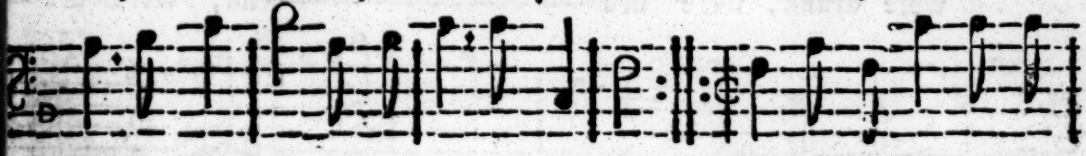


wak'd in the Boat, and to Charon he ſaid, he wou'd be row'd

Boat, and to Cha--ron he ſaid, he wou'd be row'd back, he

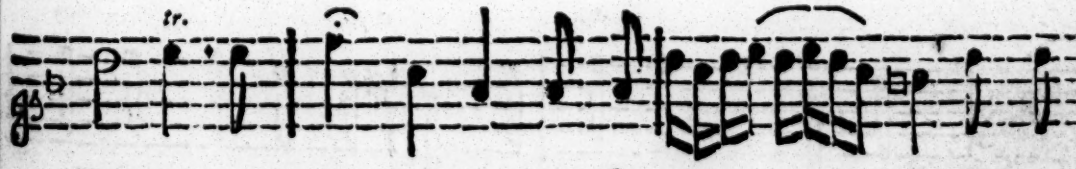
back, for he was not, he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the



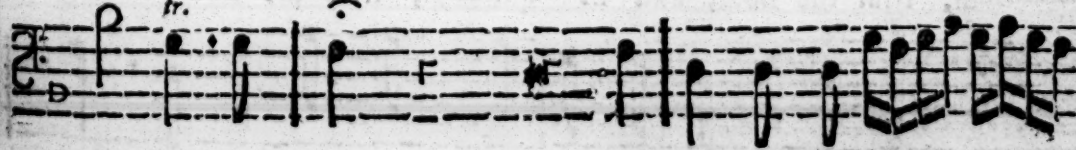
wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead. Trim, trim the Boat, and ſit

Boat, and ſit qui—et, trim the Boat, and ſit qui—et, ſtern

qui—-et, trim the Boat, and ſit qui—-et, ſit qui—et, ſtern



Cha--ron re—ply'd, you may have for—g———————t, you were



Cha--ron re—ply'd, you may have for-go———————

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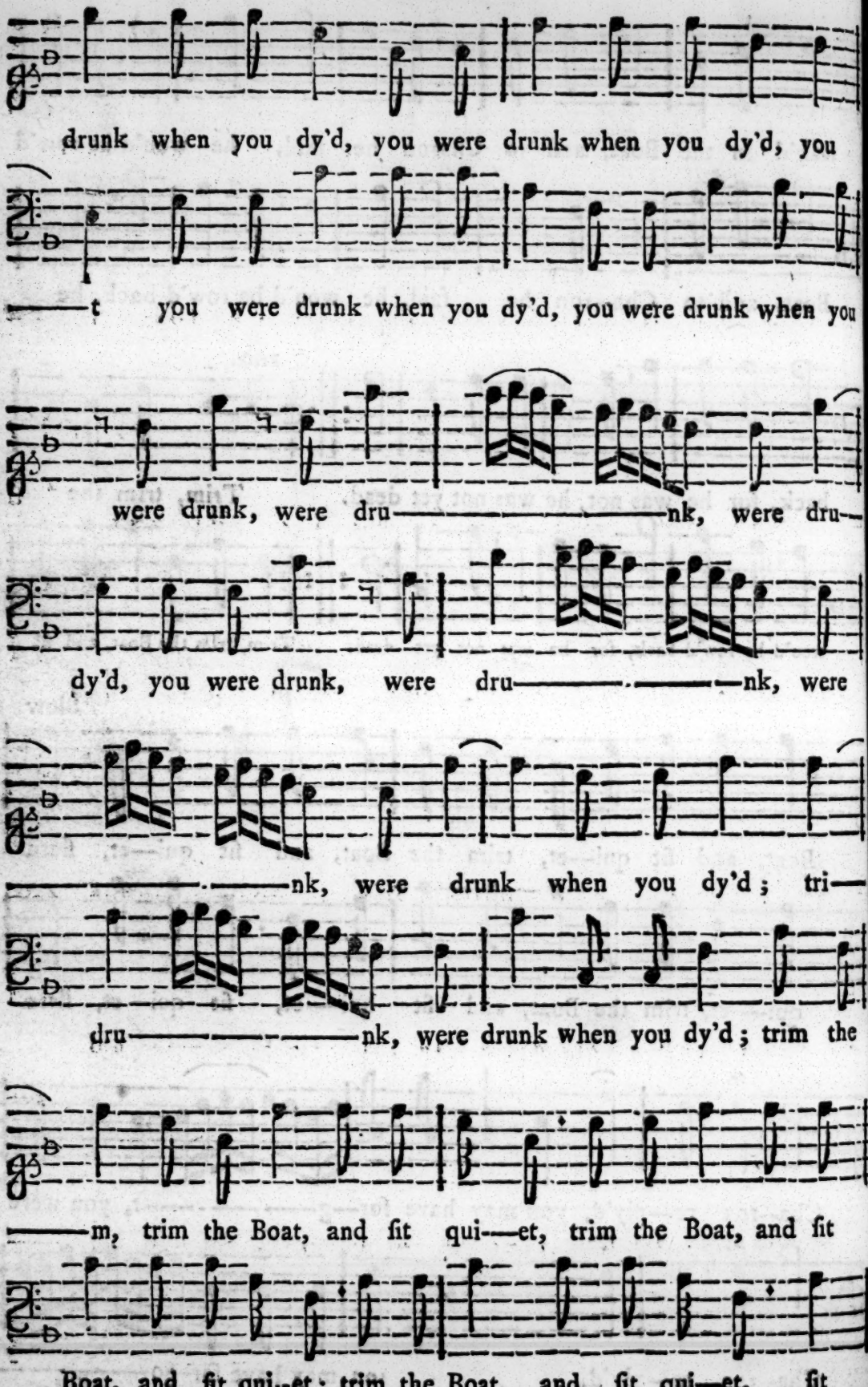
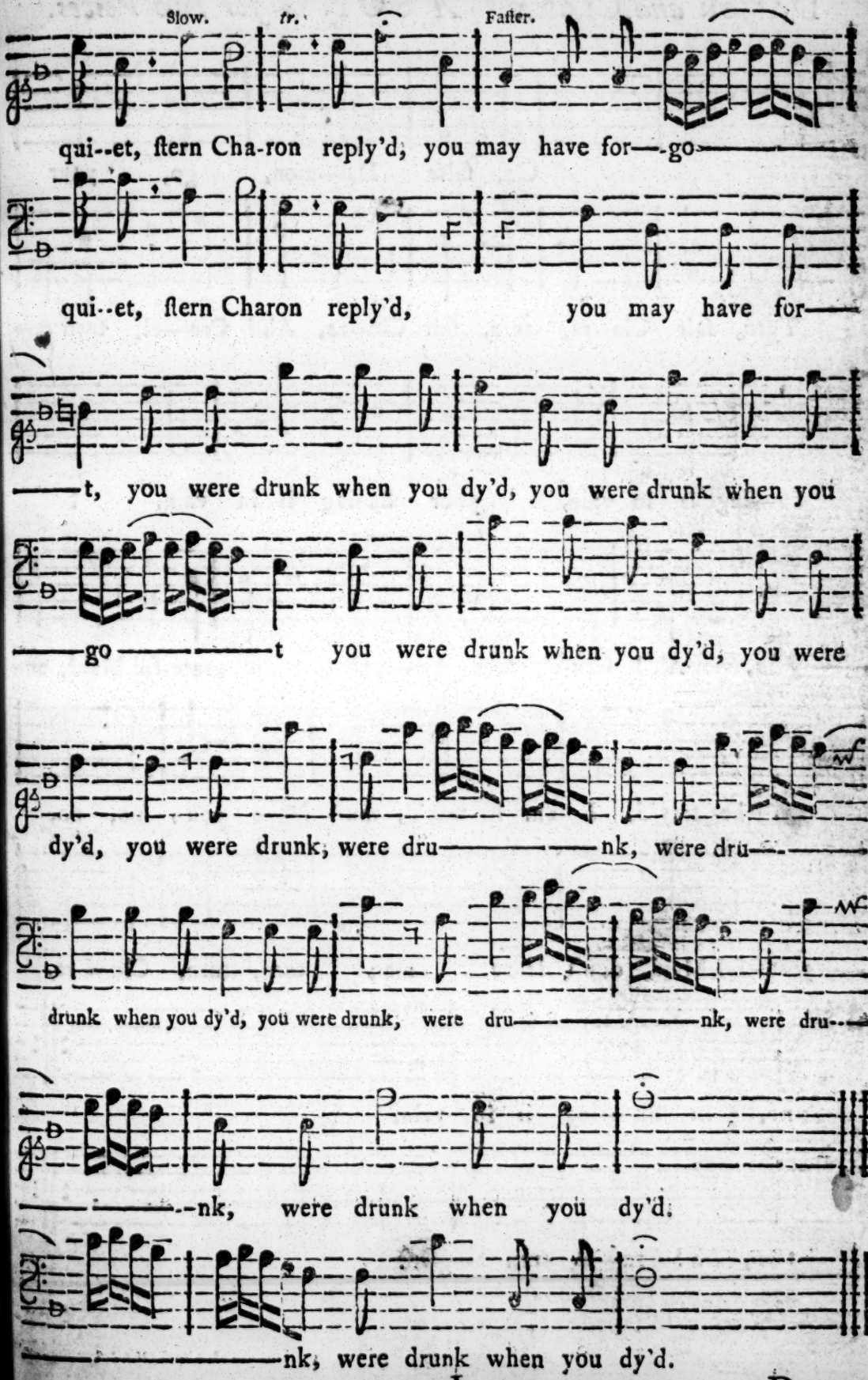
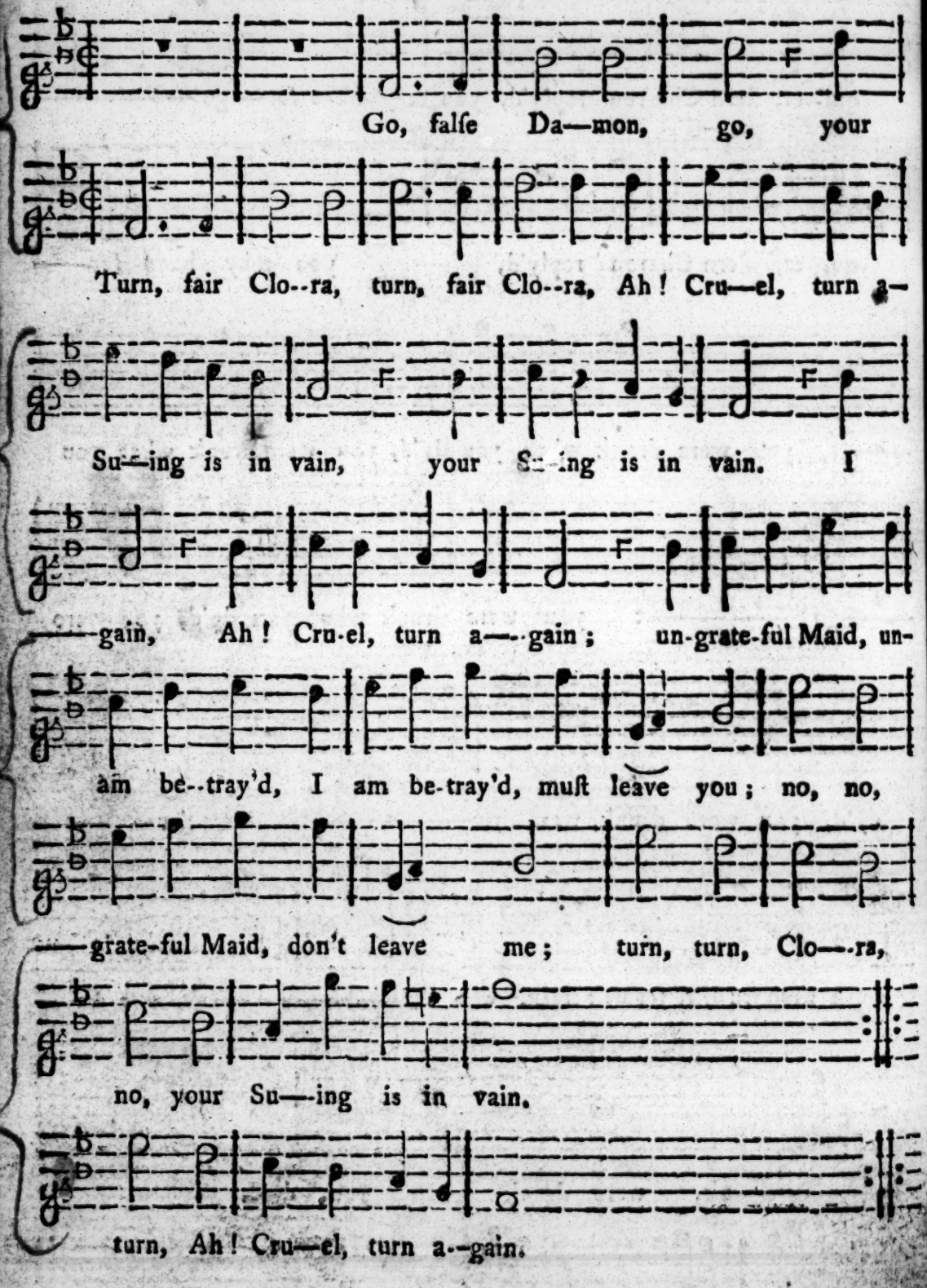

drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you dy'd, you
—t you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you
were drunk, were dru———nk, were dru—
dy'd, you were drunk, were dru———nk, were
———nk, were drunk when you dy'd; tri—
dru———nk, were drunk when you dy'd; trim the
—m, trim the Boat, and sit qui—et, trim the Boat, and sit
Boat, and sit qui-et; trim the Boat, and sit qui—et, sit

Continued.


Slow.
tr.
Faſter.
qui--et, ſtern Cha-ron reply'd, you may have for—-go—
qui--et, ſtern Charon reply'd, you may have for—
—t, you were drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk when you
—go———t you were drunk when you dy'd, you were
dy'd, you were drunk, were dru———nk, were dru———
drunk when you dy'd, you were drunk, were dru———nk, were dru—
———nk, were drunk when you dy'd.
———nk, were drunk when you dy'd.

DAMON *and* CLORA. *A* SONG *for two Voices.*



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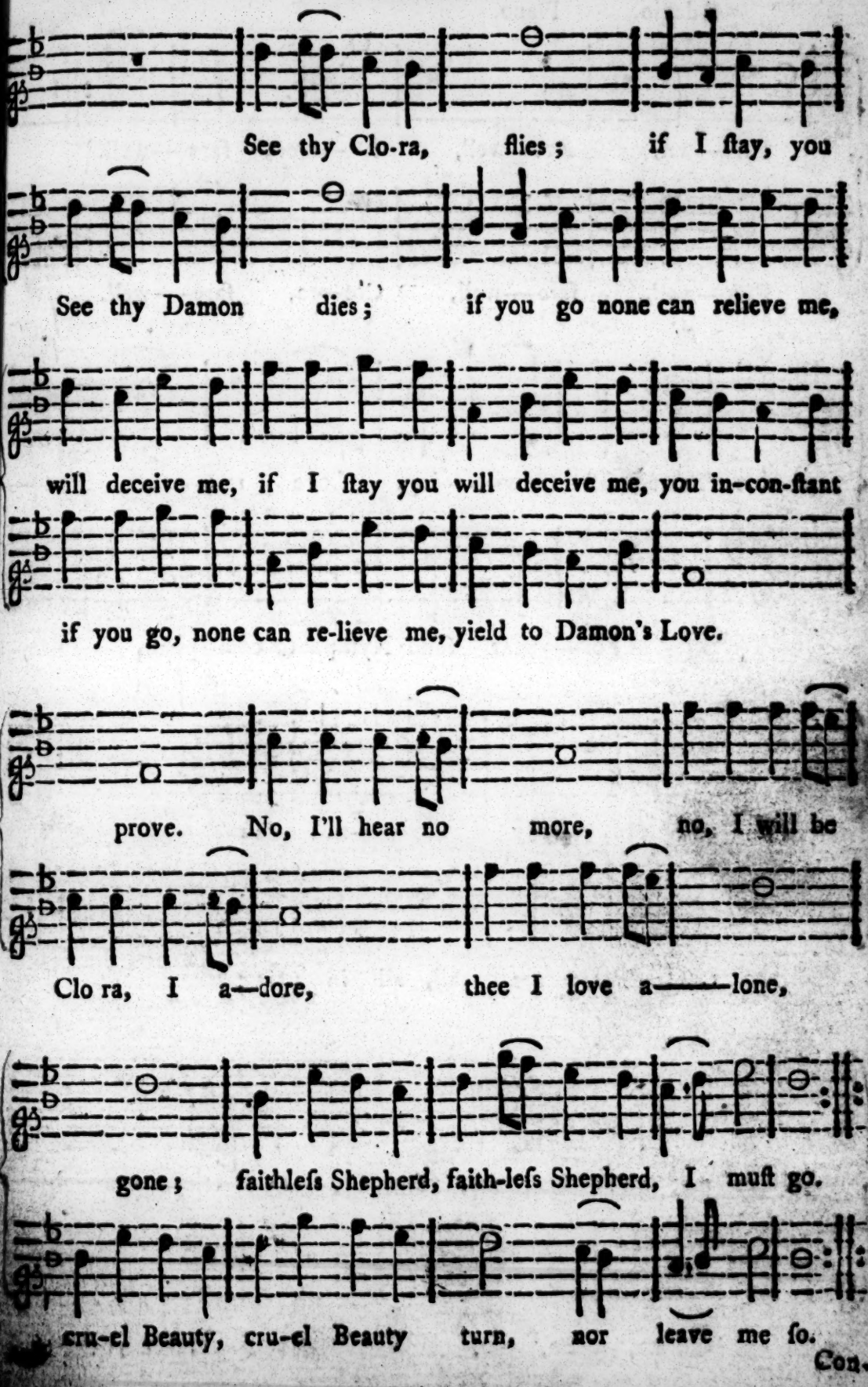

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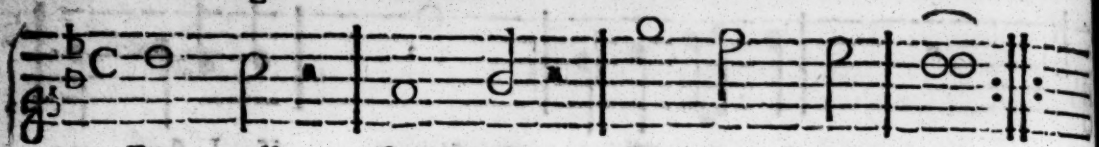
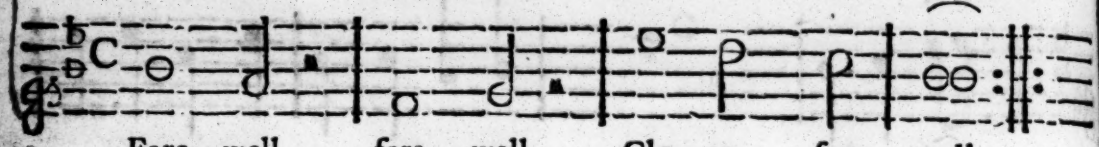
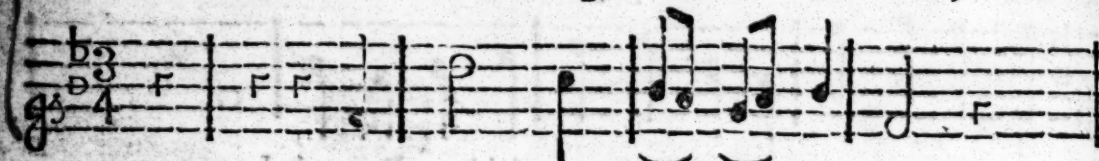
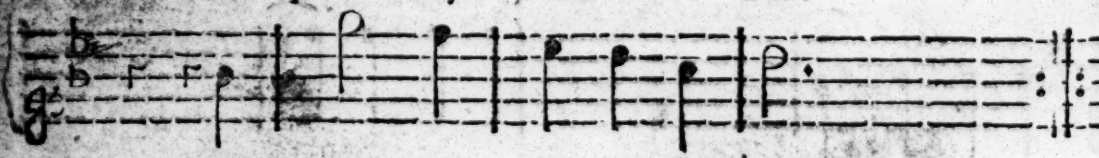
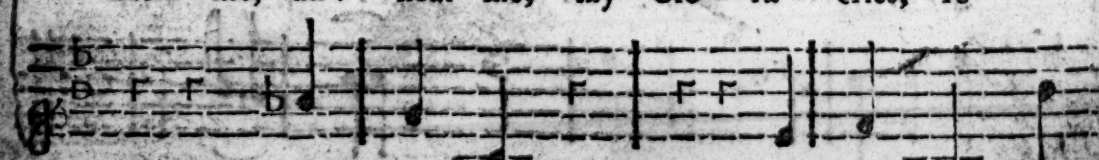
Adagio. Piano.











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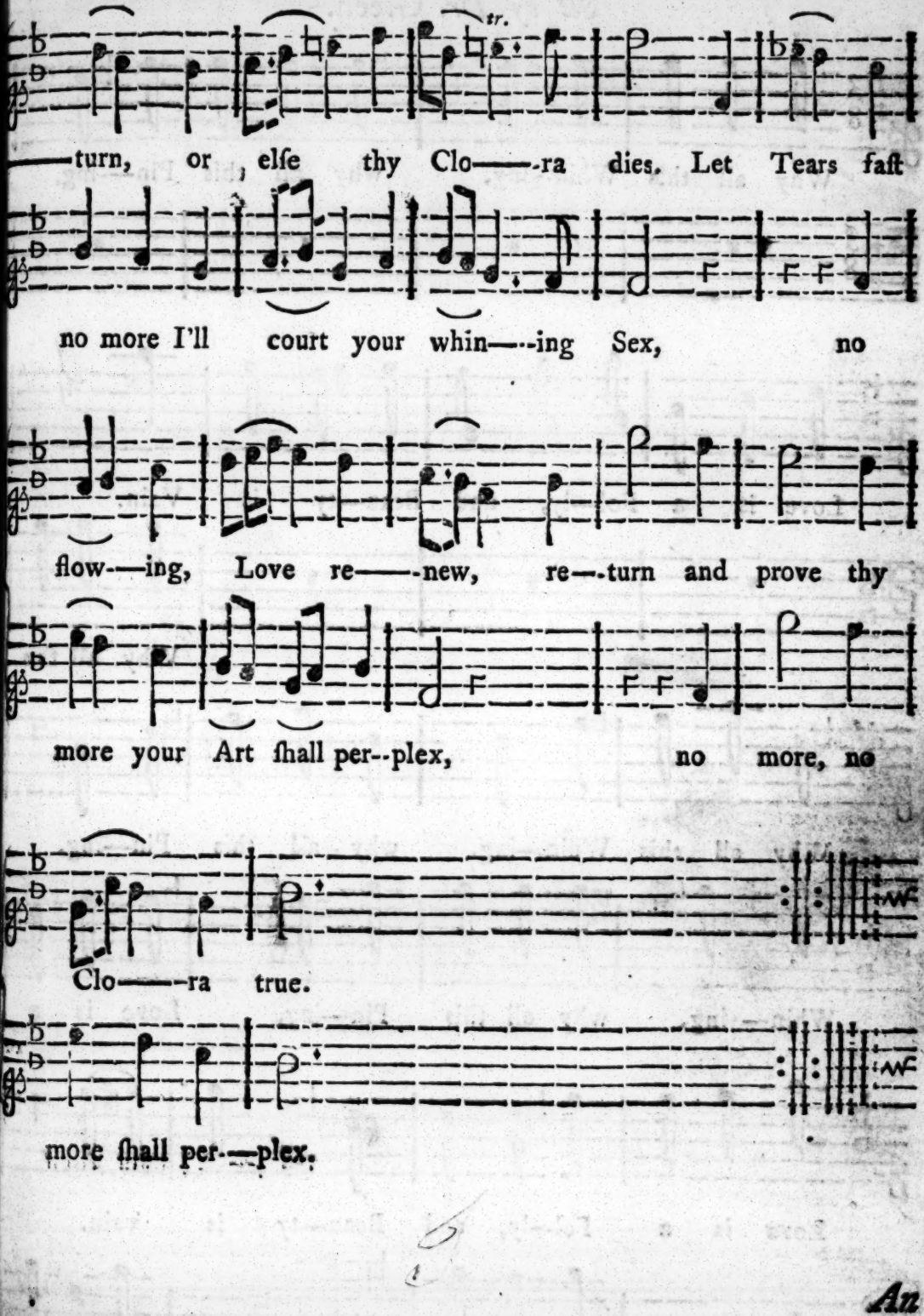
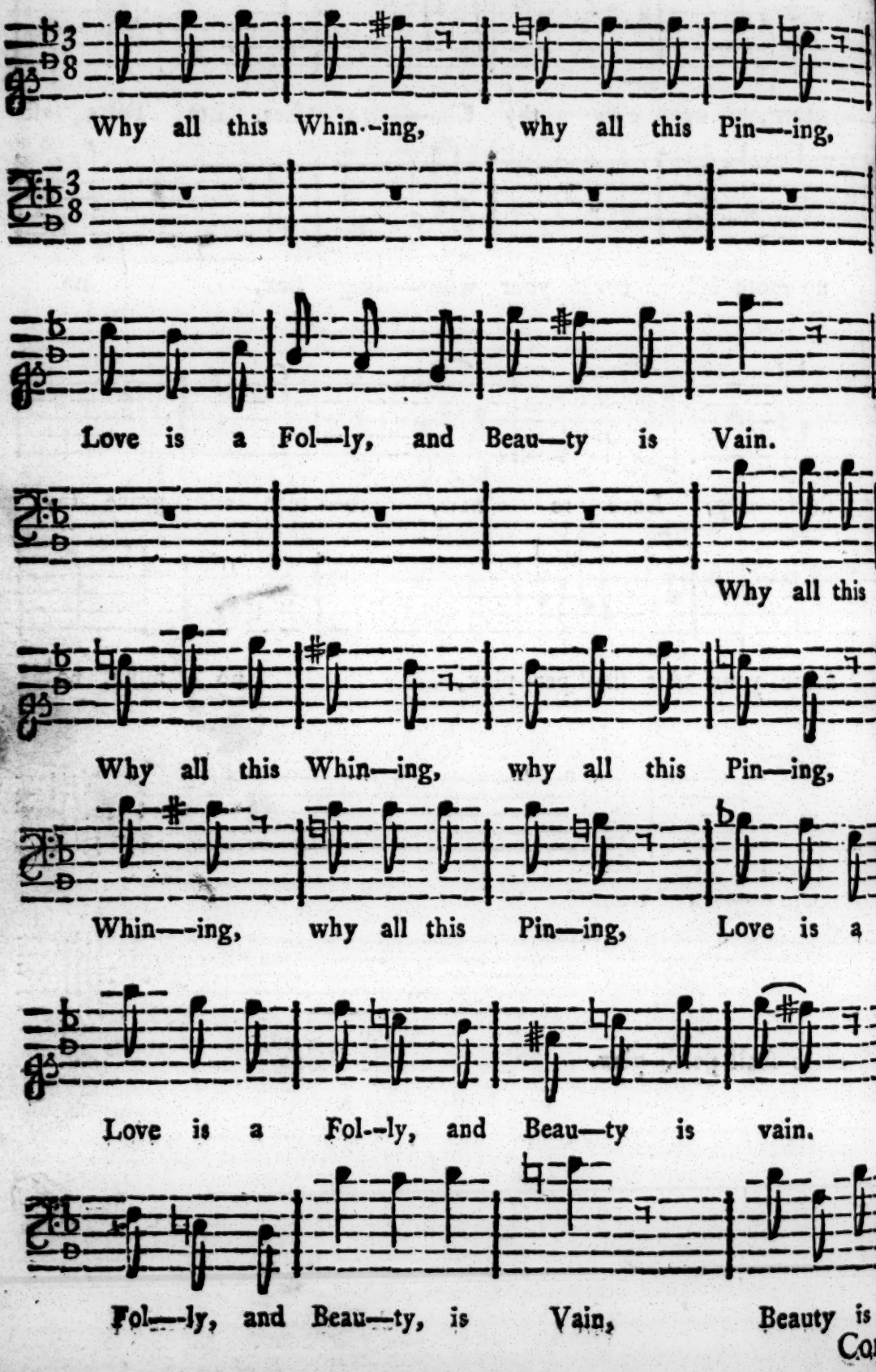

tr.
—turn, or elſe thy Clo——-ra dies. Let Tears faſt
no more I'll court your whin—-ing Sex, no
flow—ing, Love re——-new, re—-turn and prove thy
more your Art ſhall per--plex, no more, no
Clo——-ra true.
more ſhall per-—plex.

A SONG *for two Voices.*

Set by Dr. Green.



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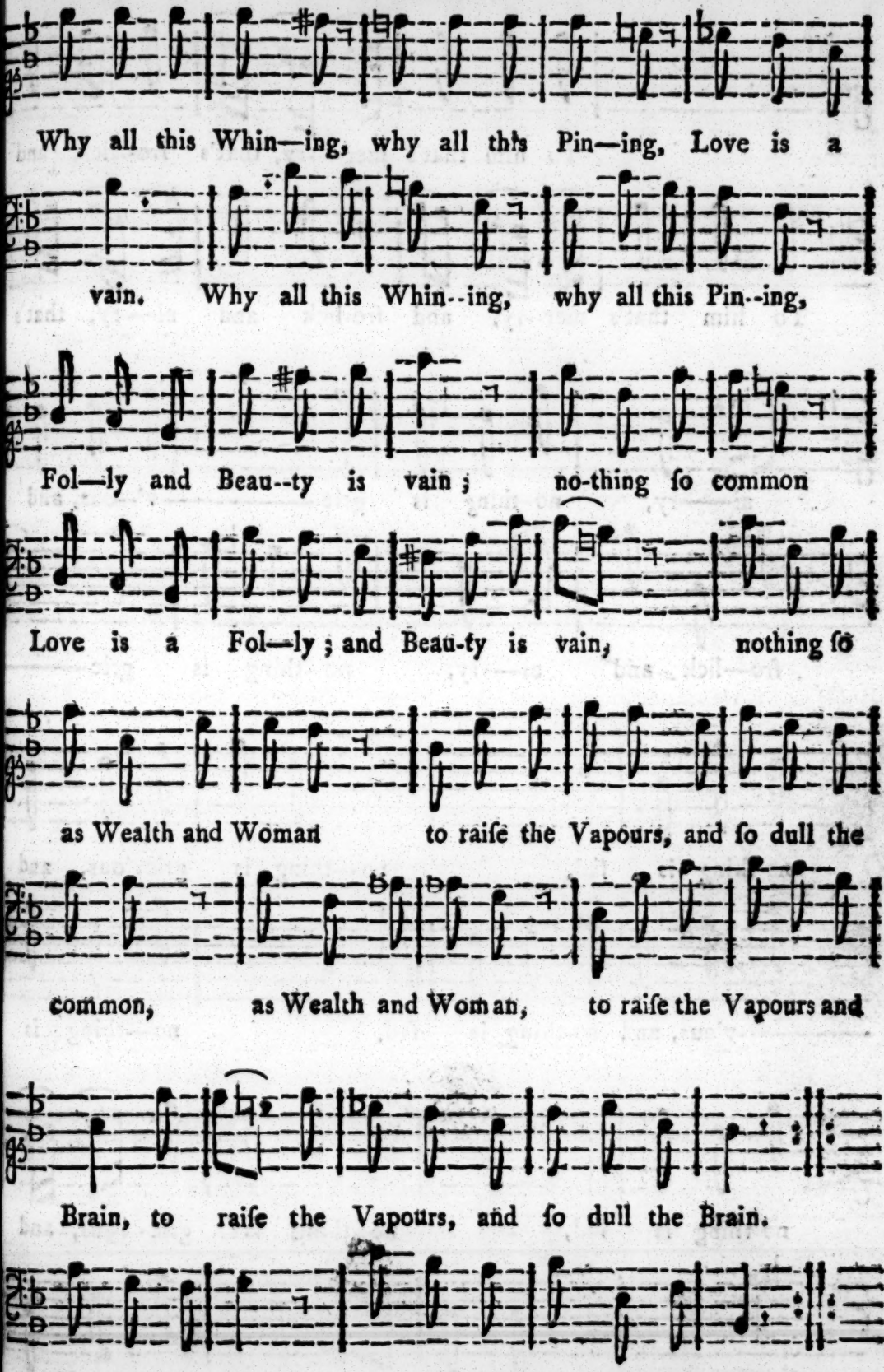
Why all this Whin—ing, why all this Pin—ing, Love is a
vain. Why all this Whin--ing, why all this Pin--ing,
Fol—ly and Beau--ty is vain; no-thing ſo common
Love is a Fol—ly; and Beau-ty is vain, nothing ſo
as Wealth and Woman to raiſe the Vapours, and ſo dull the
common, as Wealth and Woman, to raiſe the Vapours and
Brain, to raiſe the Vapours, and ſo dull the Brain.
ſo dull the Brain, ſo dull the Brain, dull the Brain.

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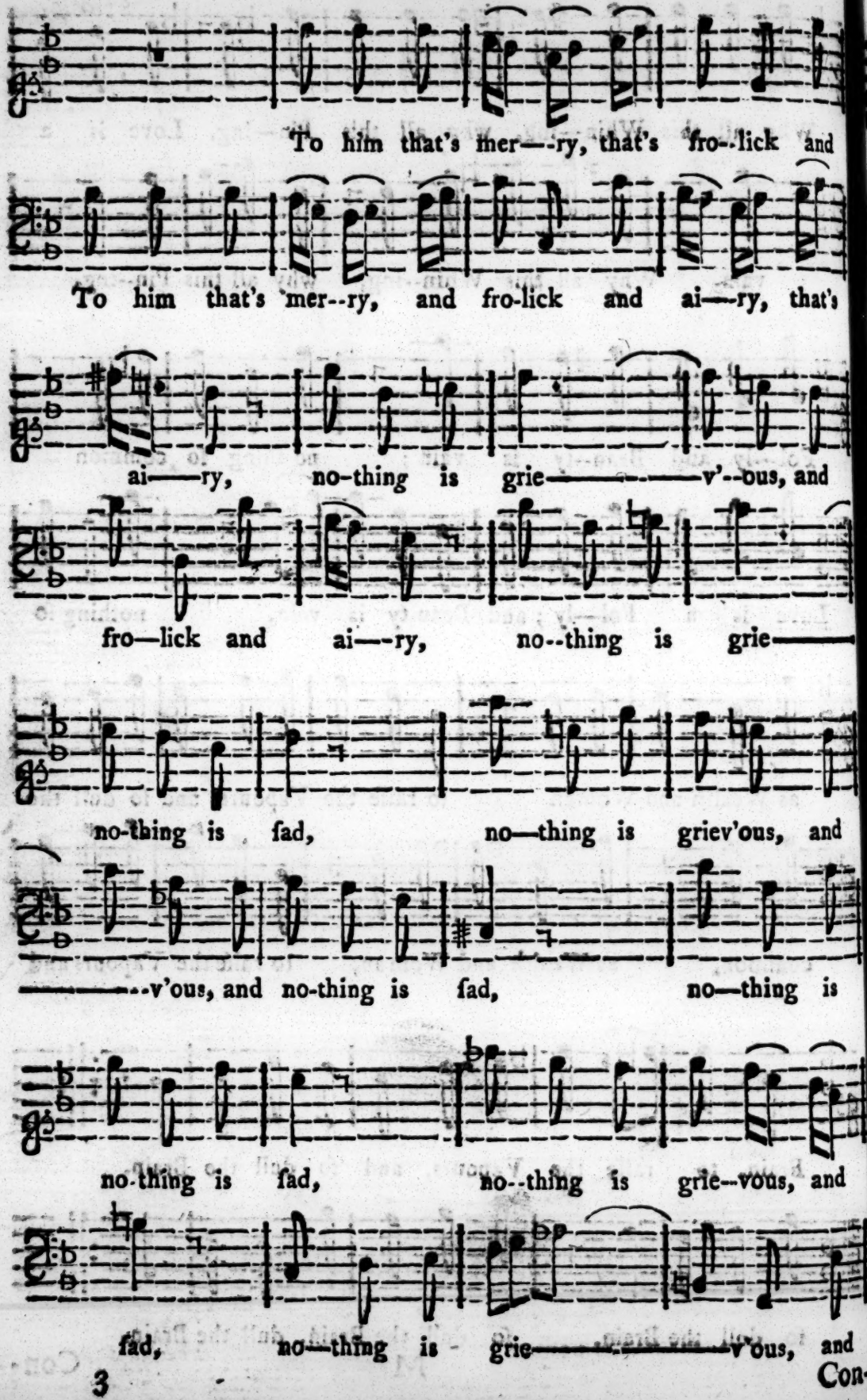
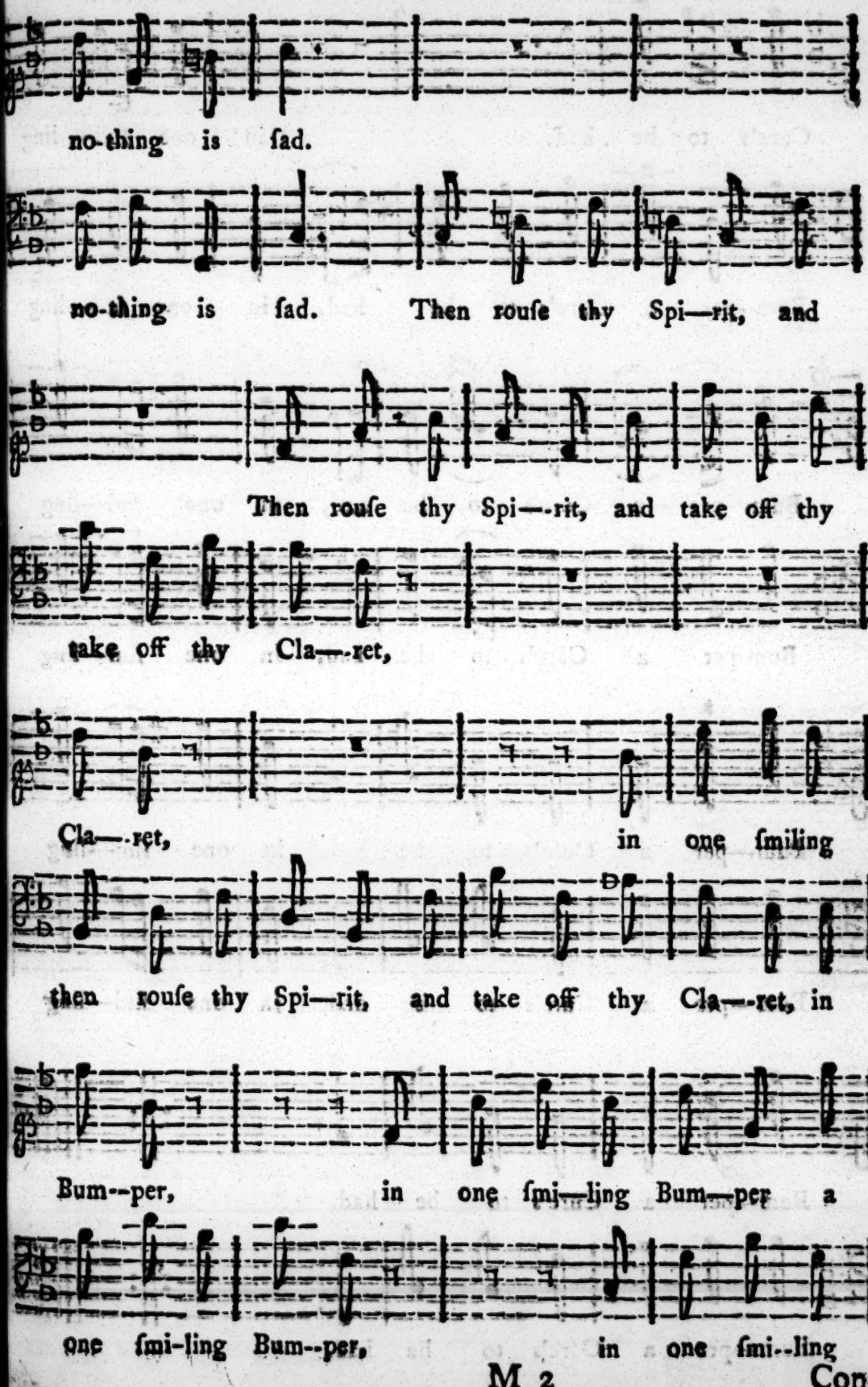
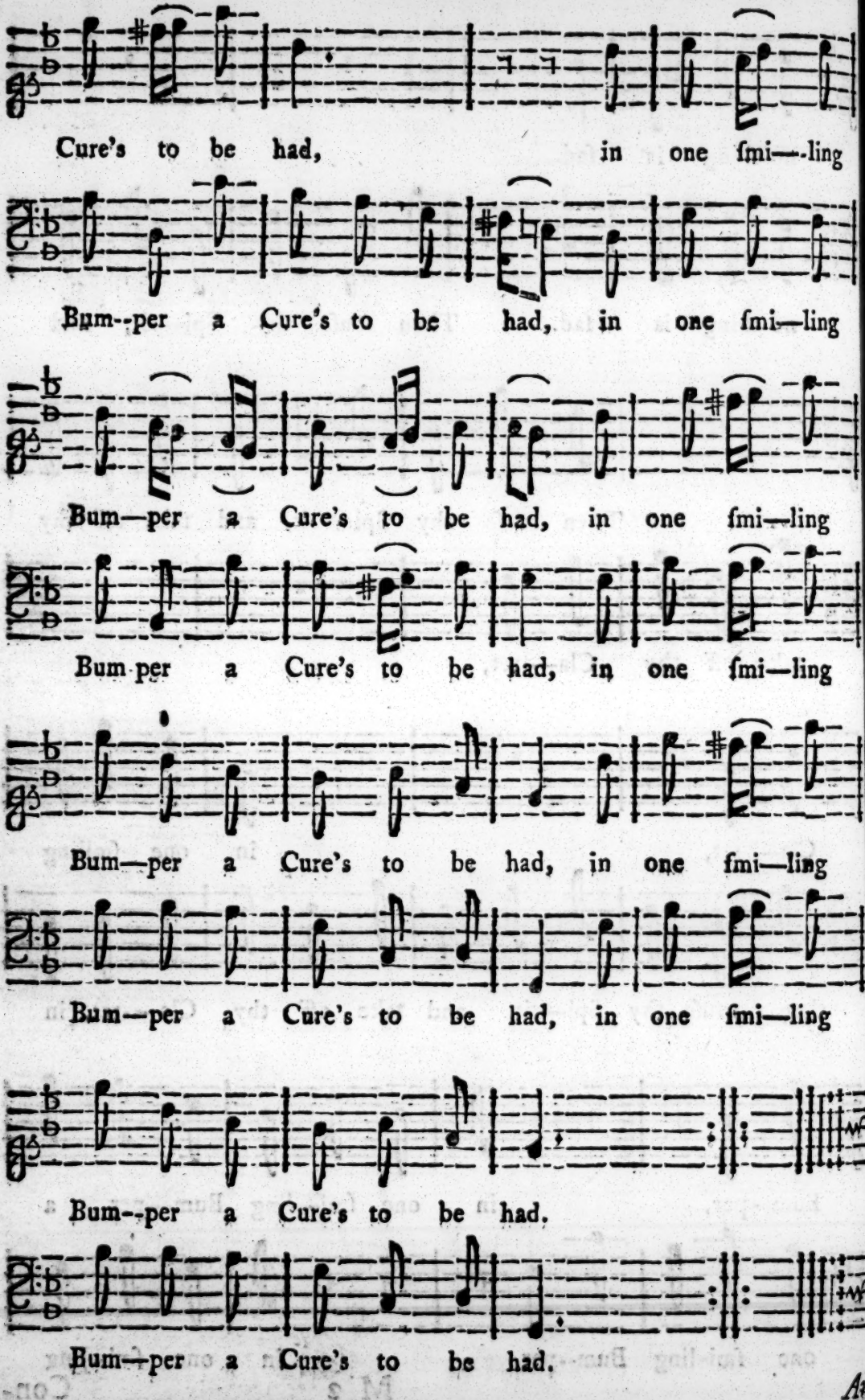

To him that's mer—-ry, that's fro--lick and
To him that's mer--ry, and fro-lick and ai—-ry, that's
ai——ry, no-thing is grie————v'--ous, and
fro—lick and ai—-ry, no--thing is grie——
no-thing is ſad, no—thing is griev'ous, and
——--v'ous, and no-thing is ſad, no—thing is
no-thing is ſad, no--thing is grie--vous, and
ſad, no—thing is grie————v'ous, and

Continued.

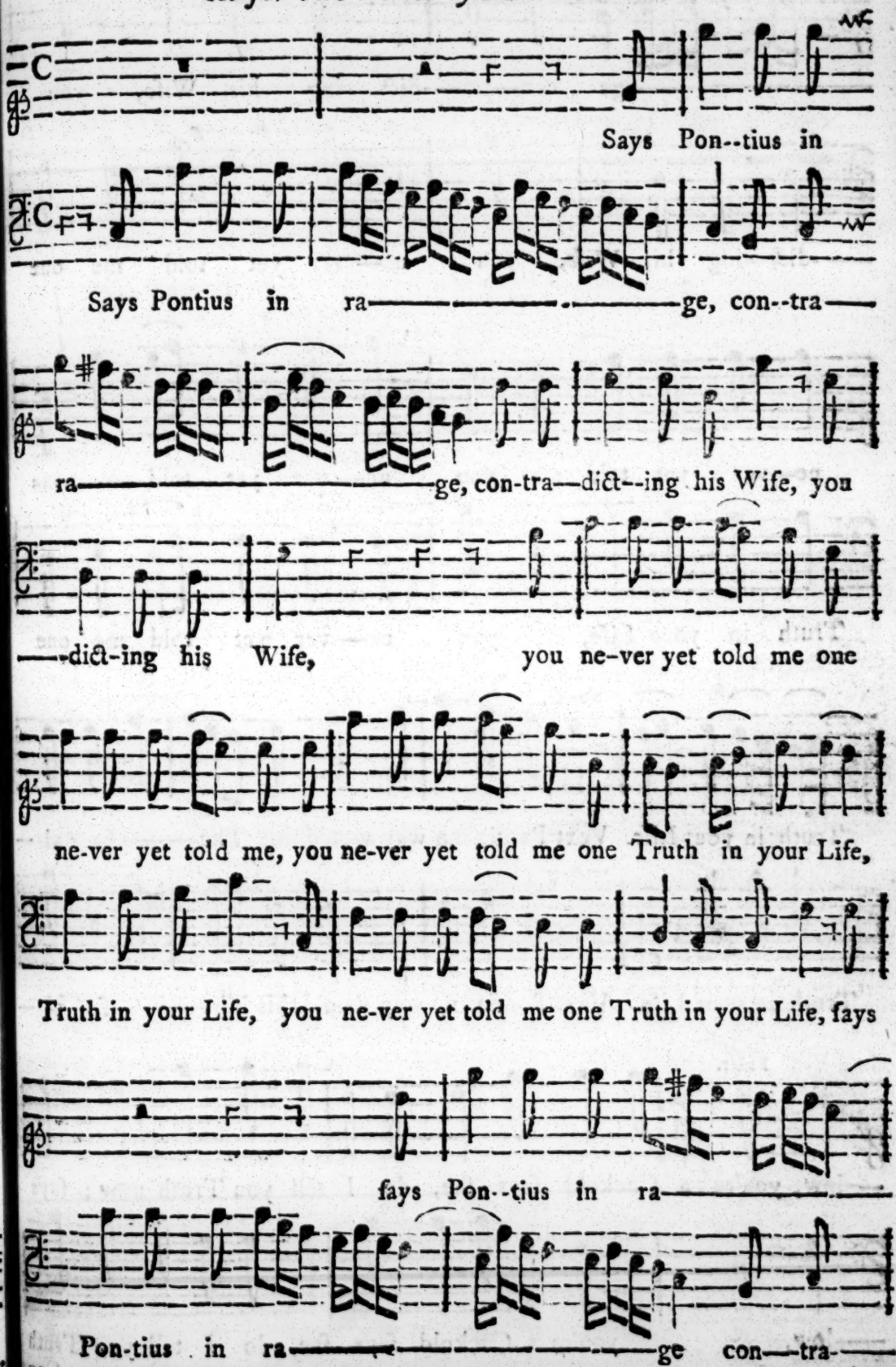

no-thing is ſad.
no-thing is ſad. Then rouſe thy Spi—rit, and
Then rouſe thy Spi—-rit, and take off thy
take off thy Cla—-ret,
Cla—-ret, in one ſmiling
then rouſe thy Spi—rit, and take off thy Cla—-ret, in
Bum--per, in one ſmi—ling Bum—per a
one ſmi-ling Bum--per, in one ſmi--ling

Continued.


Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum--per a Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum per a Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum—per a Cure's to be had, in one ſmi—ling
Bum--per a Cure's to be had.
Bum—per a Cure's to be had.

An EPIGRAM, *by* Matt. Prior.

Set for two Voices by Mr. Travers.



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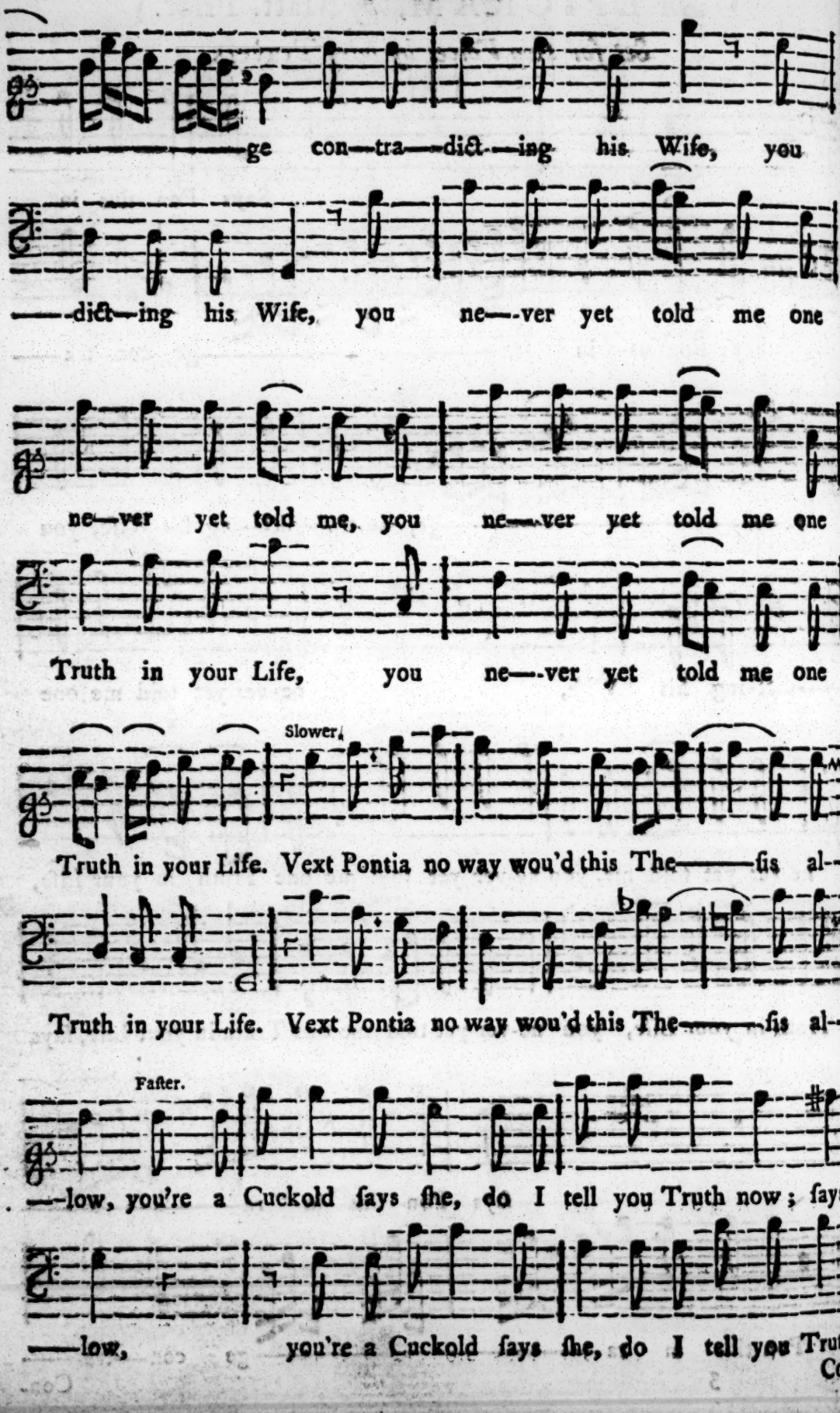

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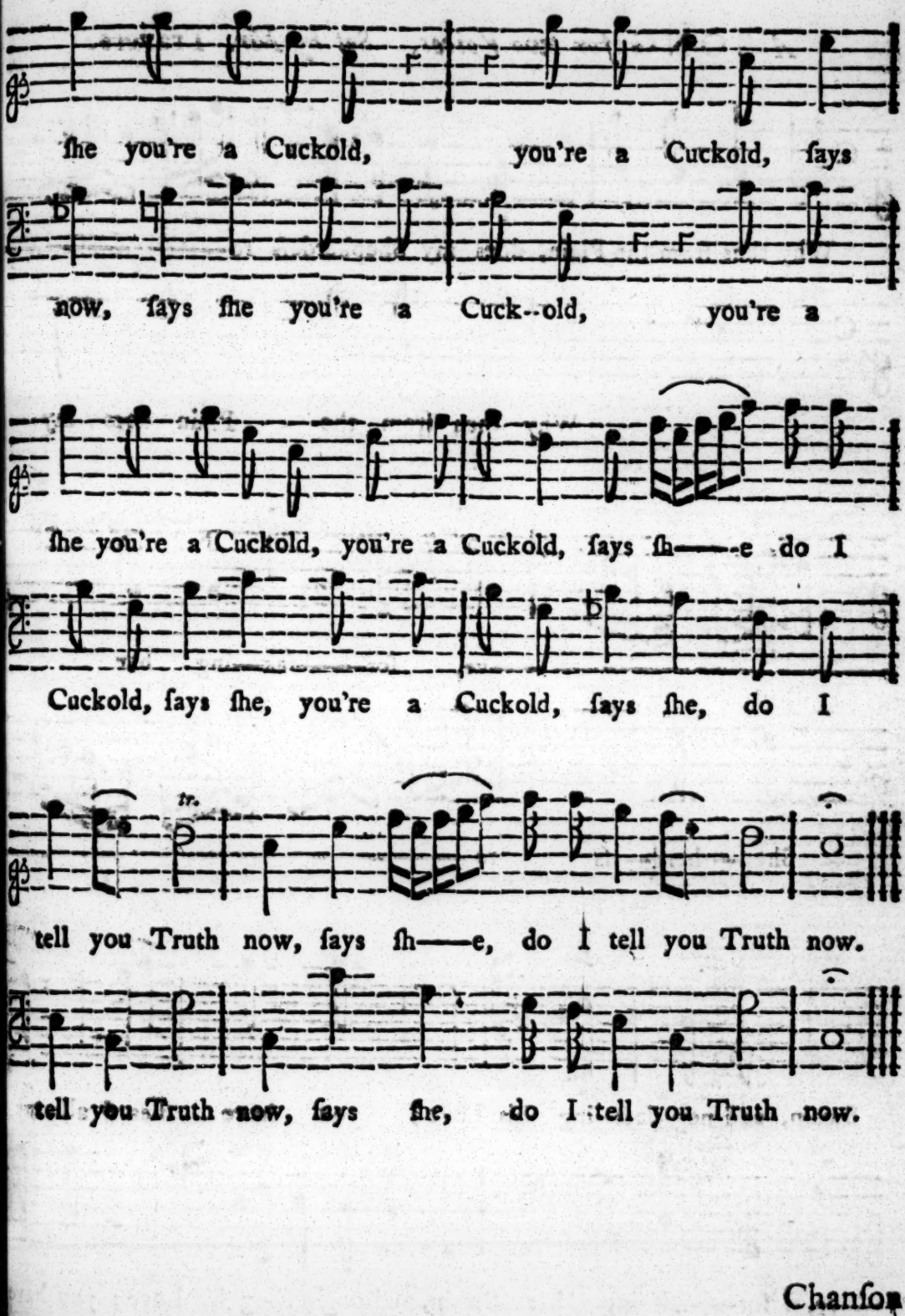
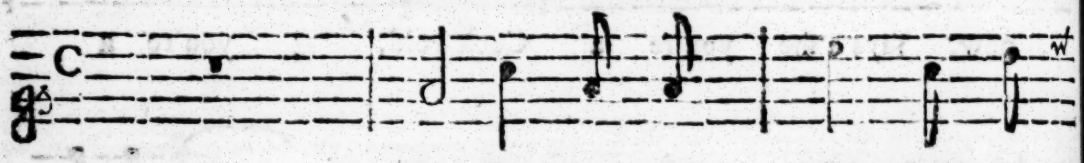


Chanſon

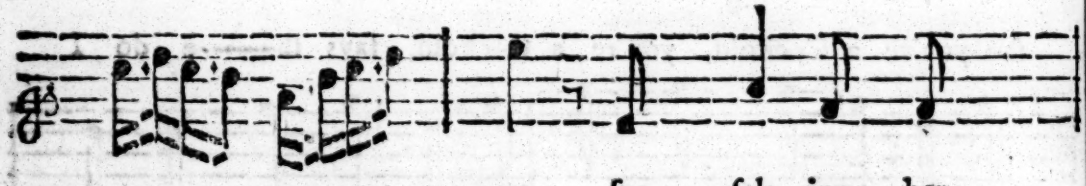
Chanſon Francos, *tranſlated by* Matt. Prior.

A SONG *for two Voices. Set by Mr.* Travers.

Why thus from the Plain, does my Shepherdeſs ro——————



Why thus from the Plain does my



——————ve, for——ſak—ing her

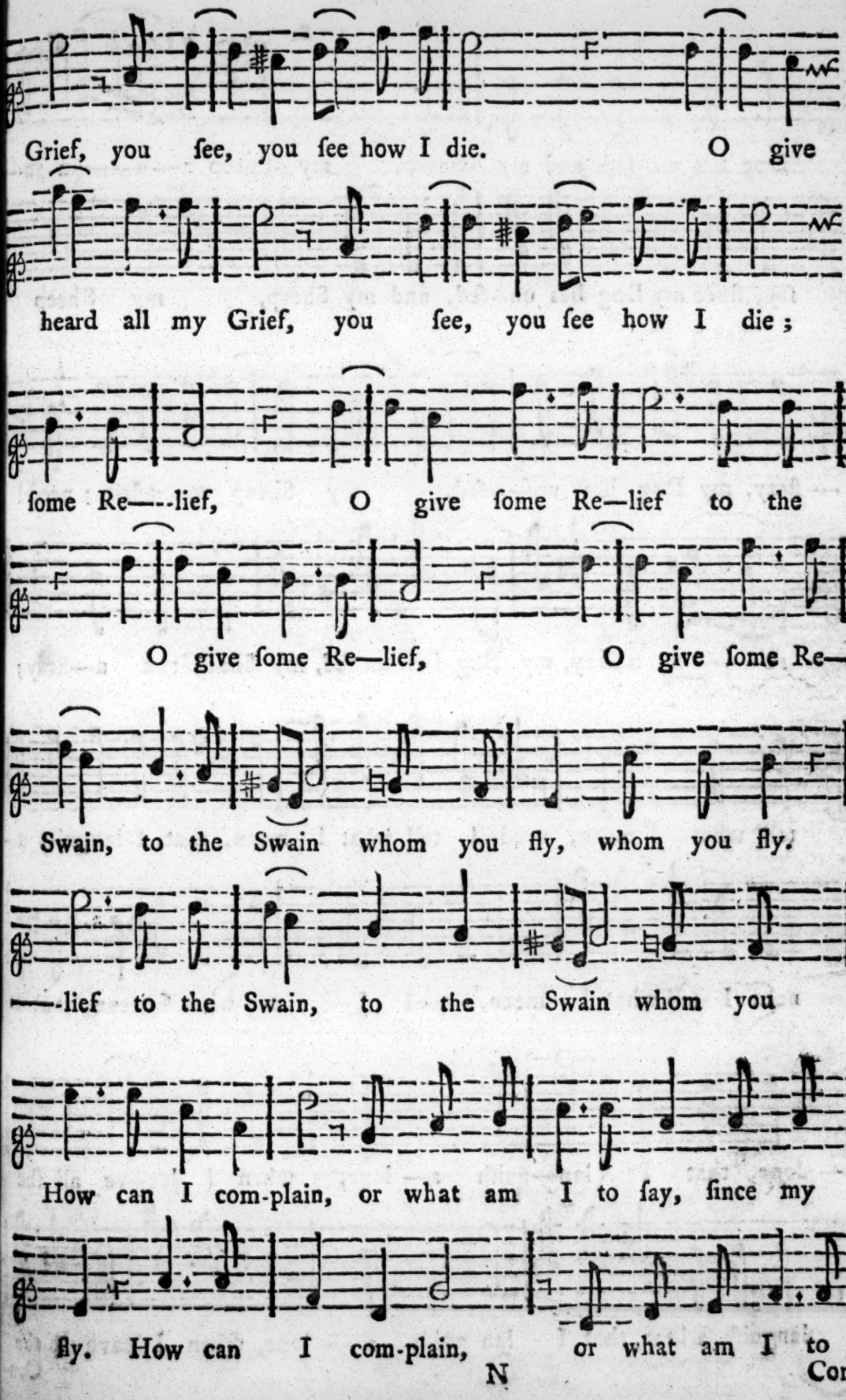
Shep—herd—eſs ro——————

Swain, and neg--lect--ing his Love; you have heard all my

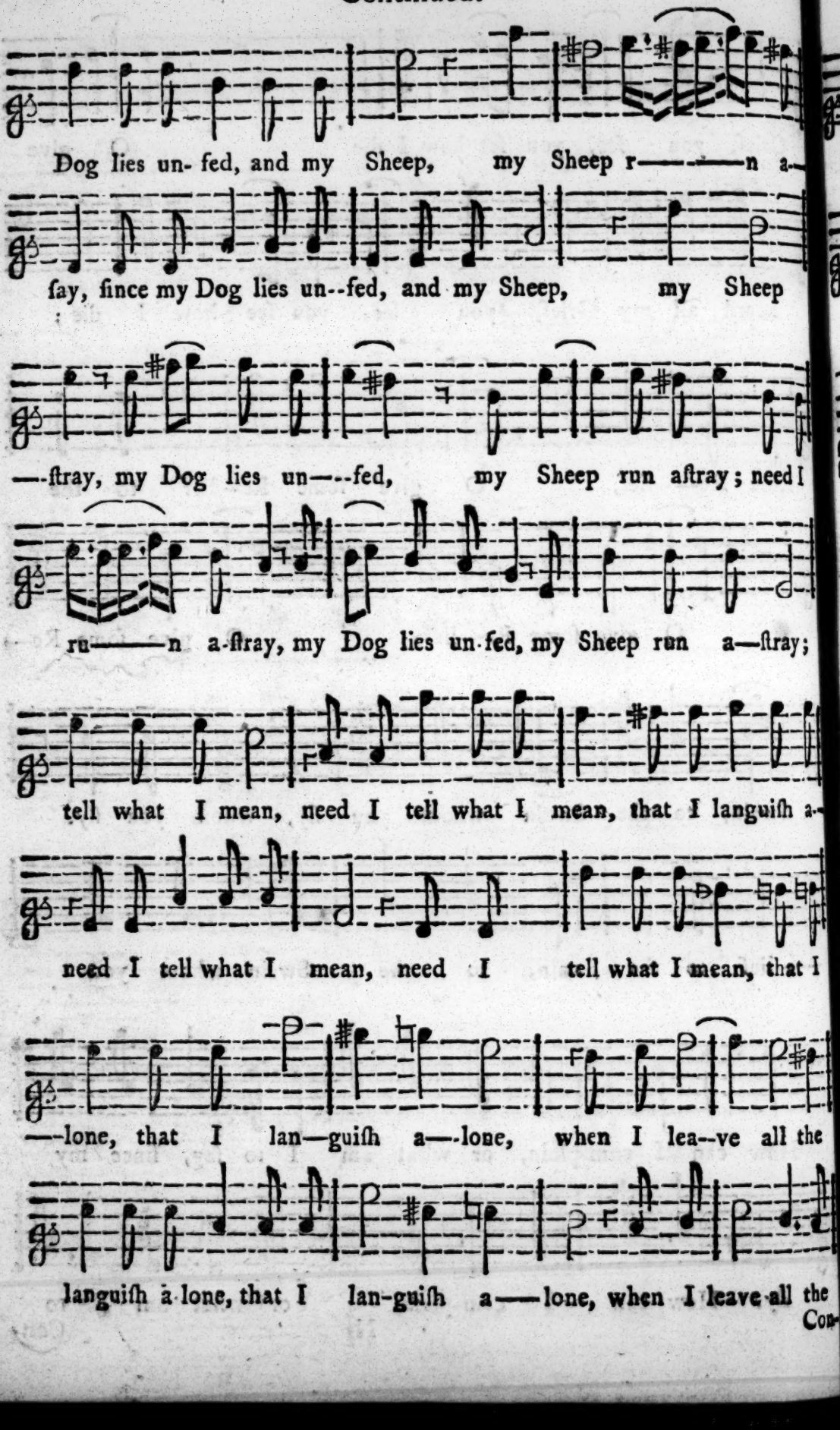
——ve, for— -ſak-ing her Swain, and neglect ing his Love; you have

Con-

Continued.


Grief, you ſee, you ſee how I die. O give
heard all my Grief, you ſee, you ſee how I die;
ſome Re---lief, O give ſome Re—lief to the
O give ſome Re—lief, O give ſome Re—
Swain, to the Swain whom you fly, whom you fly.
—lief to the Swain, to the Swain whom you
How can I com-plain, or what am I to ſay, ſince my
fly. How can I com-plain, or what am I to

Continued.



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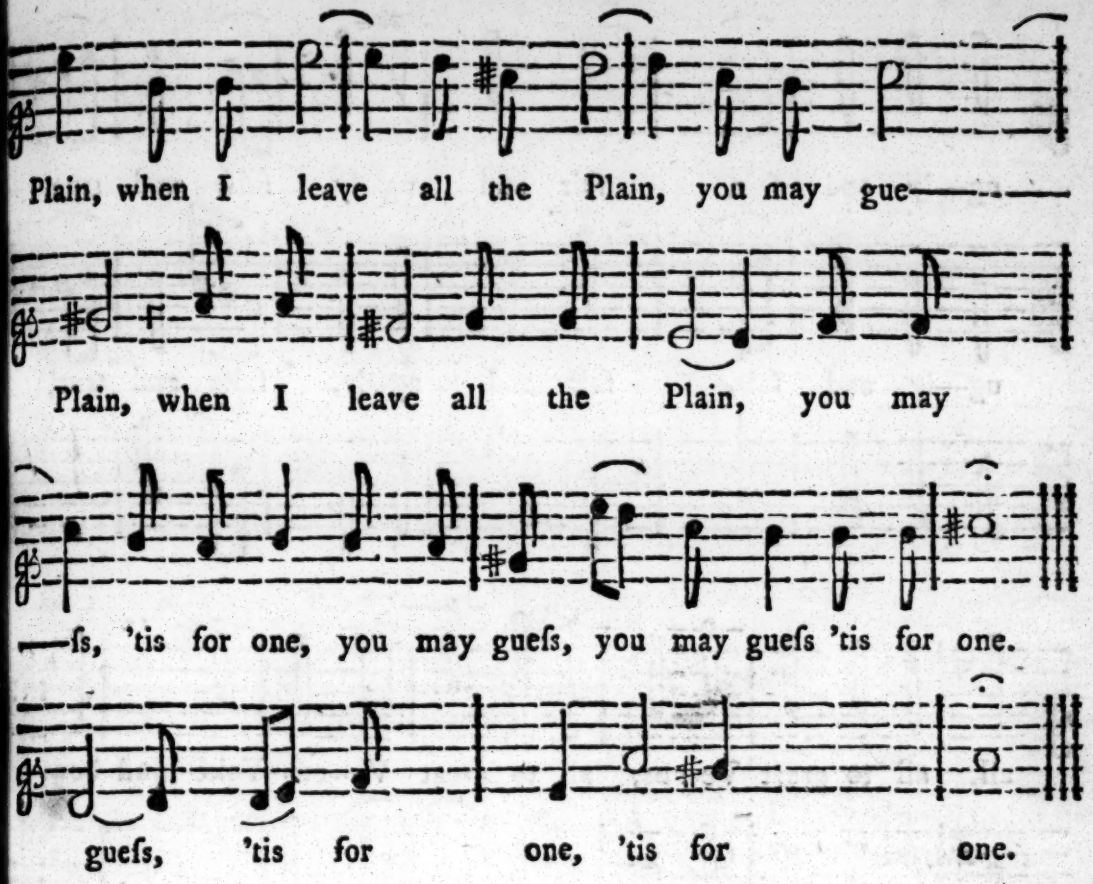
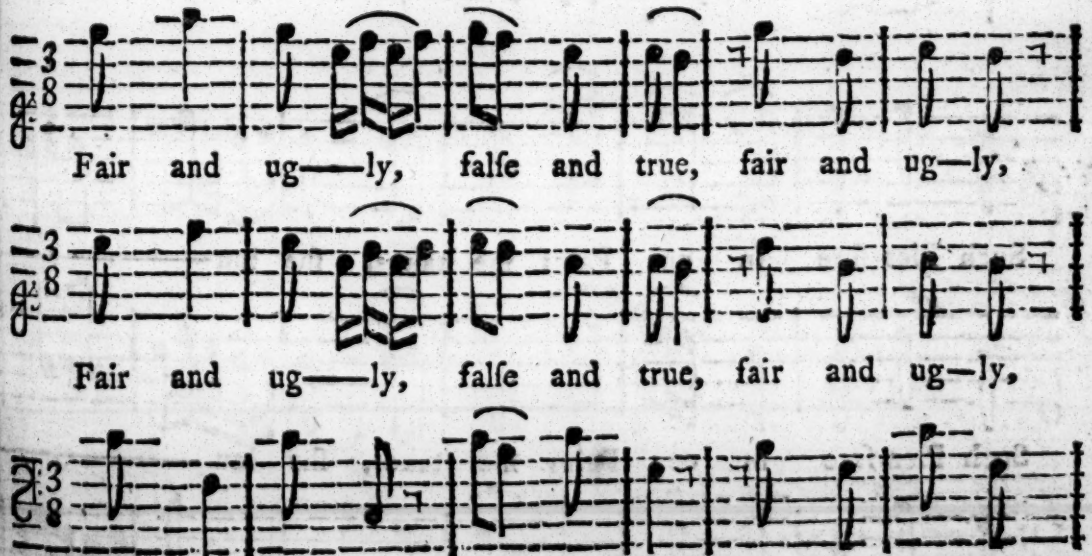


A SONG *for three Voices.*

Set by Mr. Travers.



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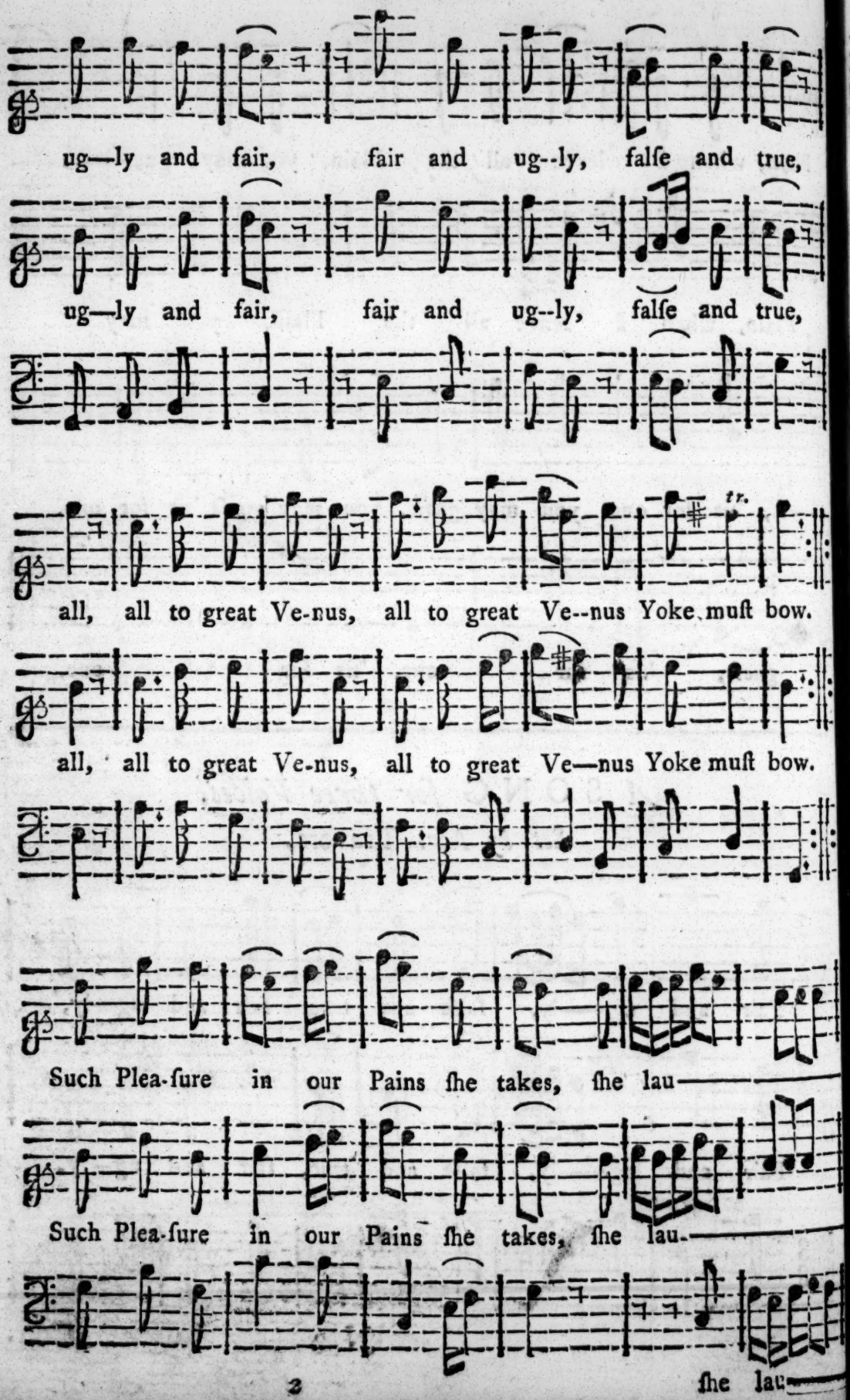
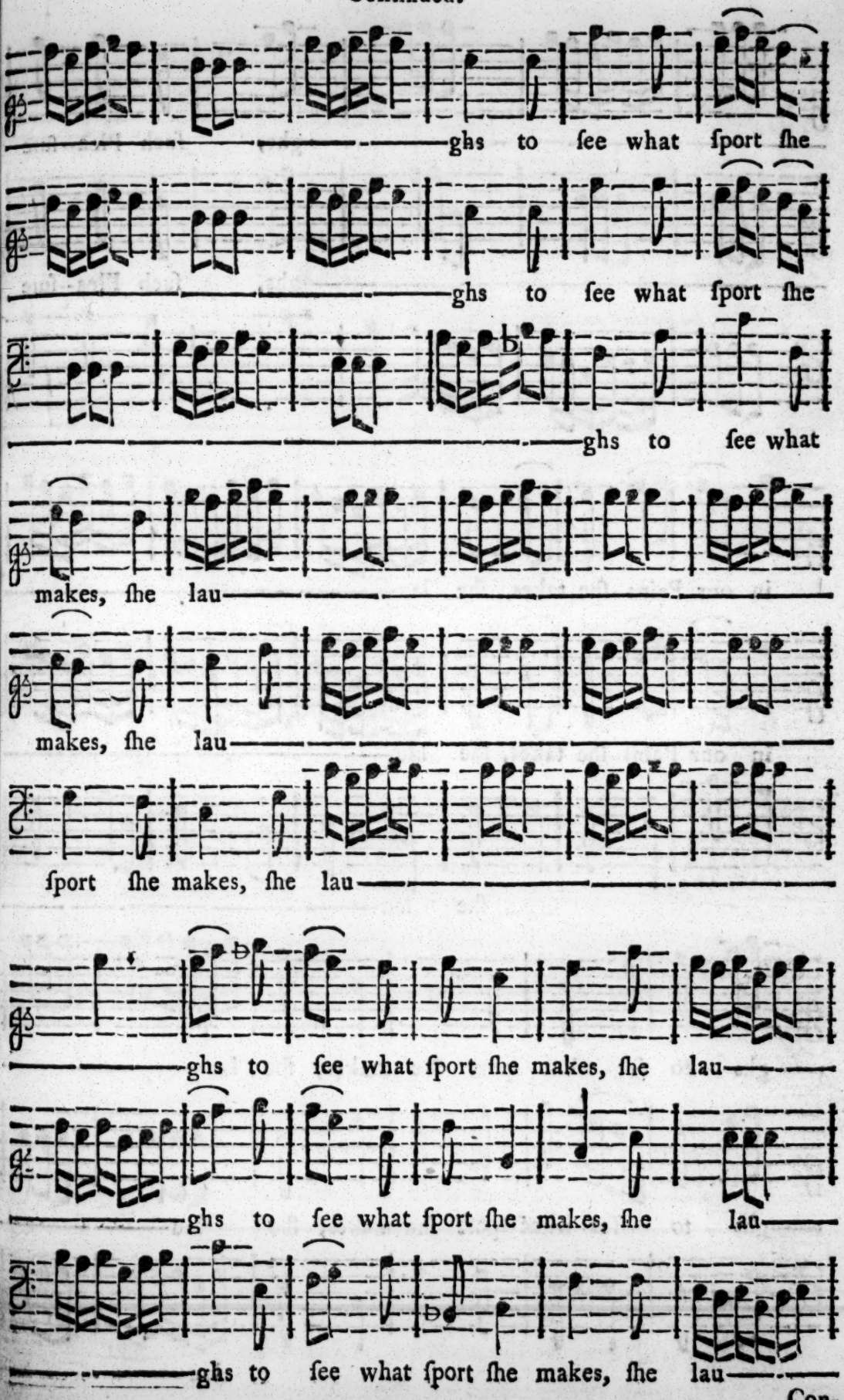

ug—ly and fair, fair and ug--ly, falſe and true,
ug—ly and fair, fair and ug--ly, falſe and true,
tr.
all, all to great Ve-nus, all to great Ve--nus Yoke muſt bow.
all, all to great Ve-nus, all to great Ve—nus Yoke muſt bow.
Such Plea-ſure in our Pains ſhe takes, ſhe lau——
Such Plea-ſure in our Pains ſhe takes, ſhe lau——
ſhe lau——

Continued.



Con-

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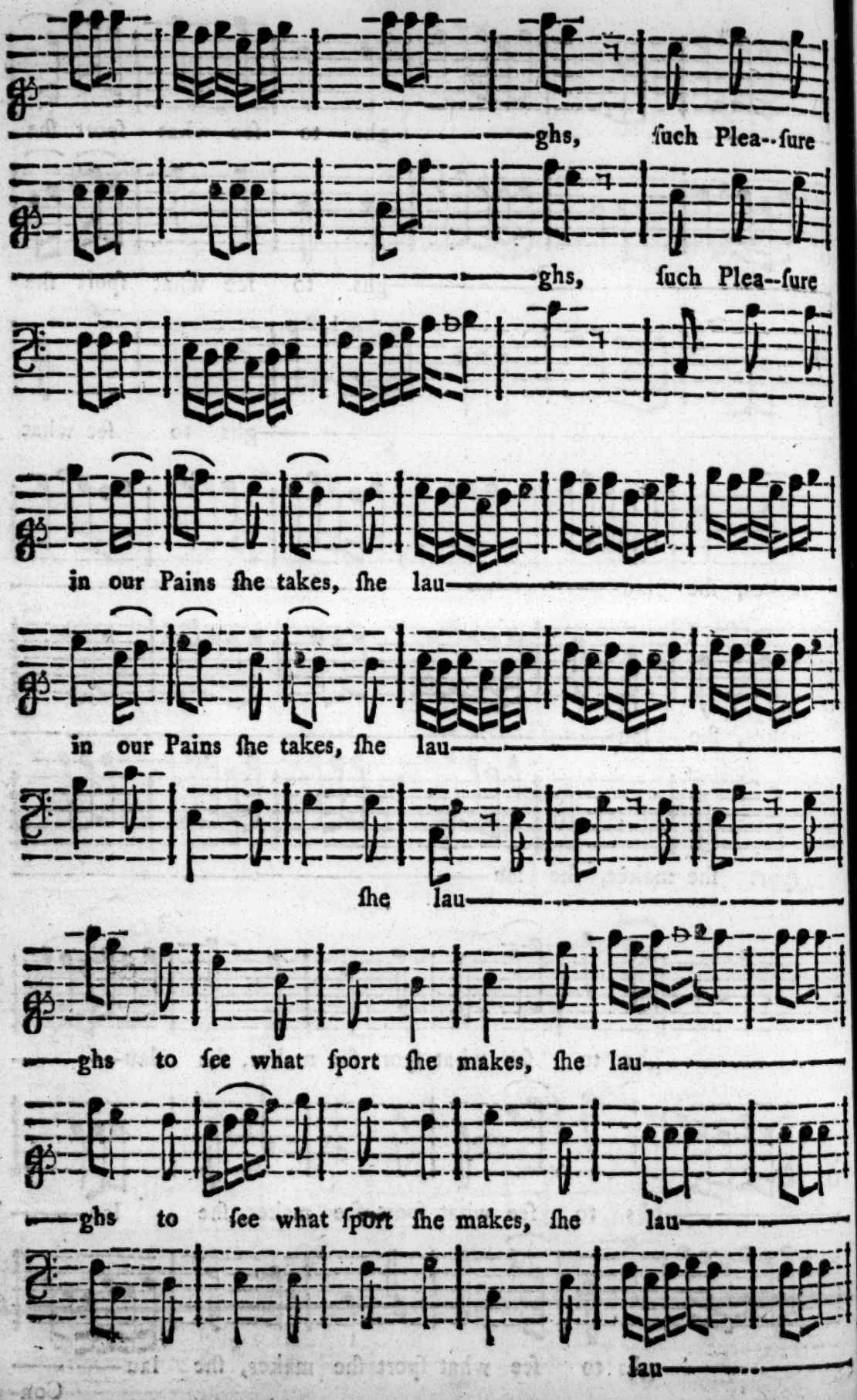
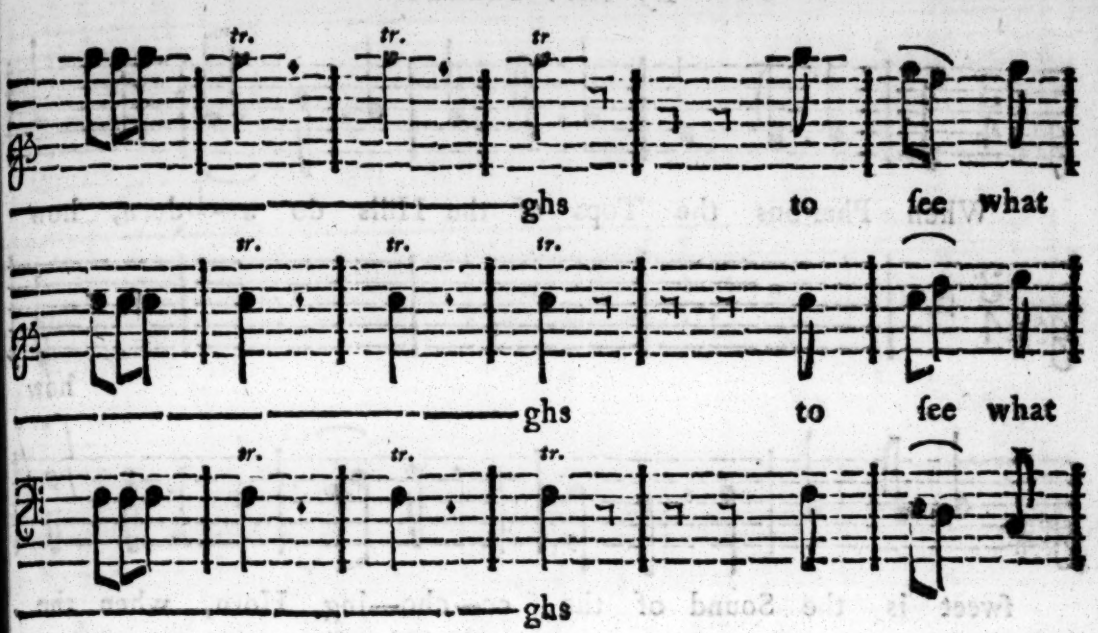
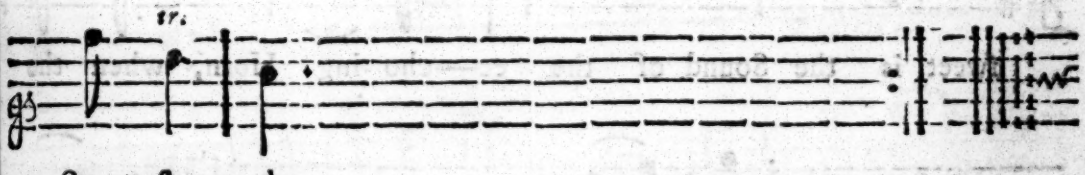
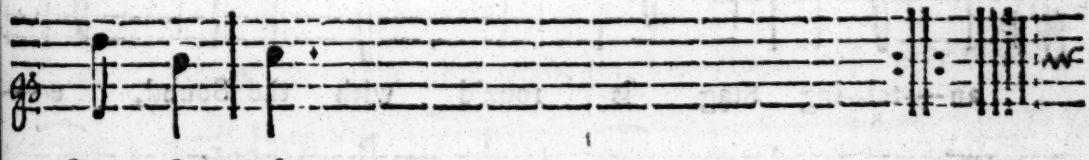

ghs, ſuch Plea--ſure
ghs, ſuch Plea--ſure
in our Pains ſhe takes, ſhe lau
in our Pains ſhe takes, ſhe lau
ſhe lau
ghs to ſee what ſport ſhe makes, ſhe lau
ghs to ſee what ſport ſhe makes, ſhe lau
lau

Continued.

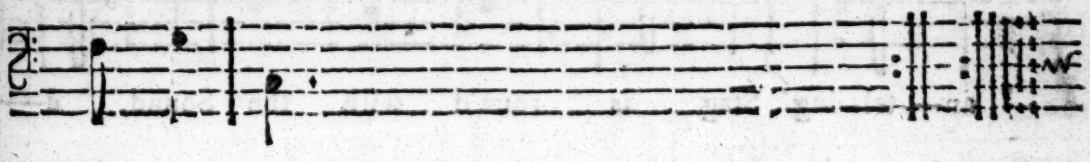




Sport ſhe makes.



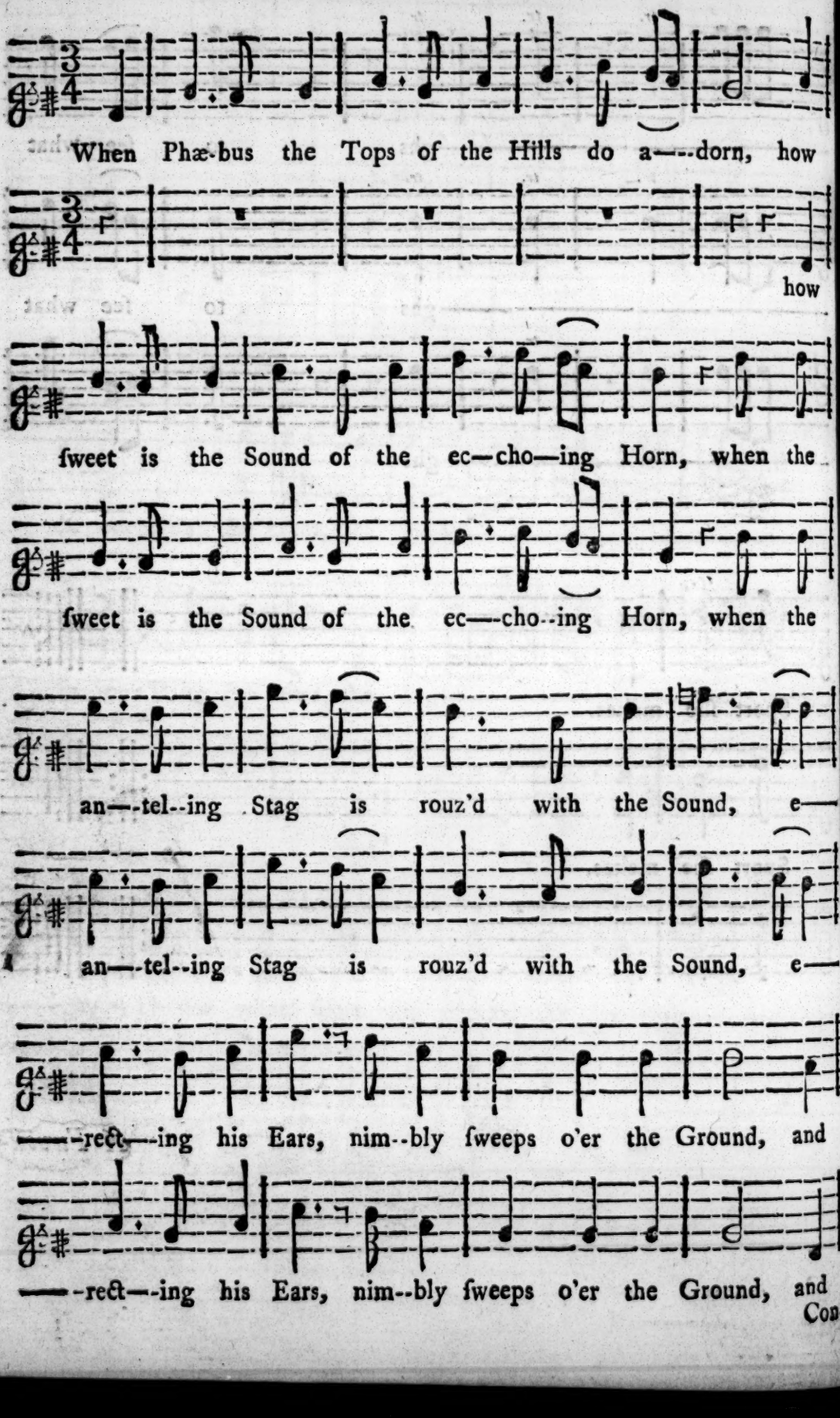
Sport ſhe makes.



A Fuvou-

A Favourite SONG *for two Voices.*

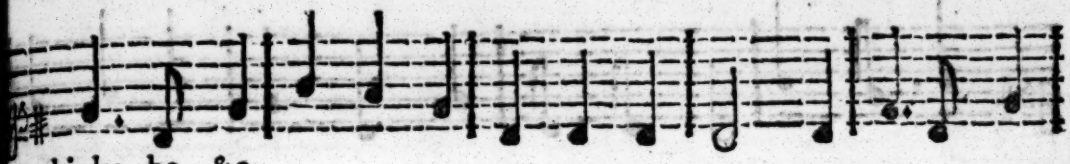
By Mr. Handel.



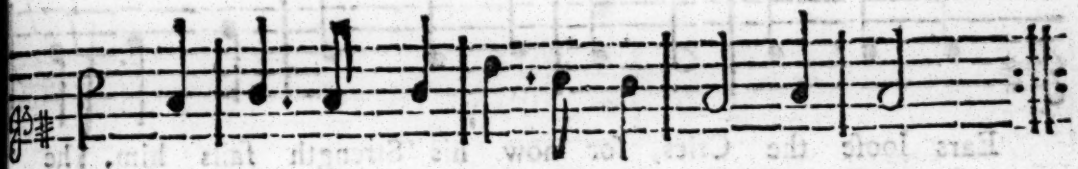
Con-

Continued.

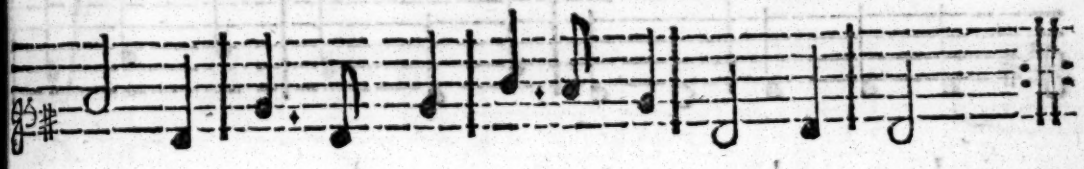
thinks he has left us be-hind on the Plain, but ſtill we per—



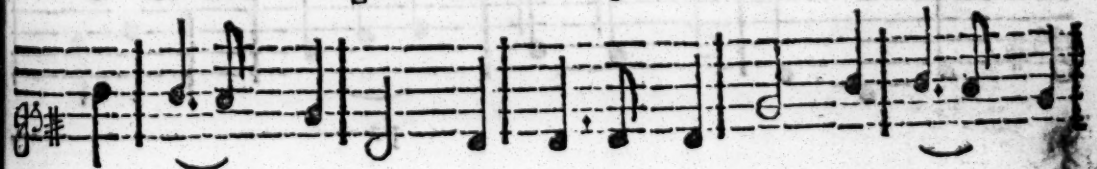
thinks he, &c,



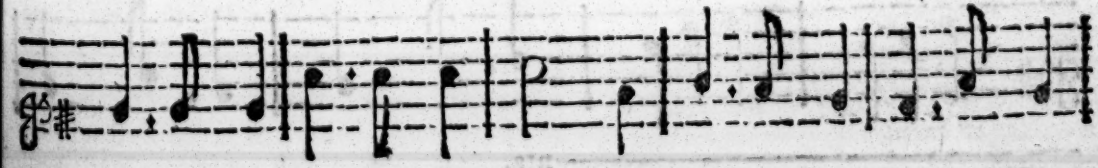
—ſue, and now come in view of the glo--rious Game:



O ſee how a—gain he rears up his Head, and wing'd with



Fear, he re--dou-bles his Speed, but ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in



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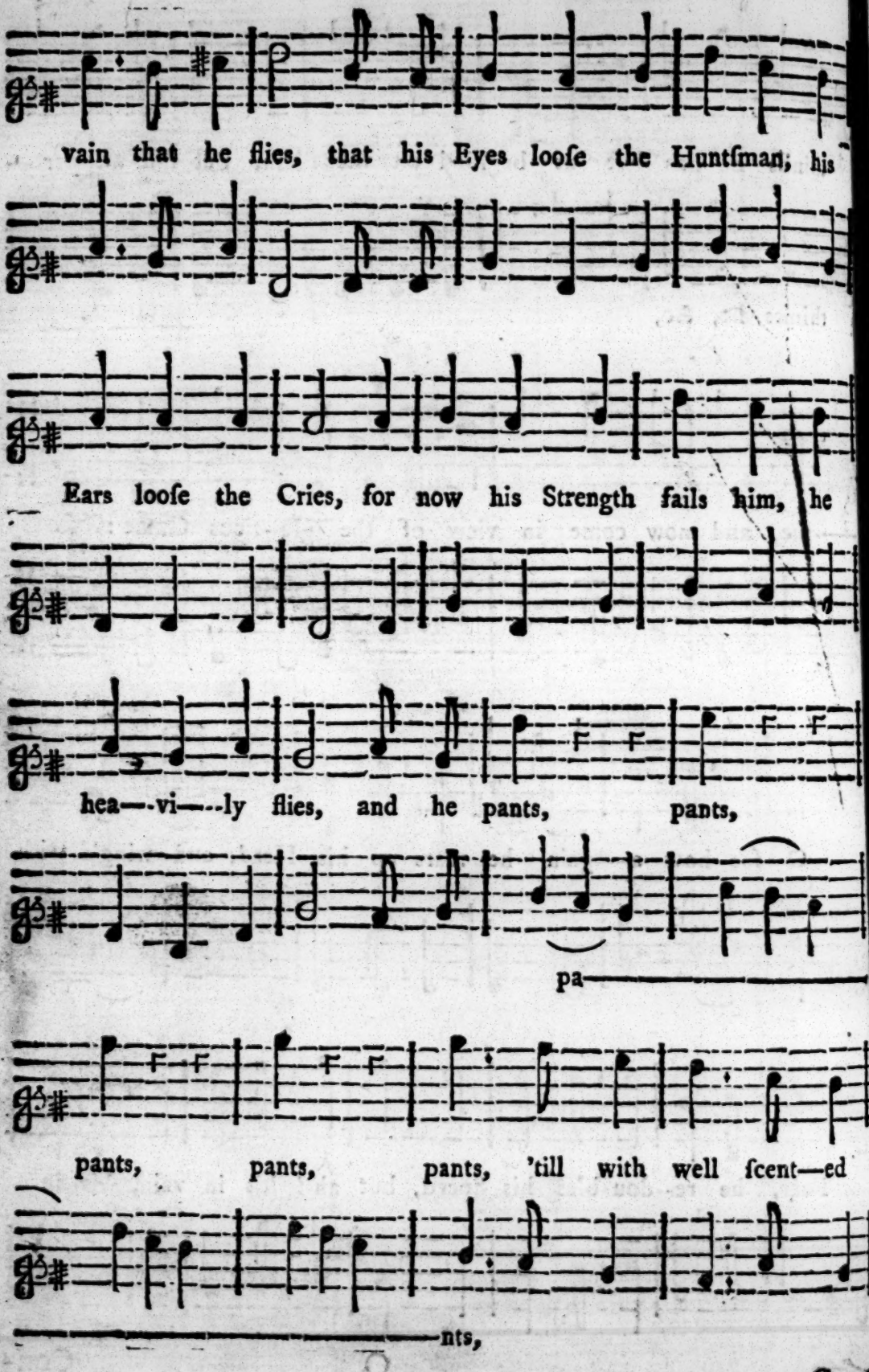
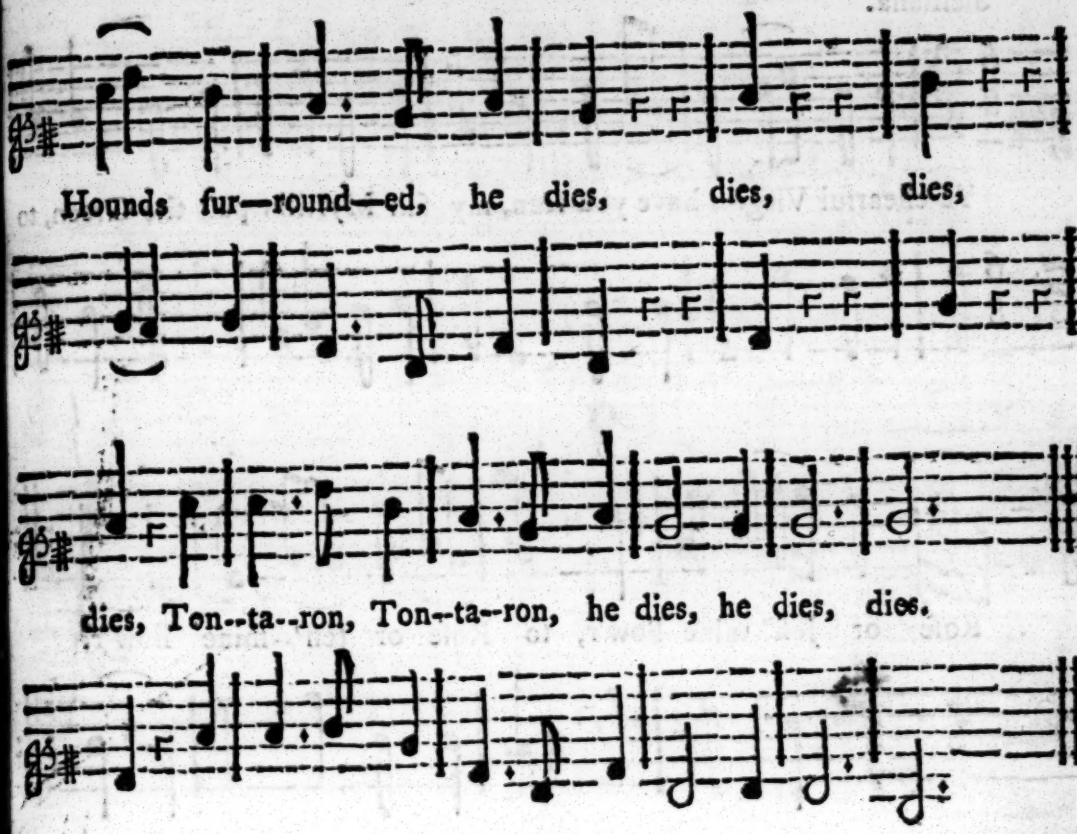
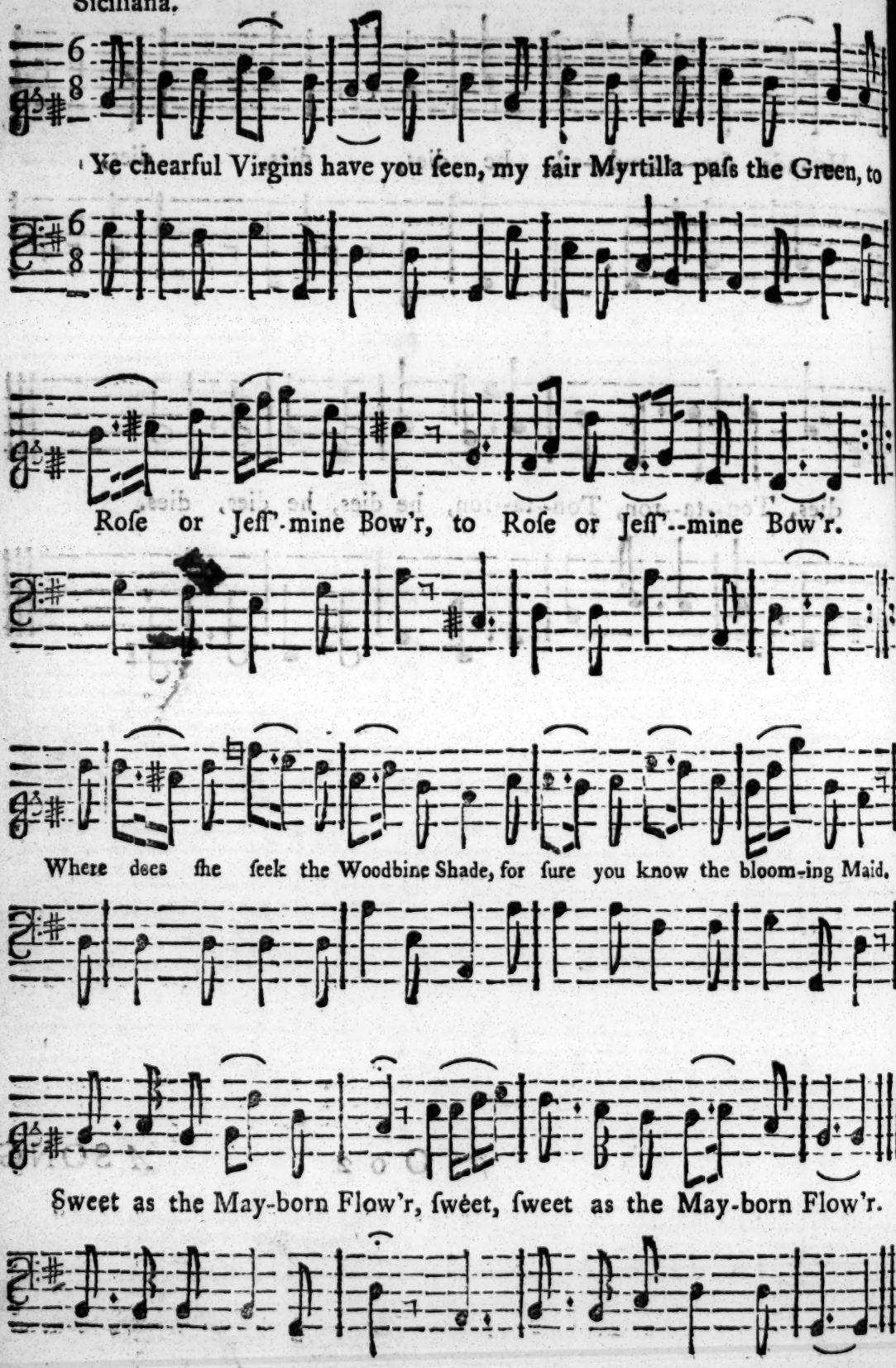

vain that he flies, that his Eyes looſe the Huntſman, his
Ears looſe the Cries, for now his Strength fails him, he
hea—vi—ly flies, and he pants, pants,
pa—
pants, pants, pants, 'till with well ſcent—ed
—nts,

Continued.


Hounds fur—round—ed, he dies, dies, dies,
dies, Ton--ta--ron, Ton--ta--ron, he dies, he dies, dies.

A SONG *for two Voices.* *By Mr.* Howard.

Siciliana.

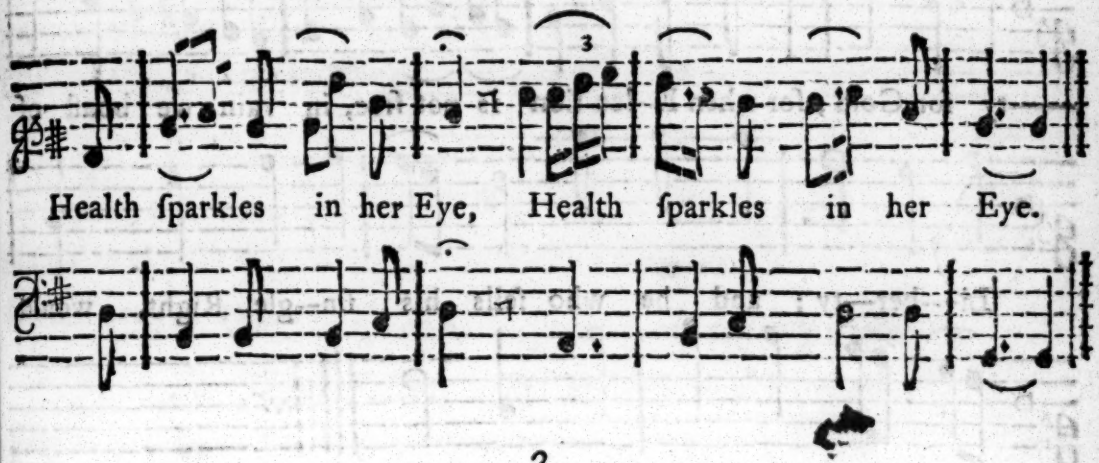


Con-

Continued.

2.

Her Cheek is like the Maiden Roſe,
Join'd with the Lilly as it blows,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie:
Like Dew Drops gliſtring in the Morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring Thorn,



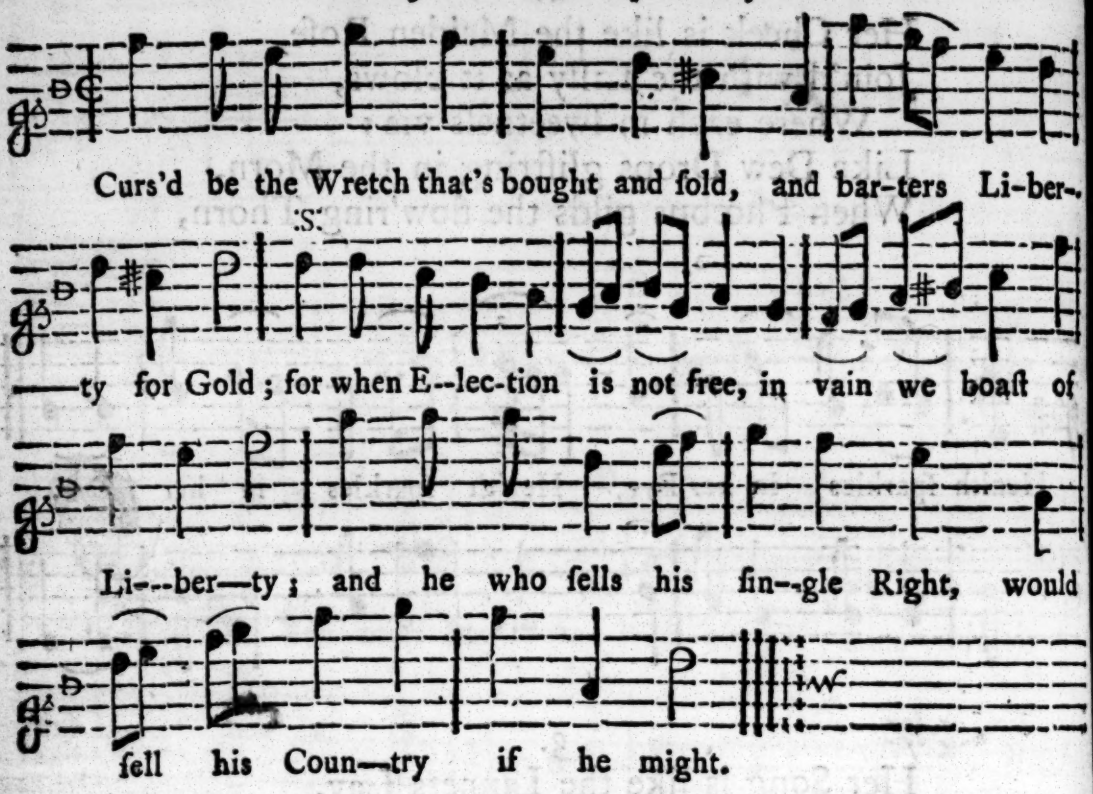
3.

Her Song is like the Linnets Lay,
That warbles chearful on the Spray,
To hail the Vernal Beam:
Her Heart is blyther than her Song,
Her Paſſions gently move along,
Like the ſmooth gliding Stream.

The

The Free Election. *A* CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

Set by Mr. Henry Carey.



2.

When Liberty is put to ſale,
For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,
The Sellers muſt be abject Slaves,
The Buyers, vile deſigning Knaves:
And 't has a Proverb been of old,
The Devil's bought but to be ſold,

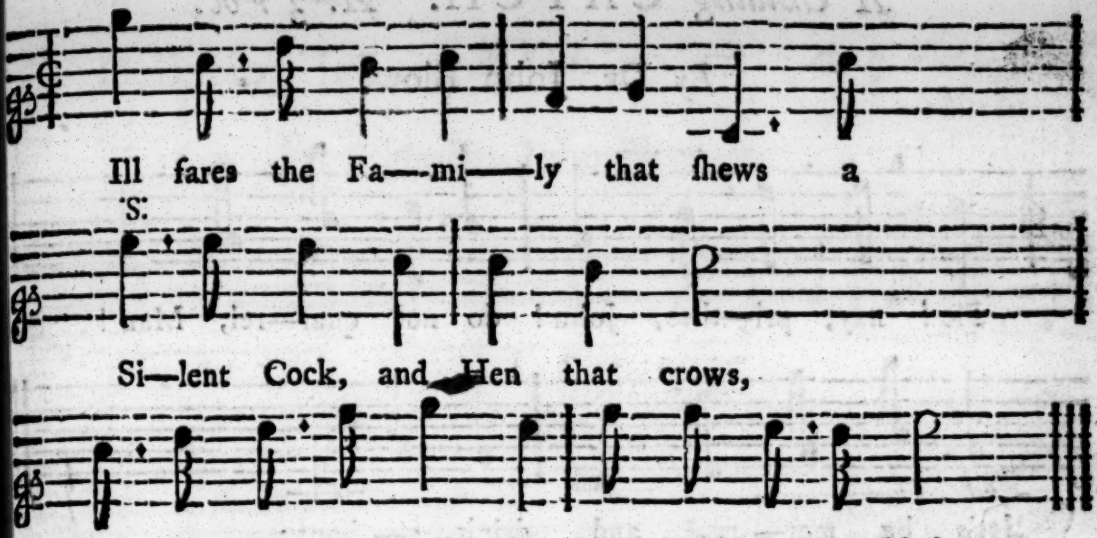
3.

This Maxim, in the Stateſman's School,
Is always taught, divide and rule;
All Parties are to him a Joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the Yoke;
When Men their Reaſon once reſume,
It is the Stateſman's Turn to fume.

4.

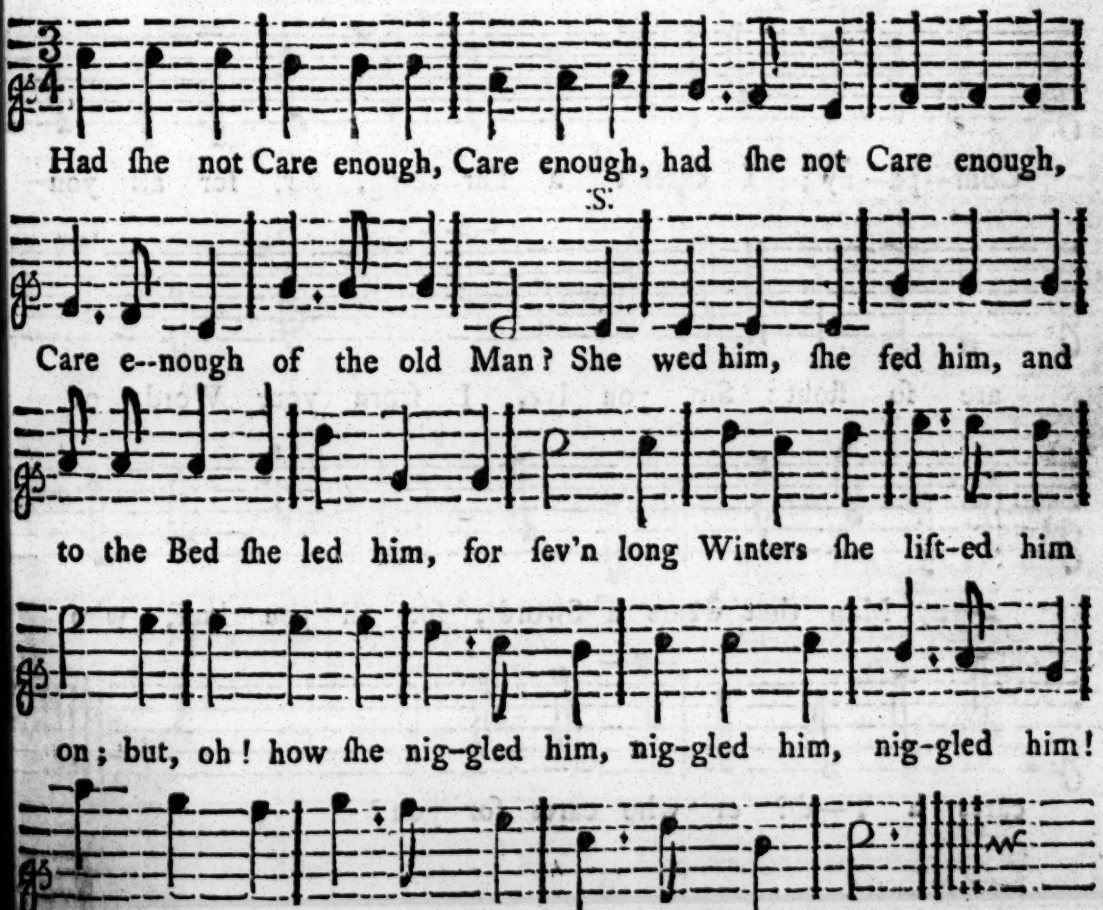
Learn, learn, ye Britons, to unite,
Leave off the old exploded Bite;
Henceforth let Whig and Tory ceaſe,
And turn all party Rage to Peace;
Then ſhall we ſee a glorious Scene;
And ſo God ſave great George our King.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*



On a Widow, *who married an old* Widower.

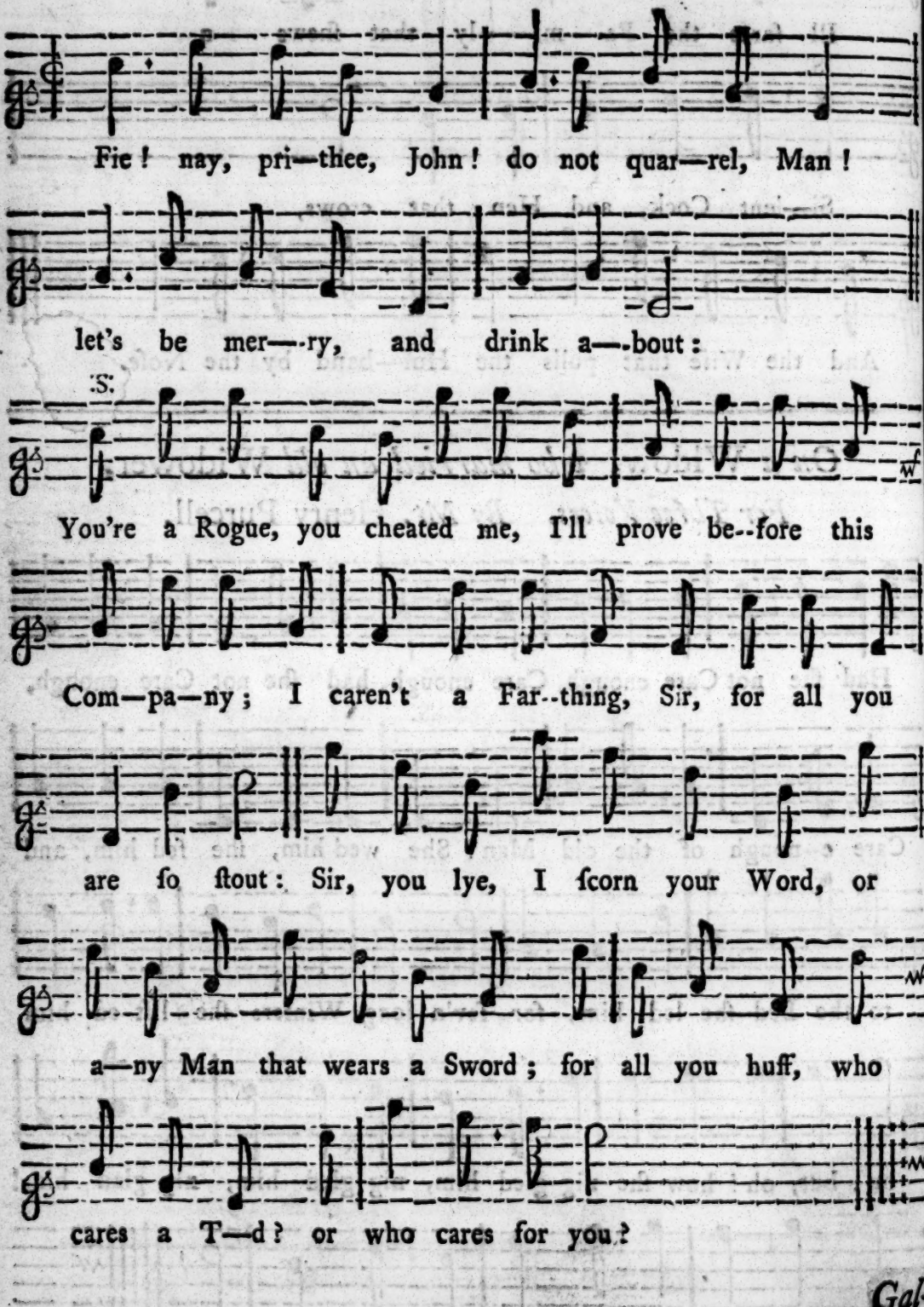
For Three Voices. By Mr. Henry Purcell.



The

A Chiding CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

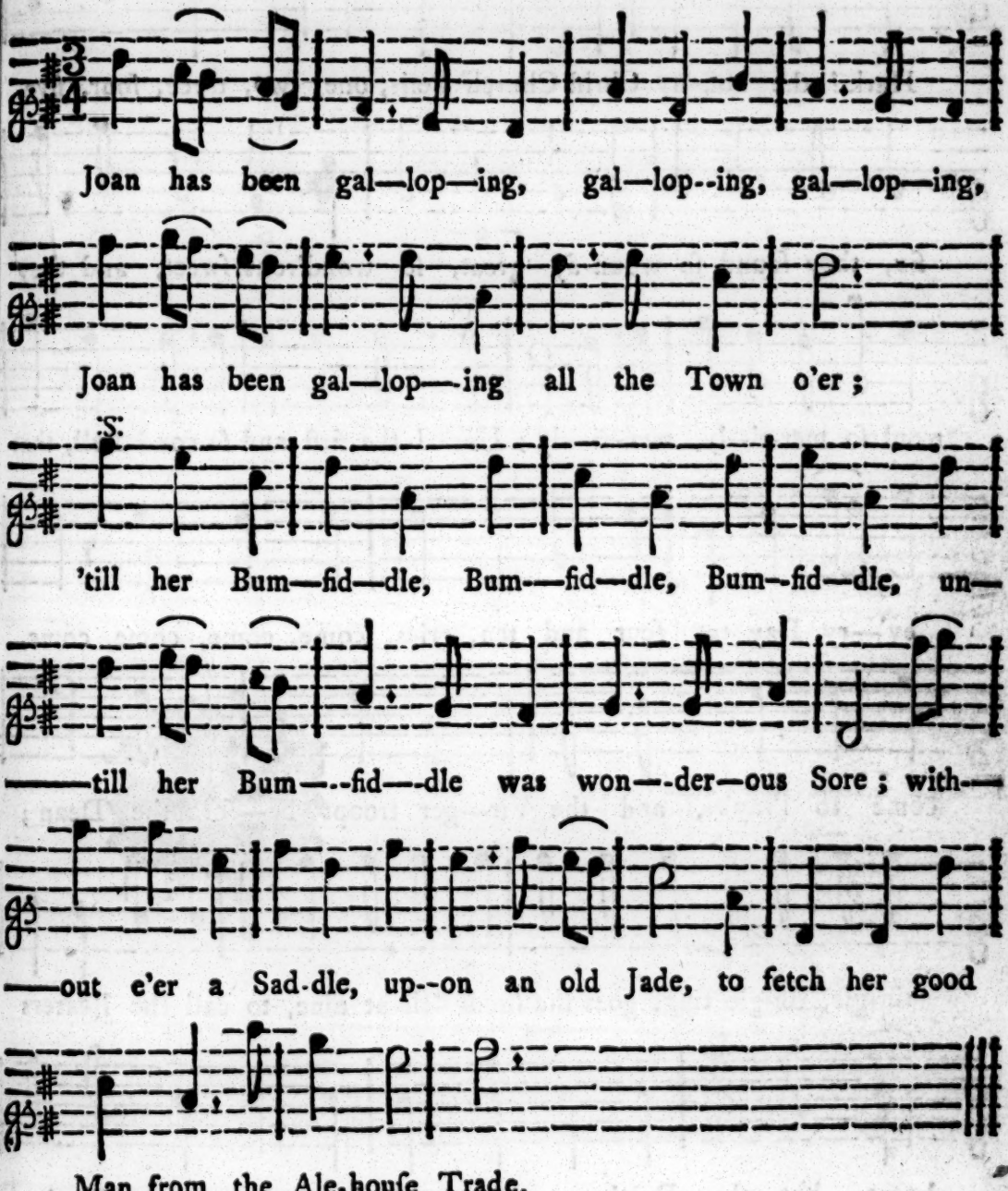
By Dr. John Blow.



Gal-

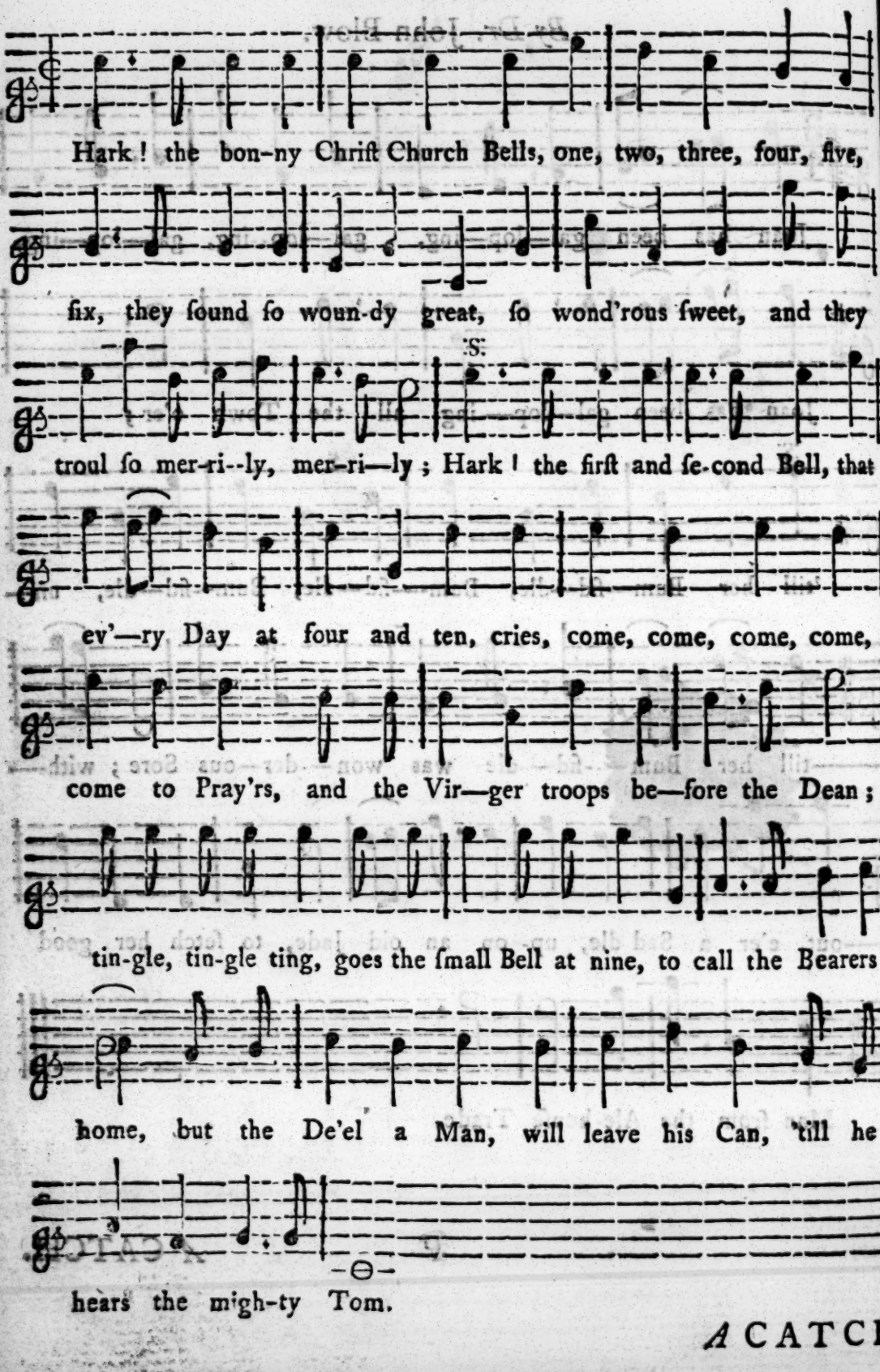
Galloping Joan. *A* CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

By Dr. John Blow.



A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By *Dr.* Aldrich.



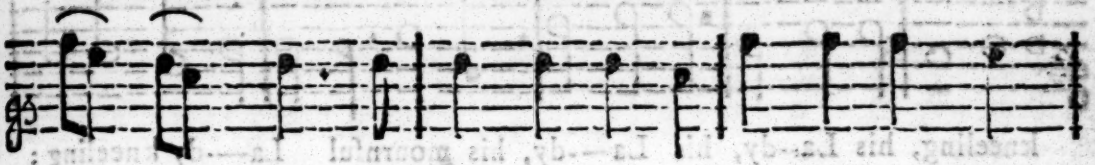
A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Mr. Purcell.

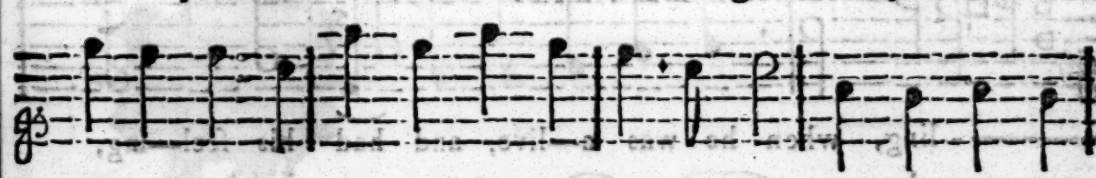
Sol-dier, Sol-dier take off thy Wine, and ſhake thy Locks, and

ſhake thy Locks as I ſhake mine. How can I my

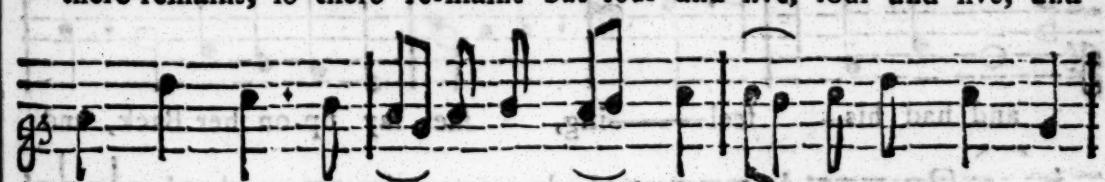


poor Locks ſhake, that have but ten, I have but ten Hairs

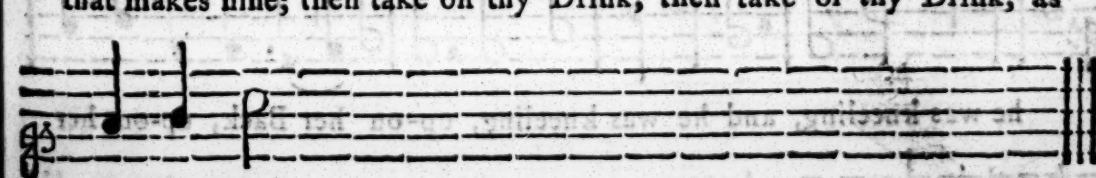
on my Pate, and one of them muſt go for Tythes; ſo



there remains, ſo there re-mains but four and five, four and five, and



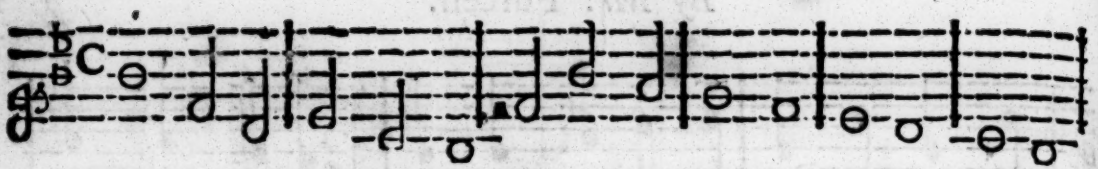
that makes nine; then take off thy Drink, then take of thy Drink, as



I take mine.

EPITAPH. *A. 4 Voc.*

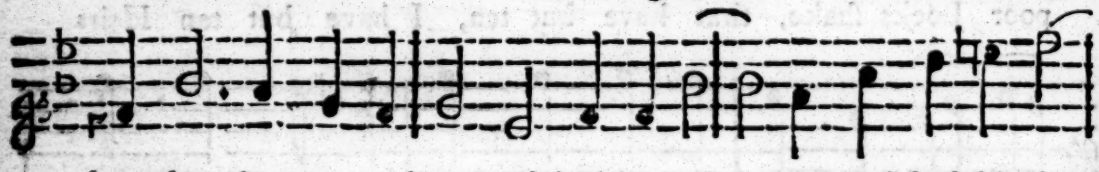
By Mr. Battiſhill.



Here on his Back doth lay, Sir An-drew Keeling, doth lay, doth lay

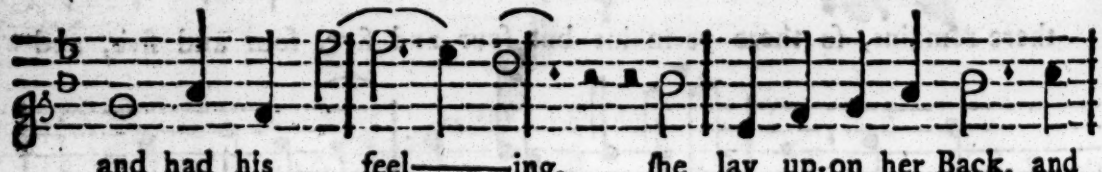
Sir Andrew Keeling; and at his Back his mournful, mournful La-dy

kneeling, his La--dy, his La—-dy, his mournful La—-dy kneeling;

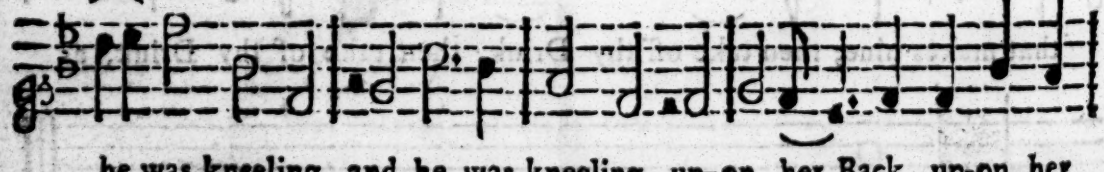


but when he was a--live, and had his feel--ing, and had his fee—

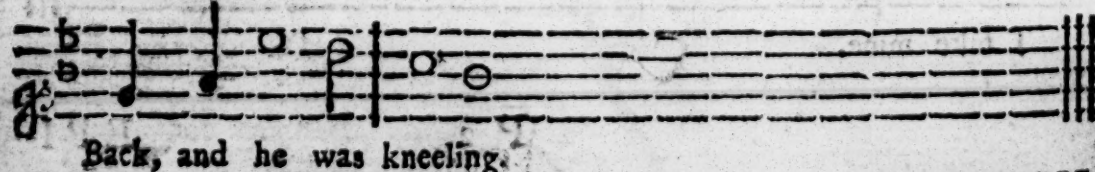
——-ling, when he was a—live, and had his feel—ing,



and had his feel———ing, ſhe lay up-on her Back, and



he was kneeling, and he was kneeling, up-on her Back, up-on her



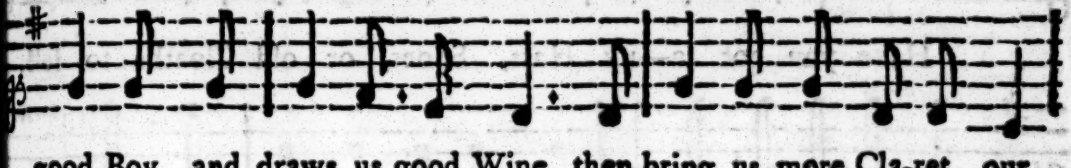
Back, and he was kneeling.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

By Mr. John Hilton.

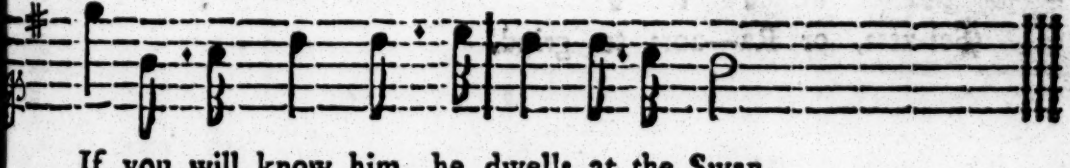
Call George a—gain Boy, call George a—gain, and

for the Love of Bacchus, call George a--gain. George is a



good Boy, and draws us good Wine, then bring us more Cla-ret, our

Wits to re—-fine: George is a brave Lad, and an hon-eſt Man;



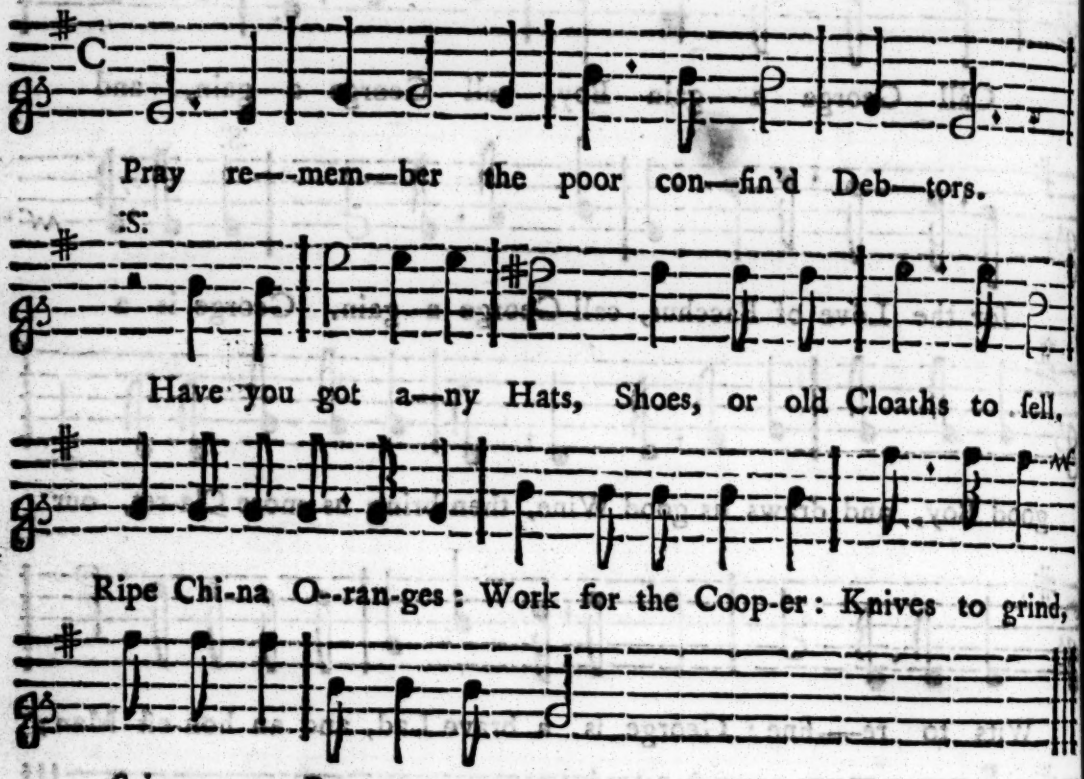
If you will know him, he dwells at the Swan.

A CATCH.

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Mr. Alcock, M. B.

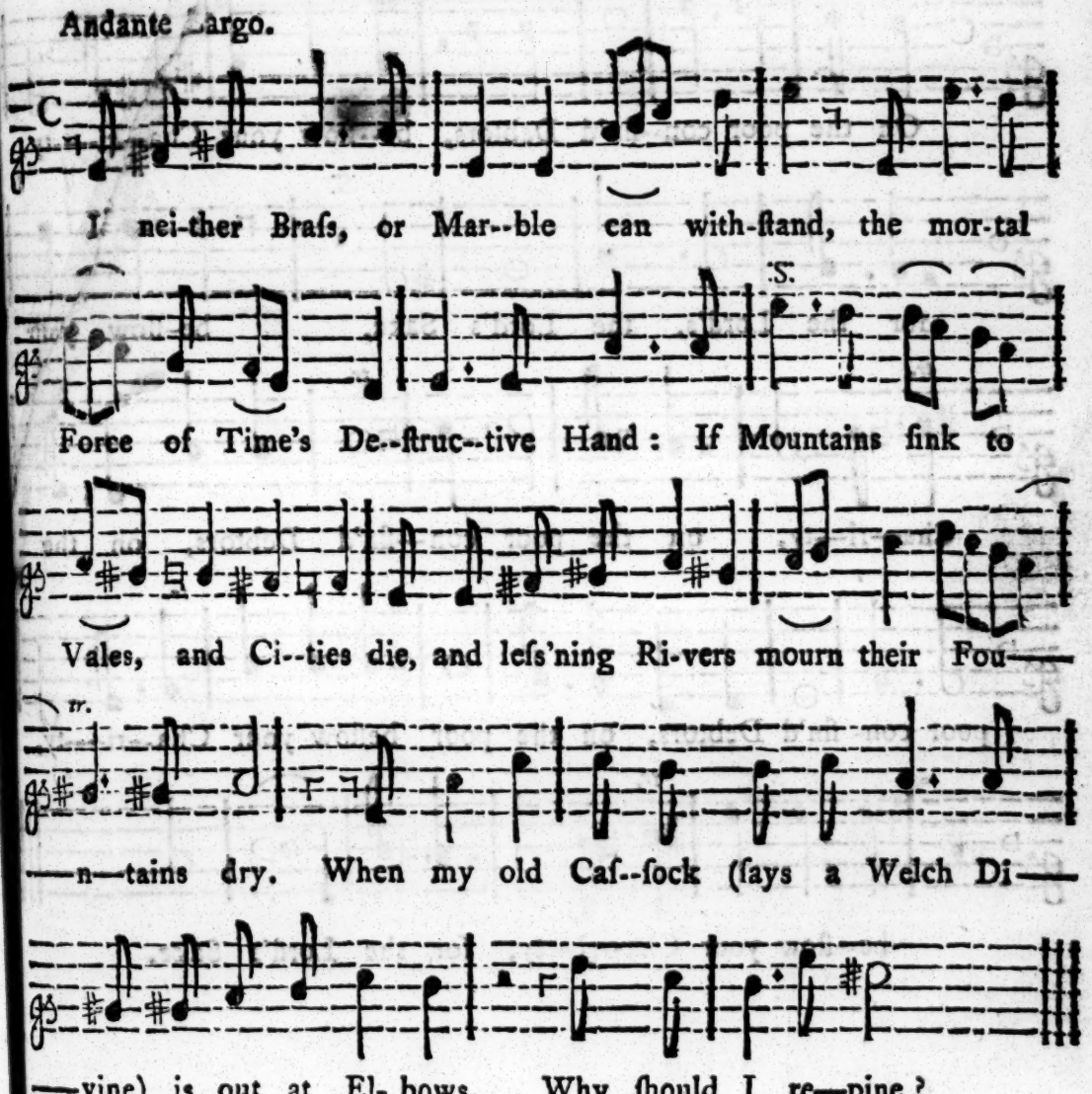
Adagio.



The Power of Time.

A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

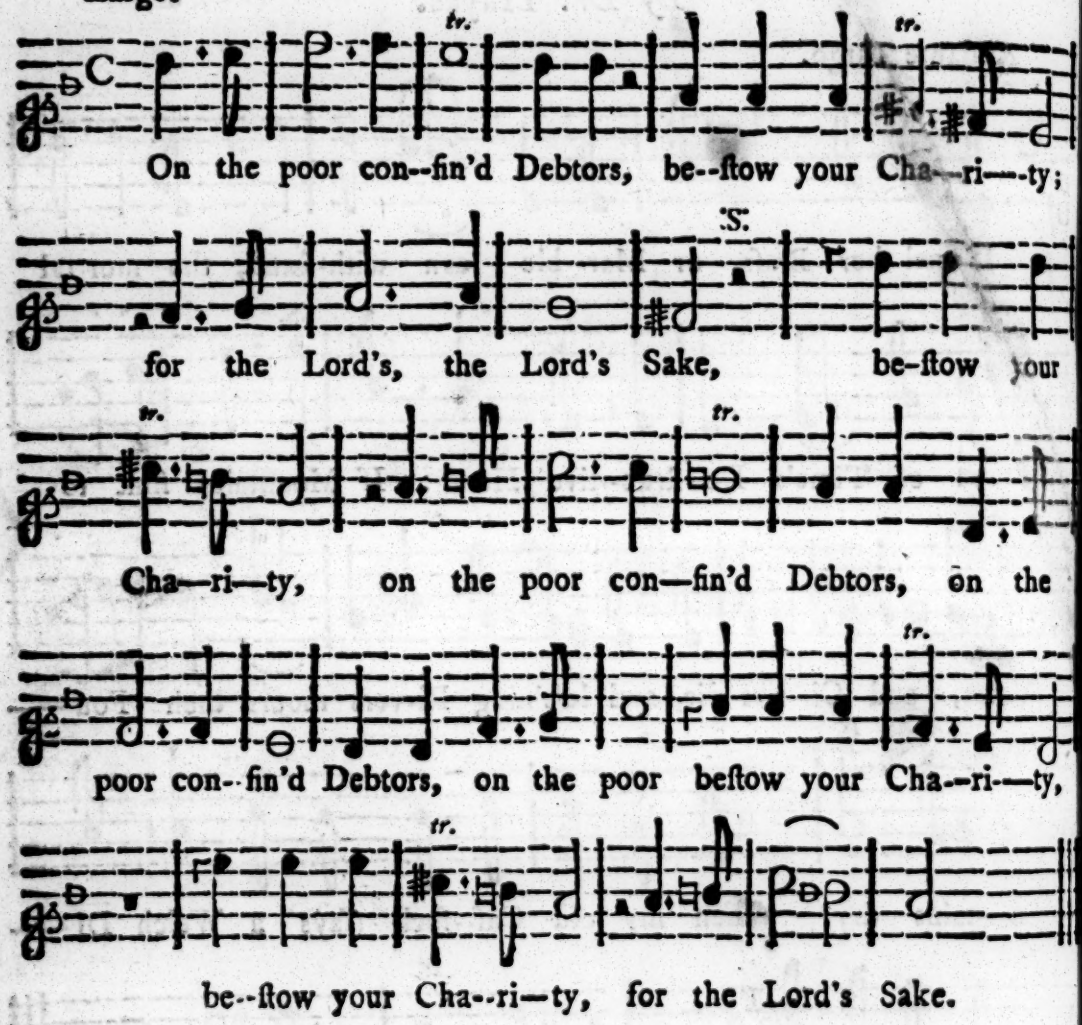


A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

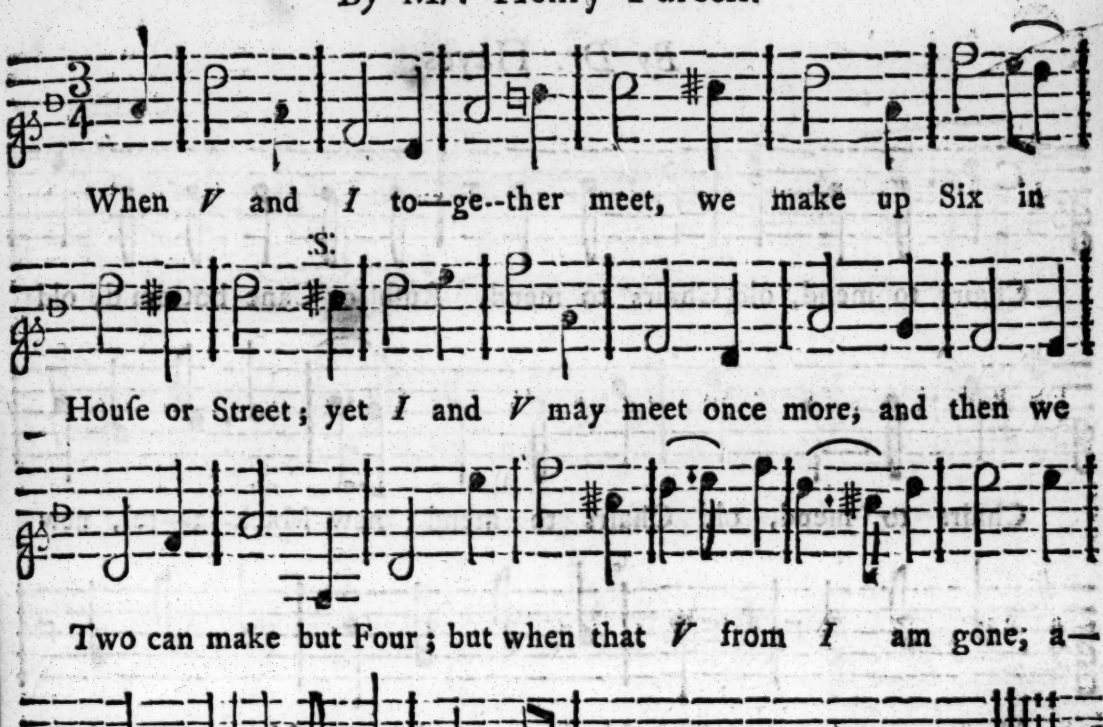
By Dr. Greene.

Largo.



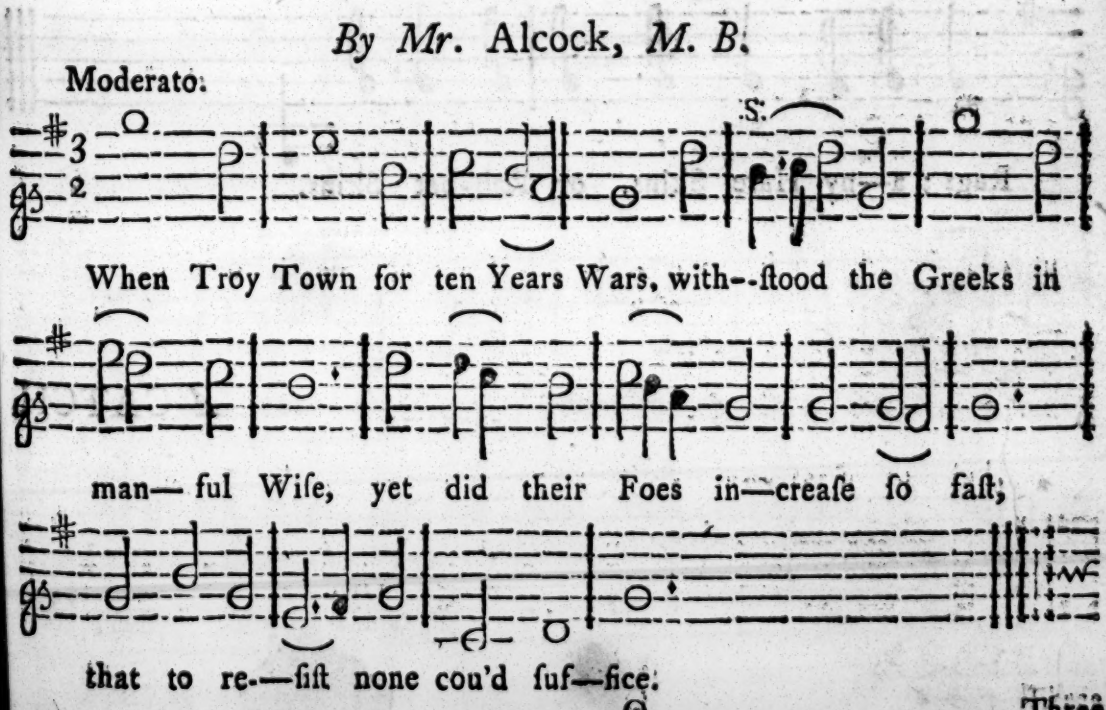
The Parting CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Mr. Henry Purcell.



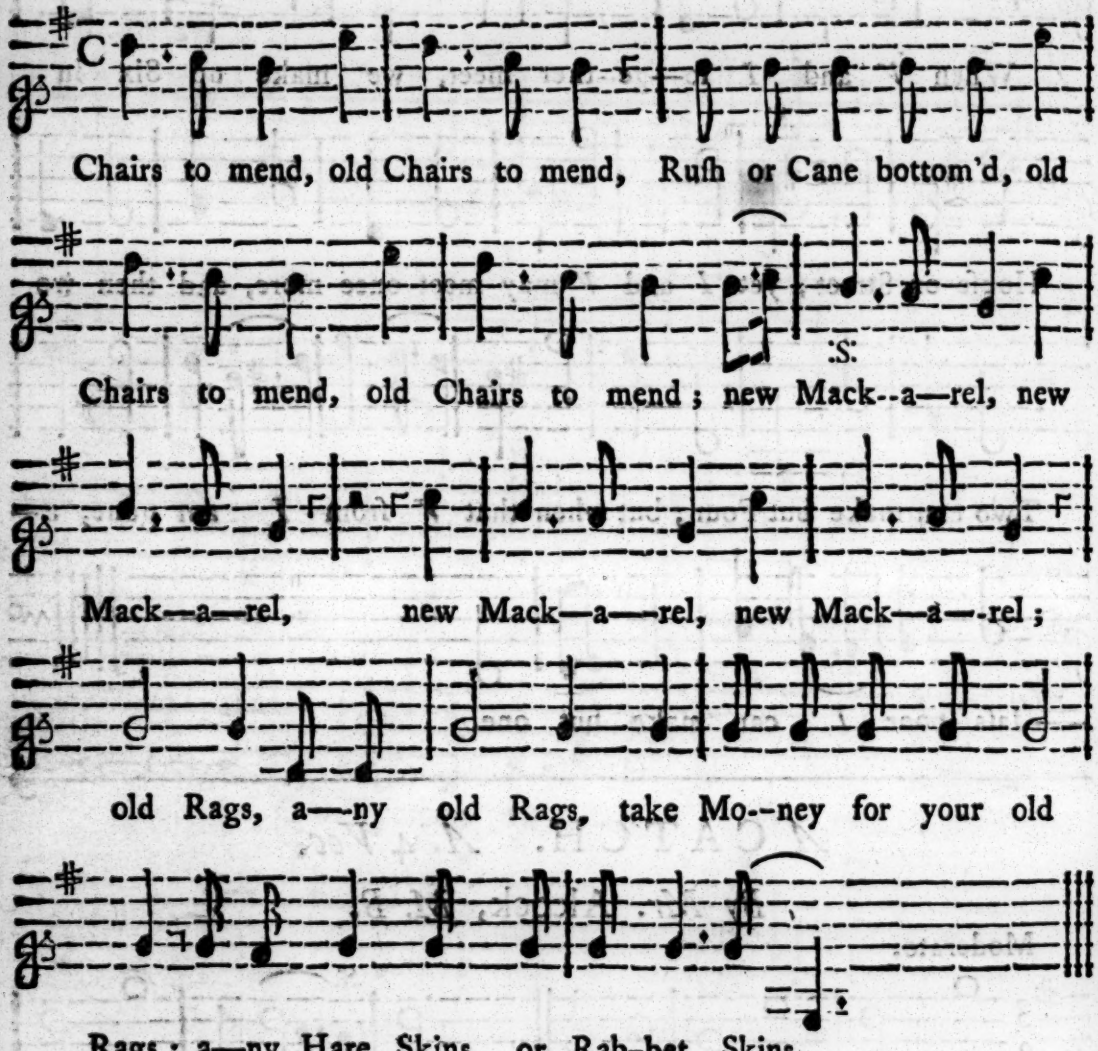
A CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Mr. Alcock, *M. B.*



Three Oxford Cries.

By Dr. Hayes.



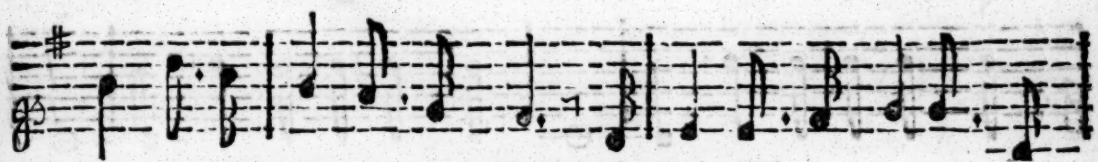
A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Green.

Allegro.

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us ſing, the Win-ter to

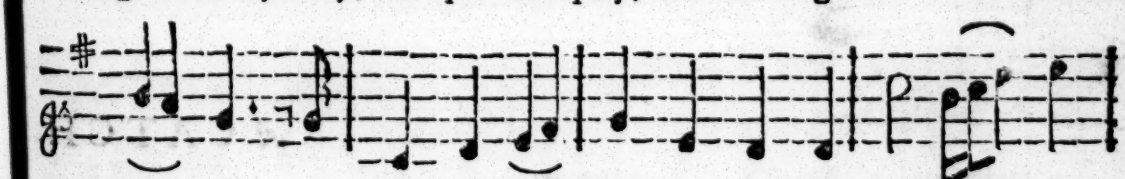


us is as good as the Spring, the Win-ter to us is as

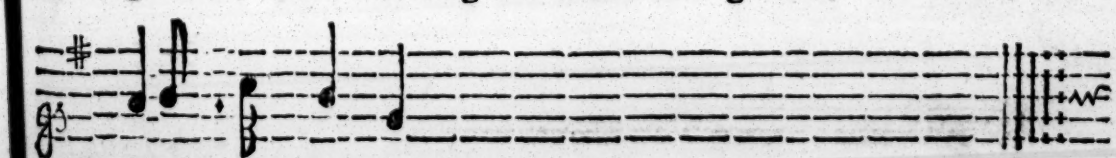
good as the Spring; we care not a Fea-ther, for Wind or for

Weather, by Night and by Day, we ſport and play, by

Night and by Day, we ſport and play, con--fer-ring our Notes to-—



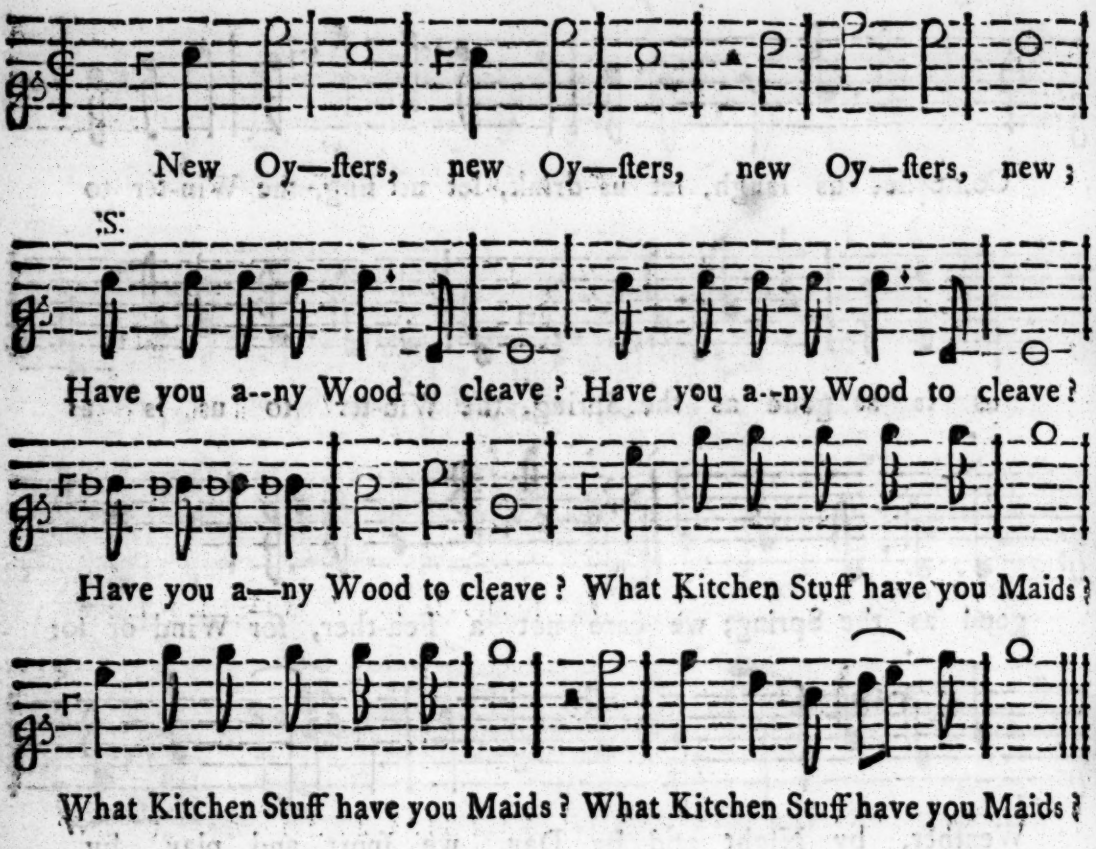
——ge--ther, con—-fer-ring our Notes to— ge-ther, our Notes, our



Notes to—-ge-ther.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

By Mr. White.

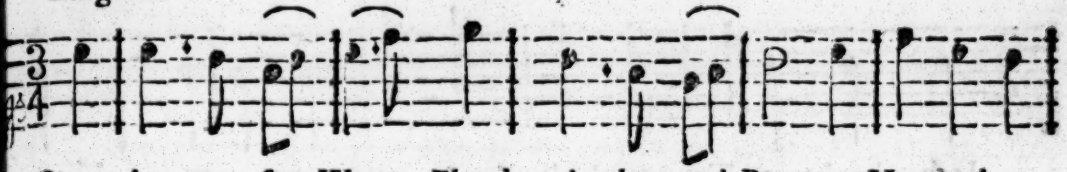


A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Hayes.

Largetto.



Come buy my fine Wares, Plumbs, Apples, and Pears, a Hundred a

Pen-ny, in Conſcience too ma-ny; come will you have a—-ny? My

Chil-dren are ſe--ven, my Children are ſe--ven, I wiſh them in

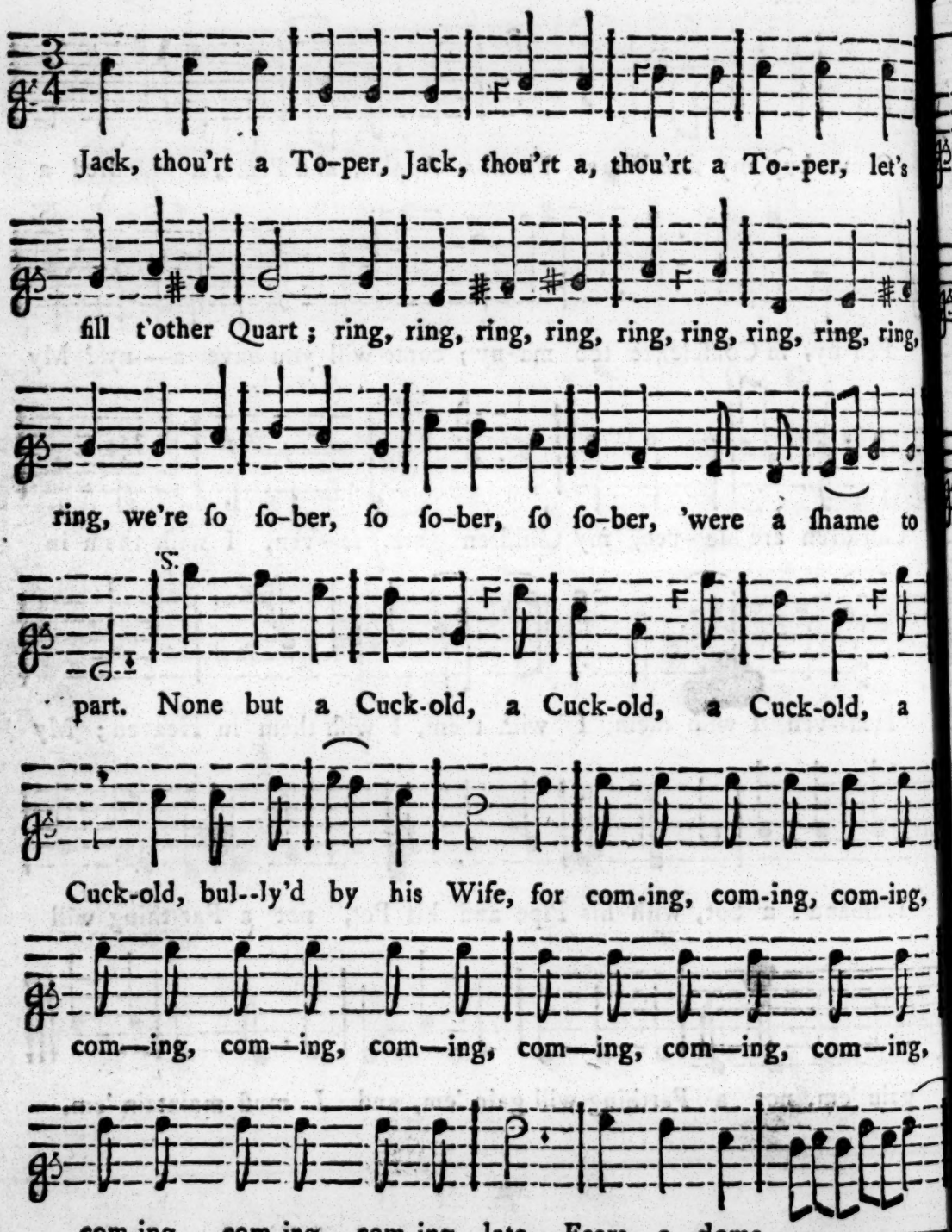
Hea--ven, I wiſh them, I wiſh them, I wiſh them in Heaven; My

Huſband's a Sot, with his Pipe and his Pot, not a Far-thing will

gain 'em, not a Farthing will gain 'em, and I muſt maintain 'em.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Mr. Purcell.



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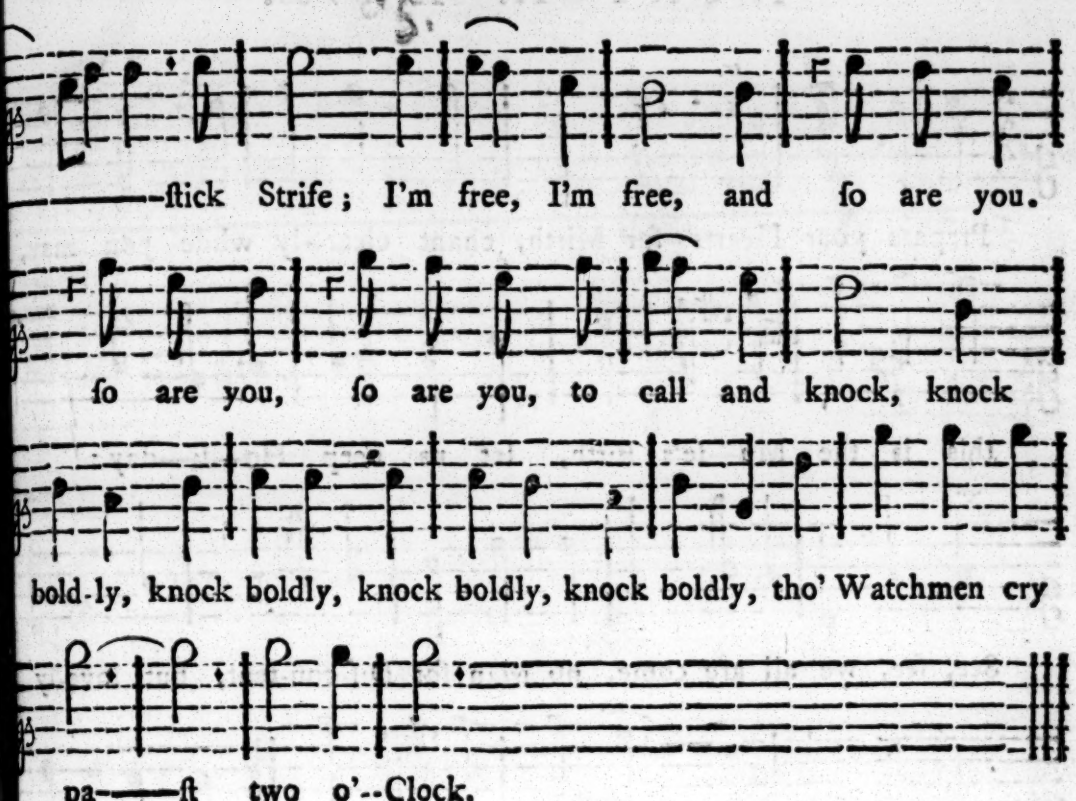
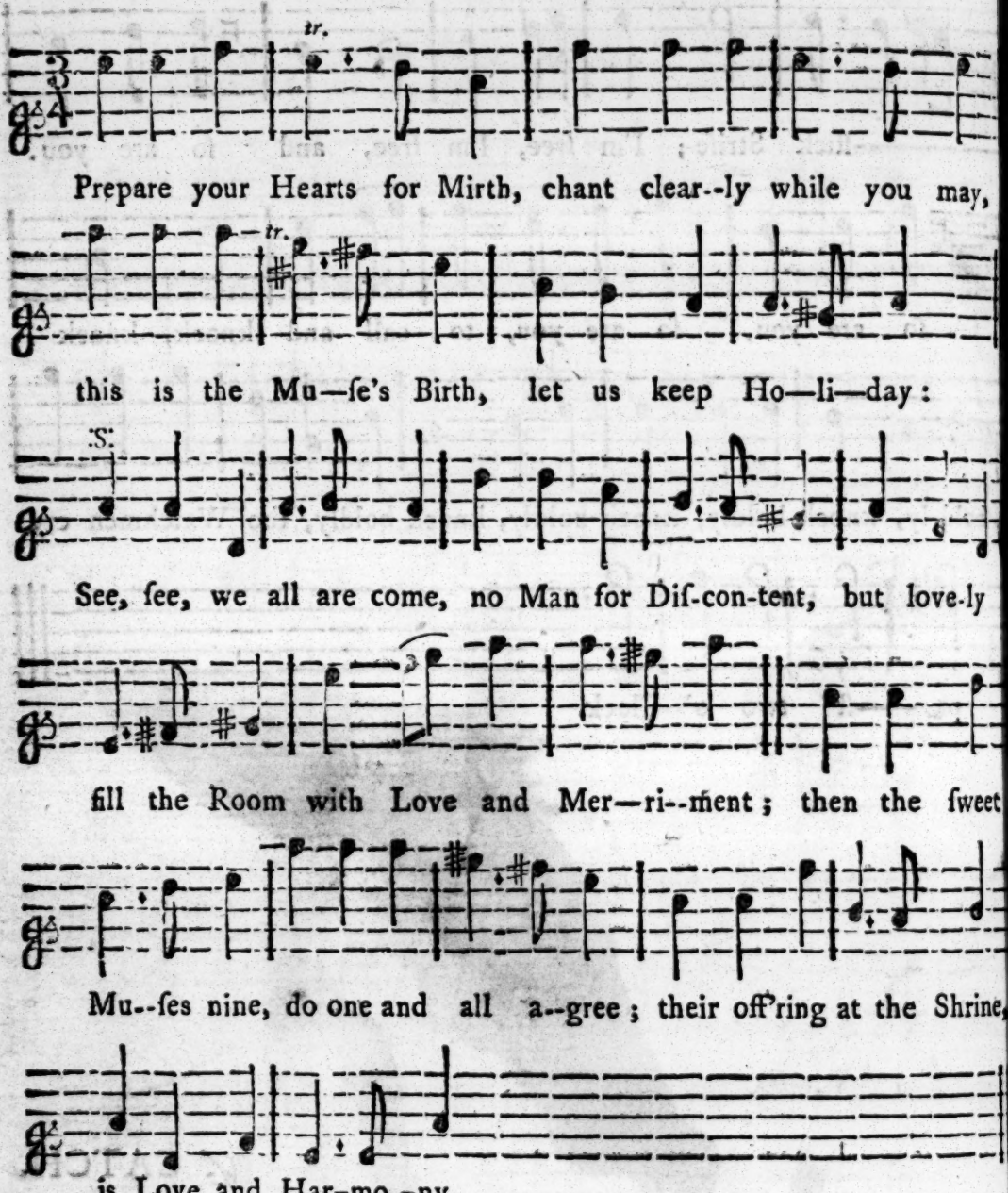


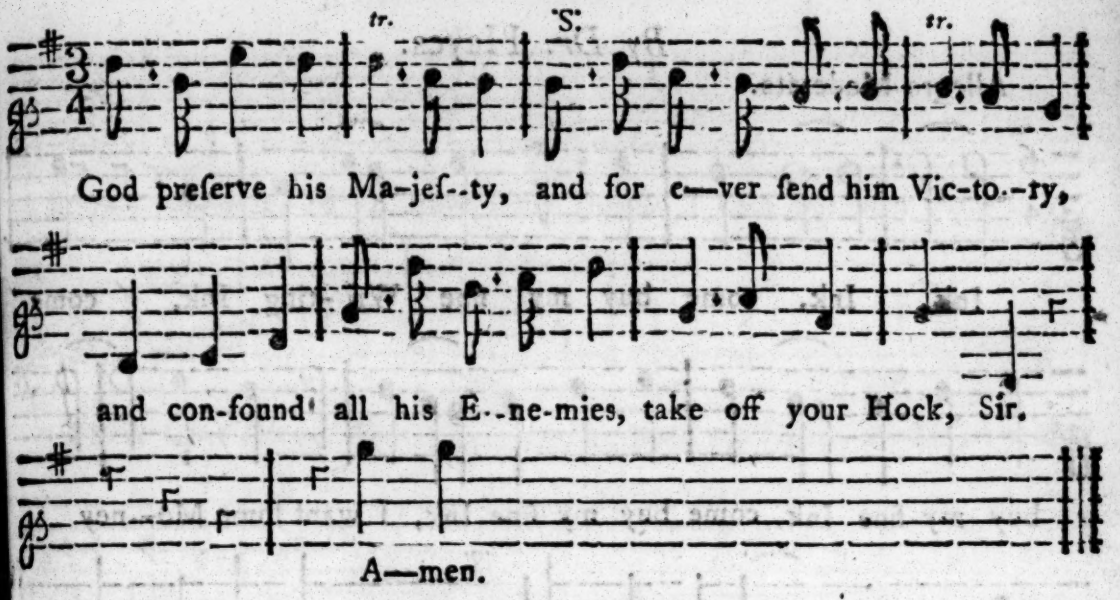
A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*



The King's Health. *A* CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Dr. John Blow.

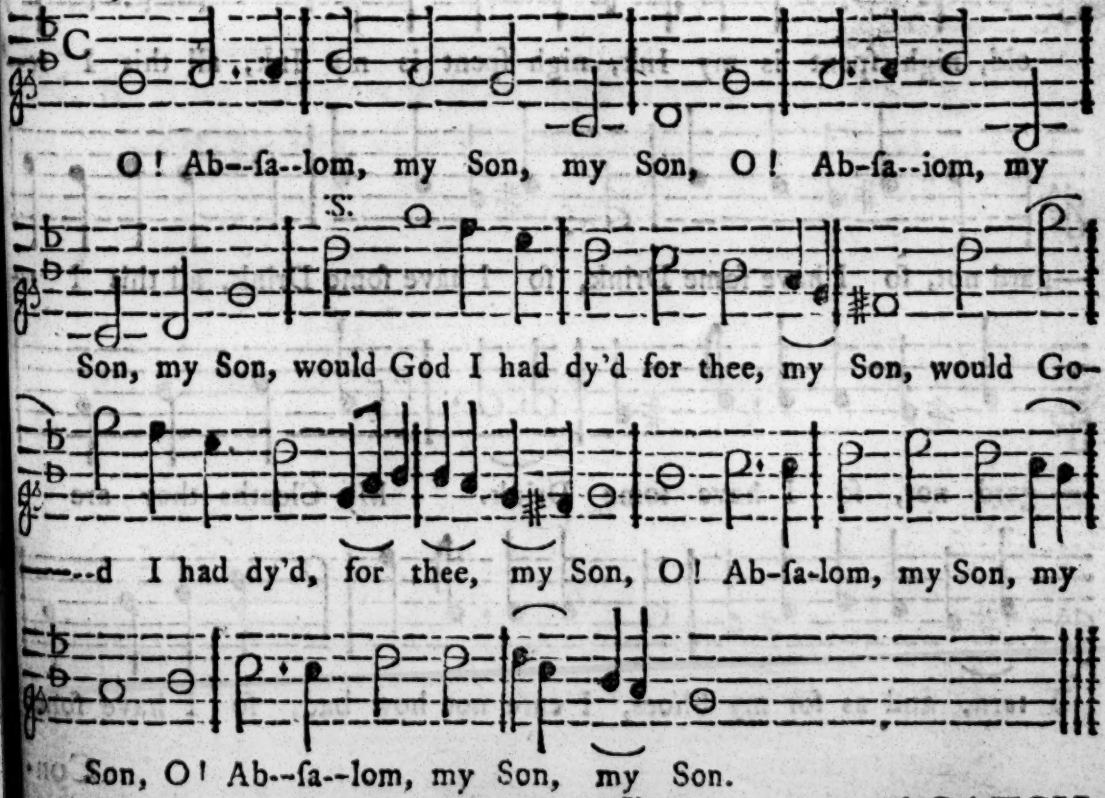


N. B. Repeat Amen, all the while this Catch is ſinging, reſting 4 Crotchets.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Mr. Charles King, *M. B. late Almoner,* &c. *of St.* Paul's.

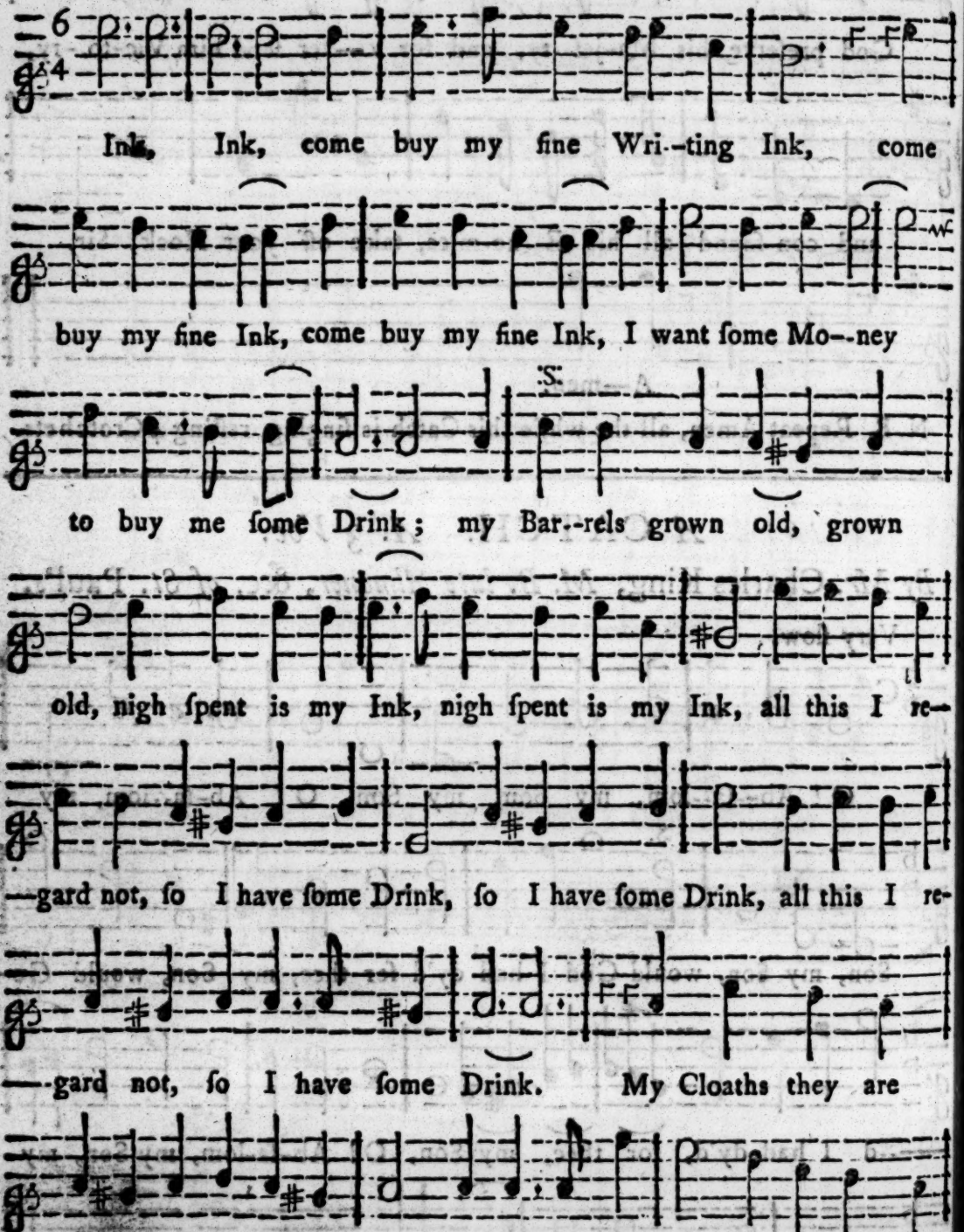
Very ſlow.



A CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Dr. Hayes.

Allegro Moderato.



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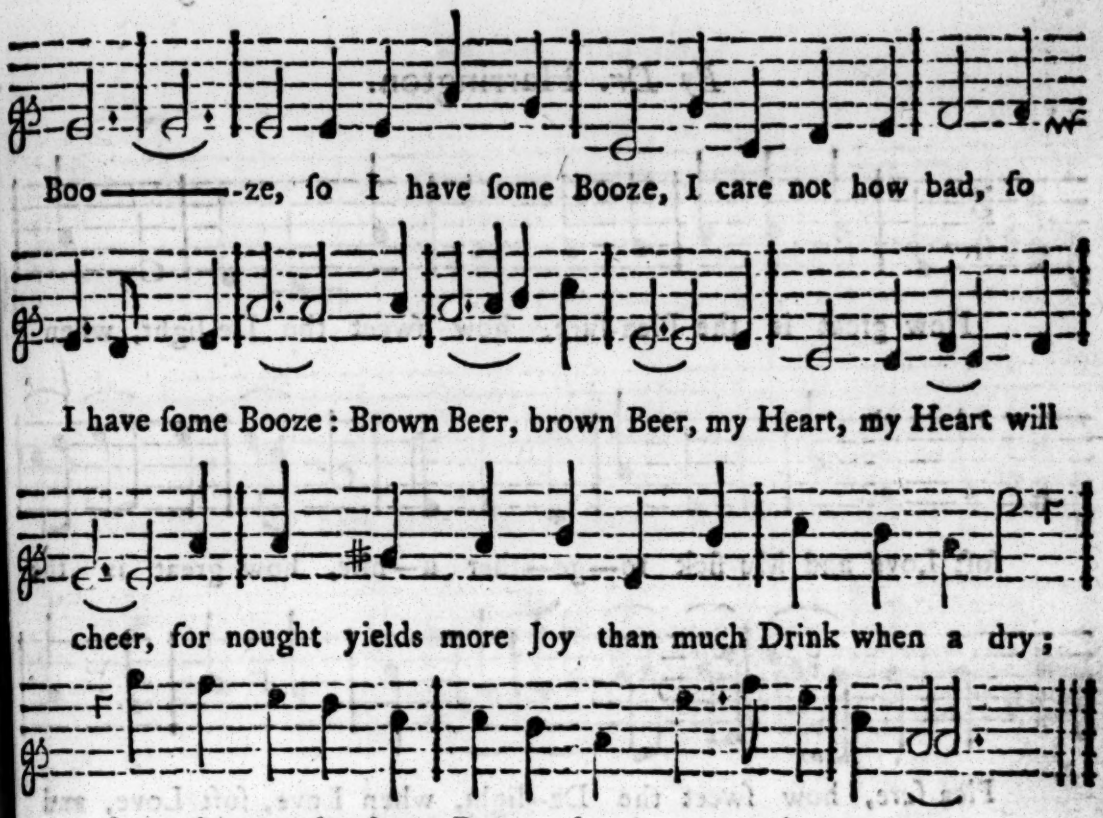
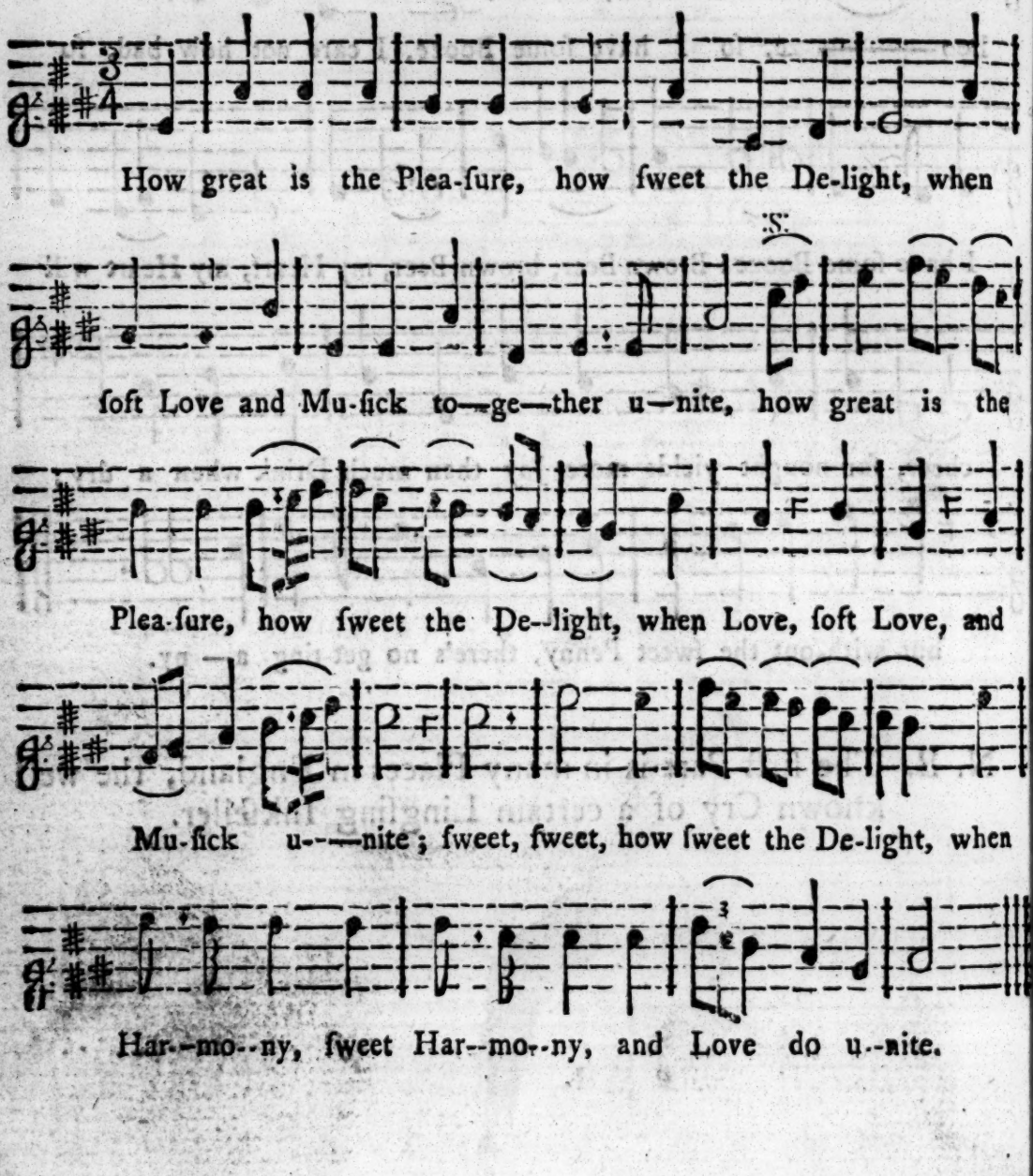


N. B. The firſt Part is in many Places in England, the well known Cry of a certain Lingſing Inkſeller.

Love and Muſick. *A* CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Harrington.

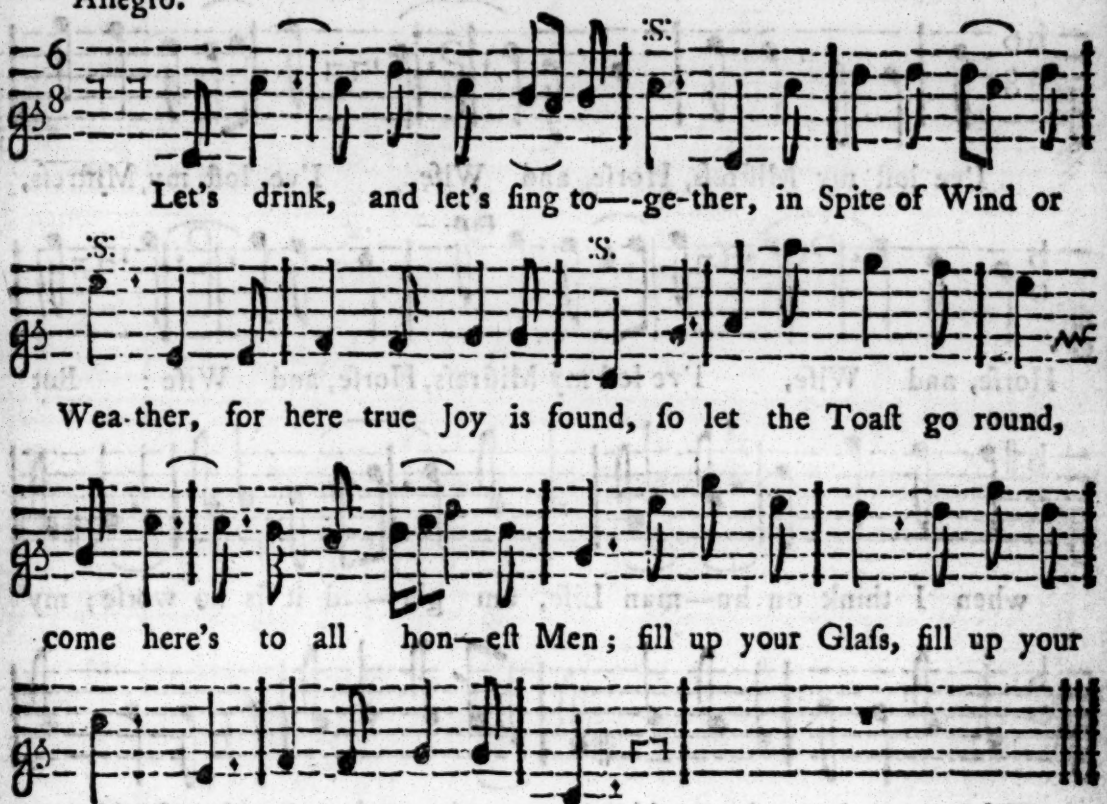


A CANON

A CANON. 4 *in* 1.

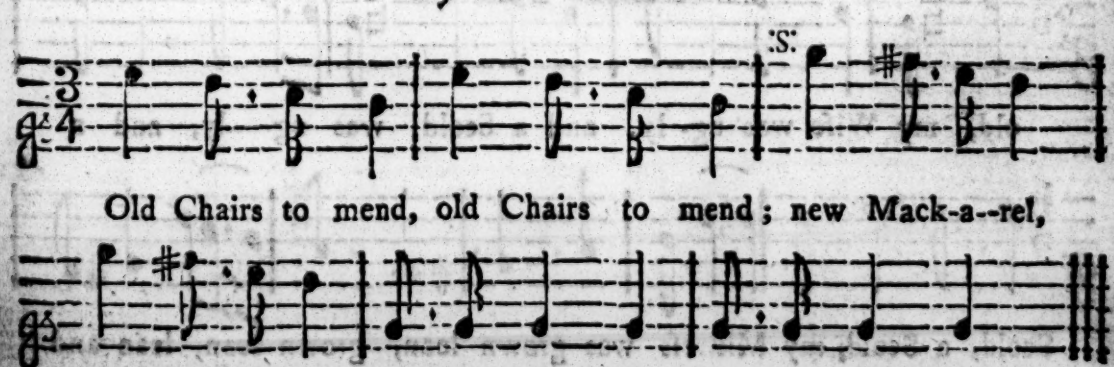
By Dr. Hayes.

Allegro.



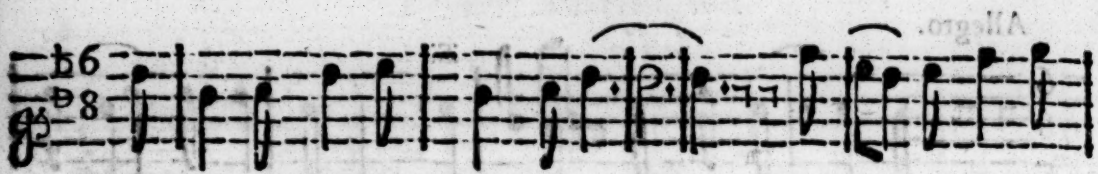
A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

By Mr. Arnold.

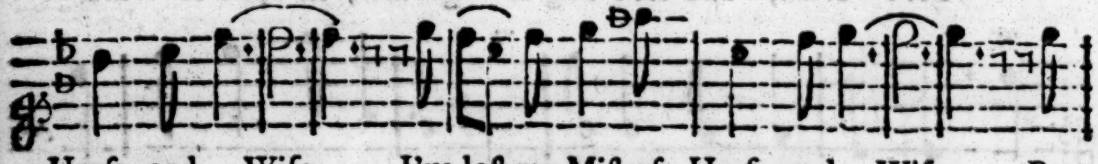


A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

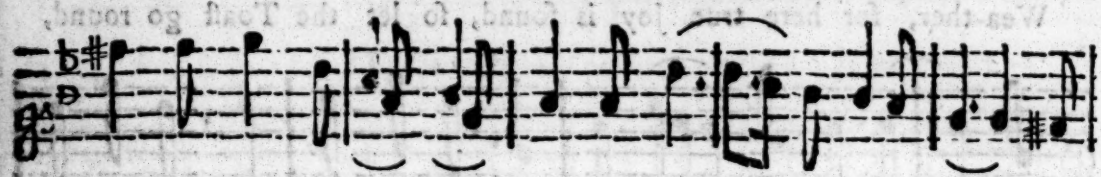
By Dr. Greene.



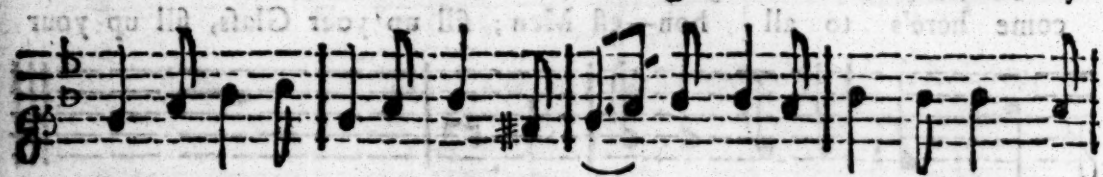
I've loſt my Miſtreſs, Horſe, and Wife, I've loſt my Miſtreſs,



Horſe, and Wife, I've loſt my Miſtreſs, Horſe, and Wife: But

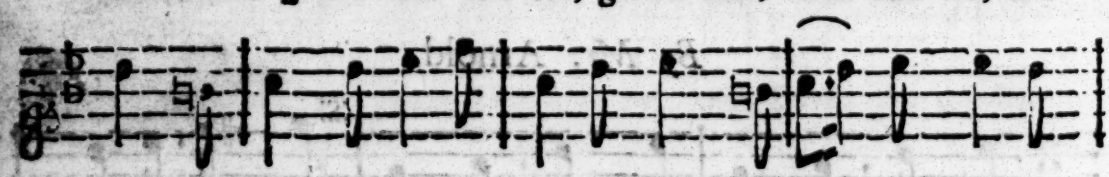


when I think on hu—man Life, am gla—d it is no worſe; my

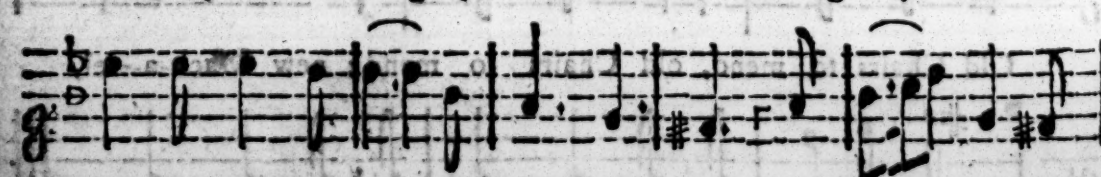


Wife was ug-ly, and a Scold, was ug—ly, and a Scold, a Scold, my

Miſtreſs was grown lean and old, grown lean, lean and old, and



old, my Wife was ug-ly, and a Scold, was ug—ly, and a



Scold, a Scold, my Miſtreſs was grown lean, grown lean, lean and

Con-

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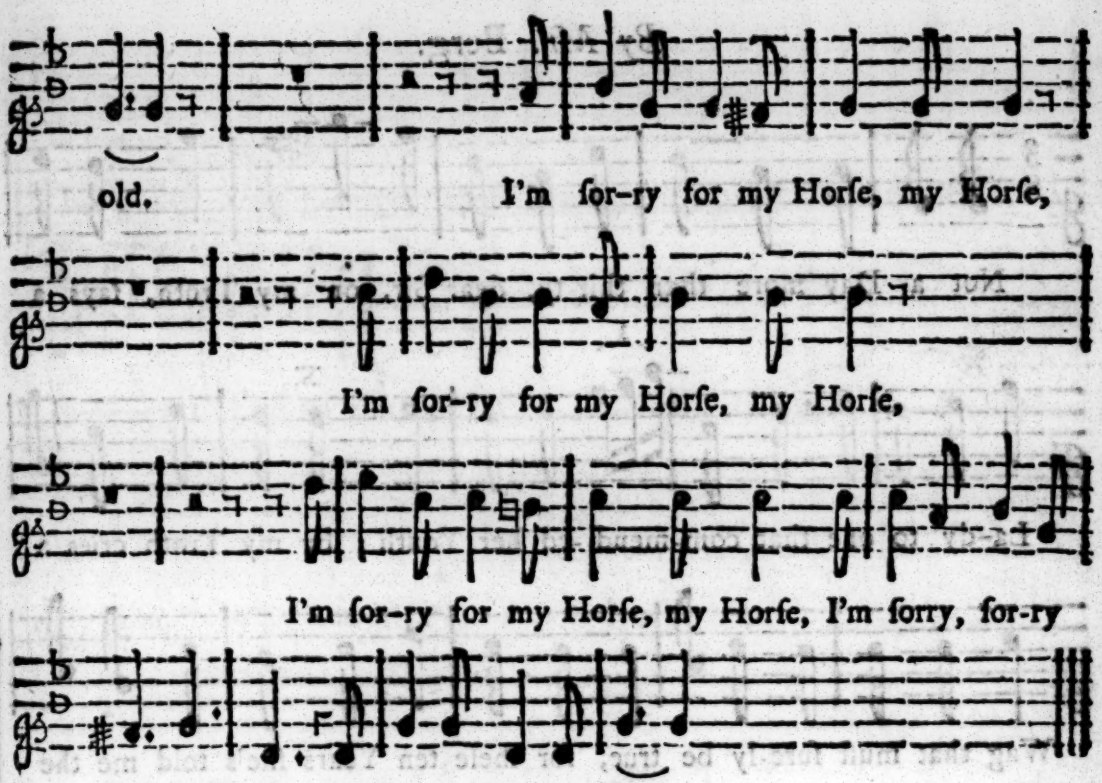
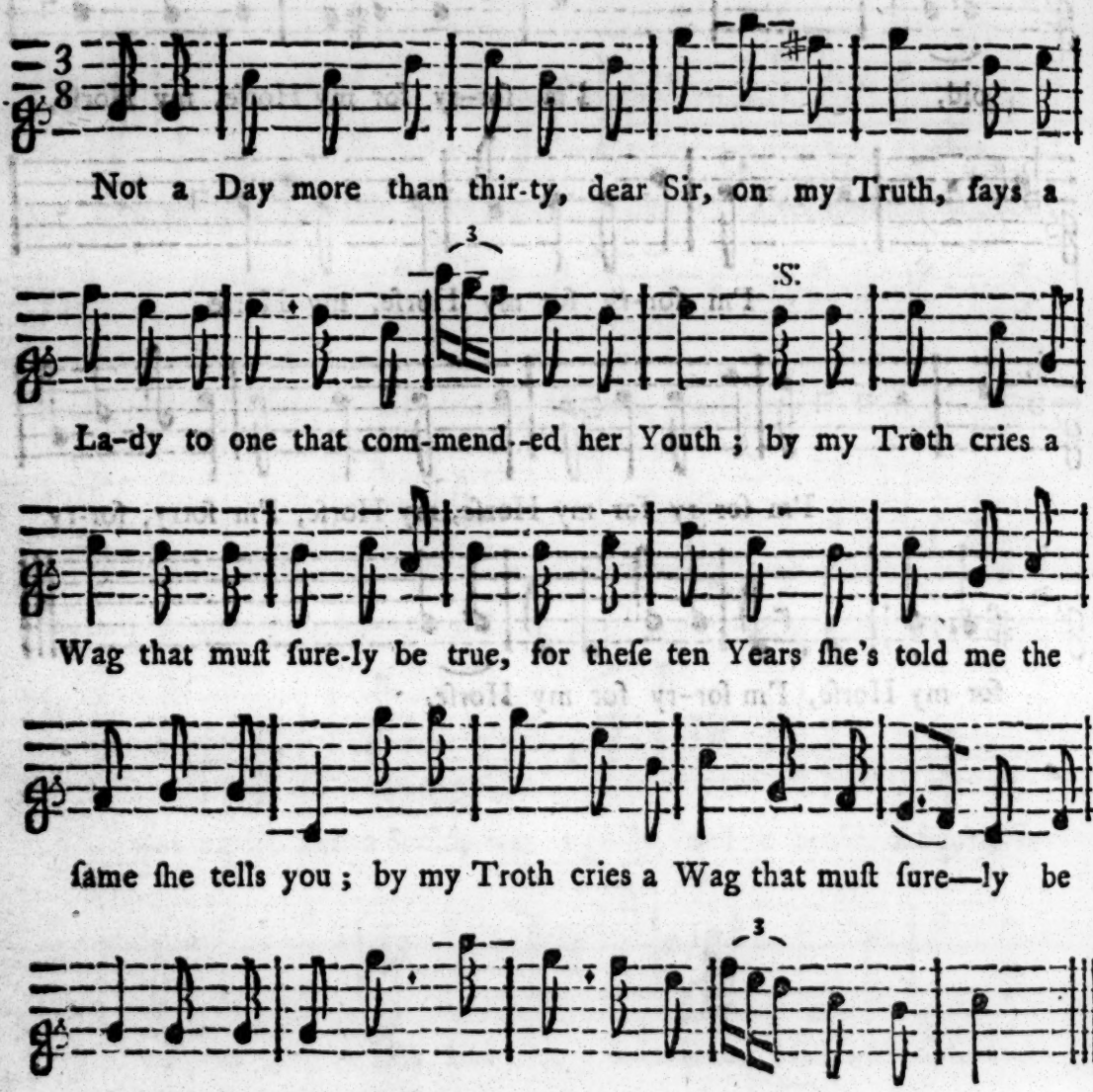


Epi-

Epigram. *A* CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

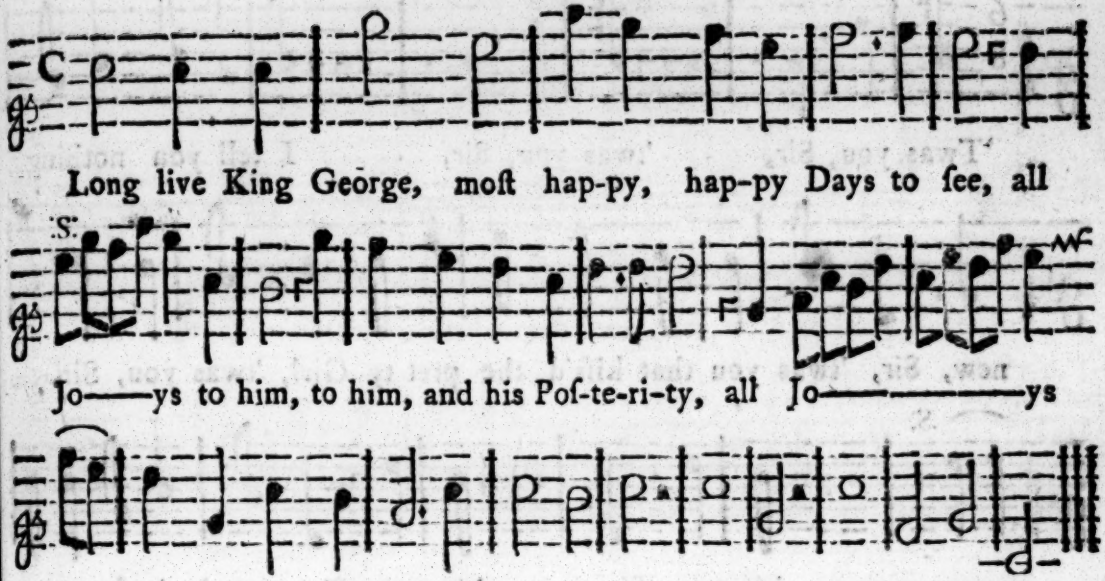
By Mr. Berg.



A CATCH.

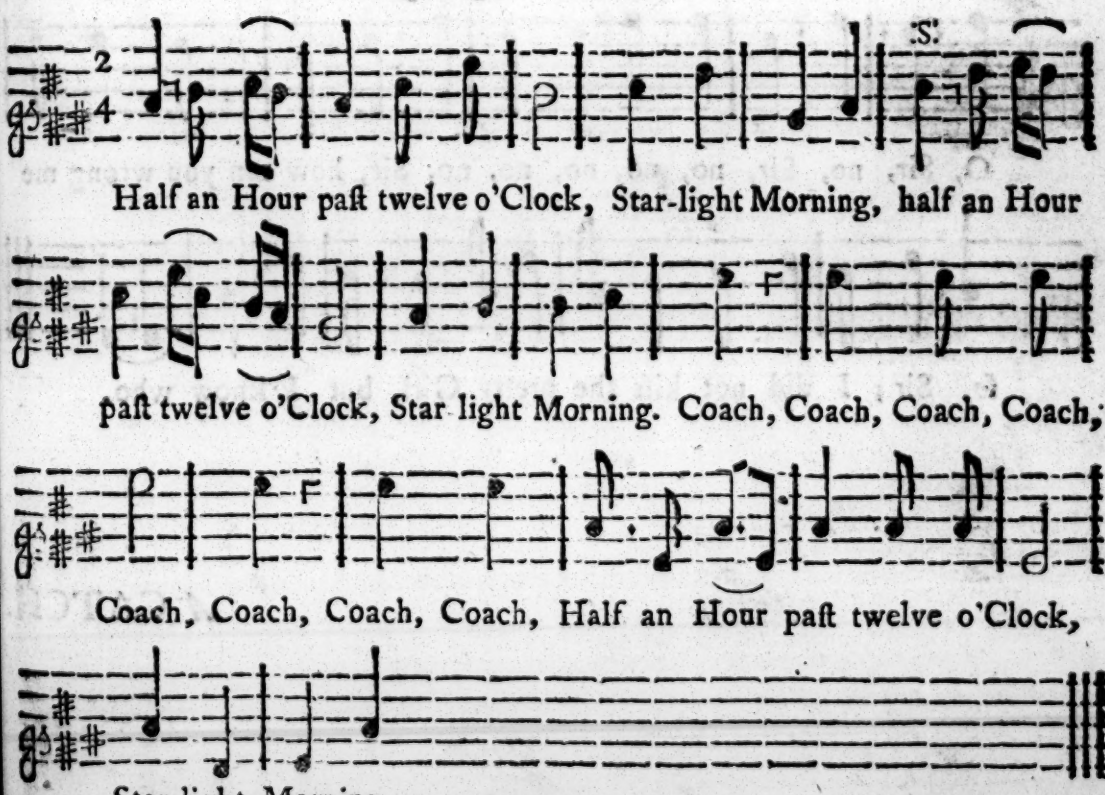
A CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Dr. Boyce.

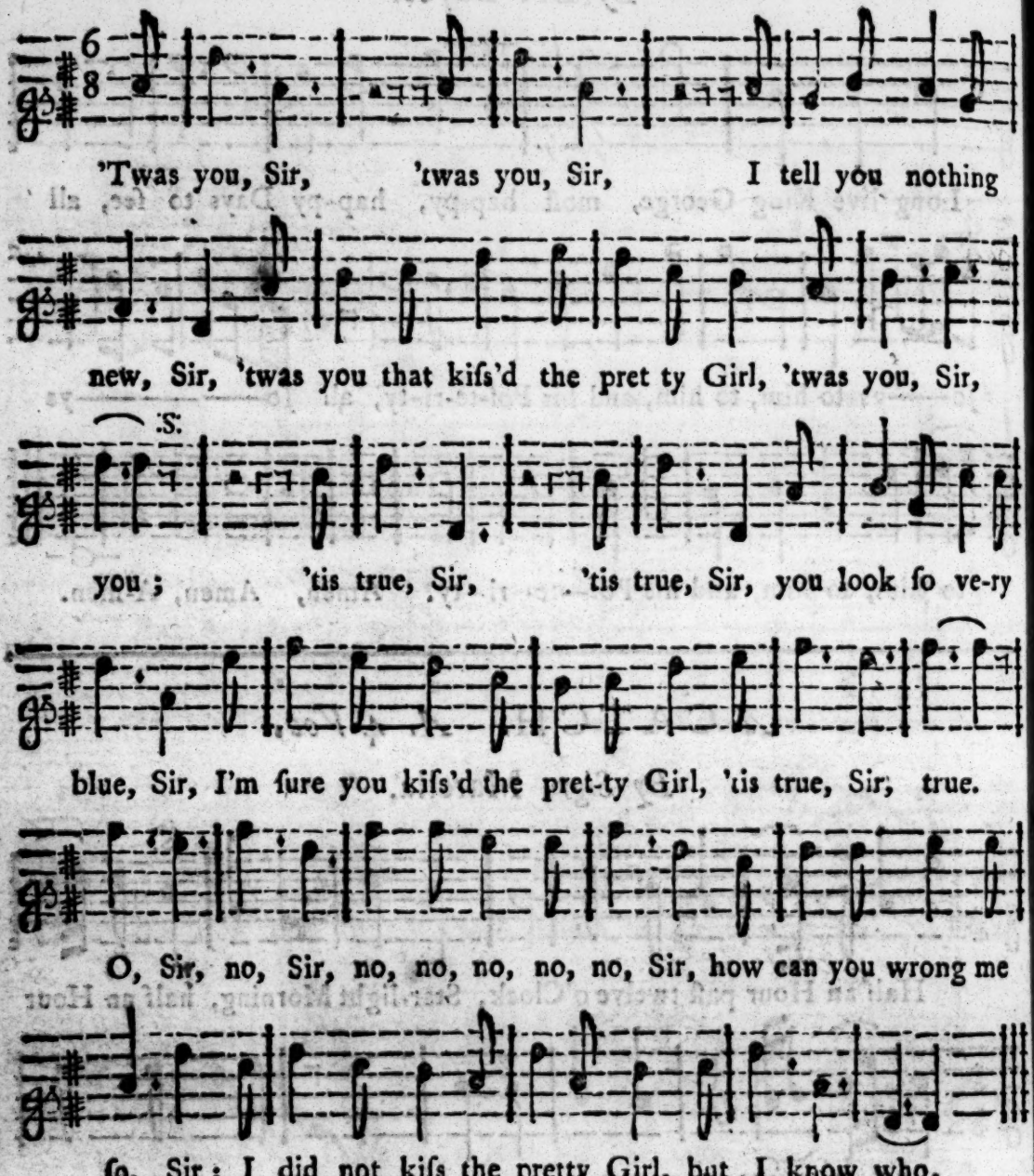


A CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Sigr. Marella.



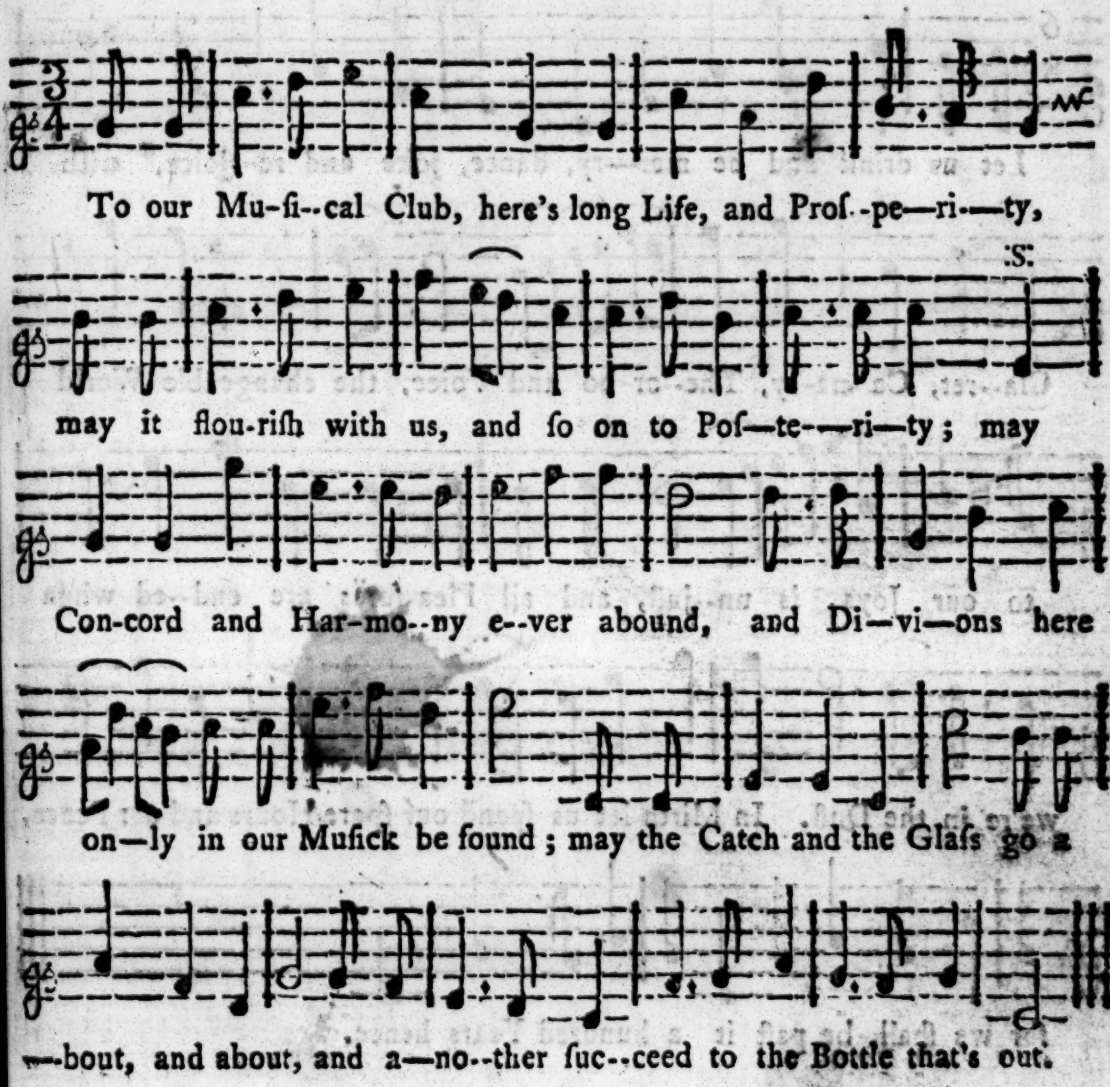
A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*



A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

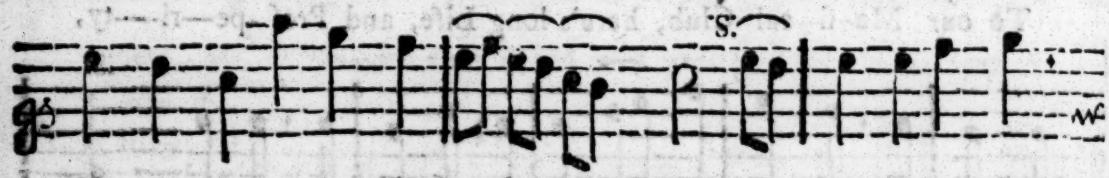
By Mr. Warren.



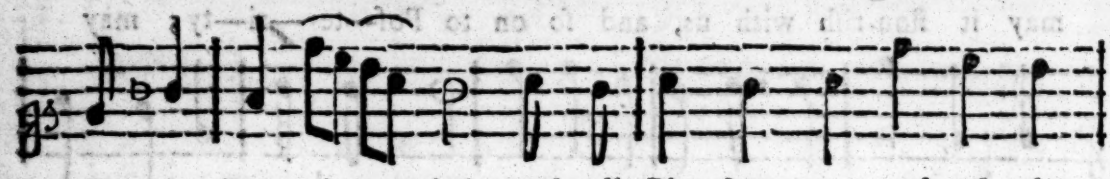
A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Mr. Berg.

Let us drink and be mer—ry, dance, joke and re--joice, with

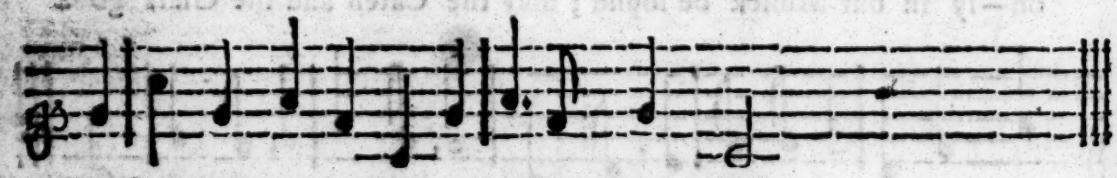


Cla--ret, Ca--na-ry, The--or-bo and Voice, the changeable World



to our Joys is un--juſt, and all Plea-ſures are end--ed when

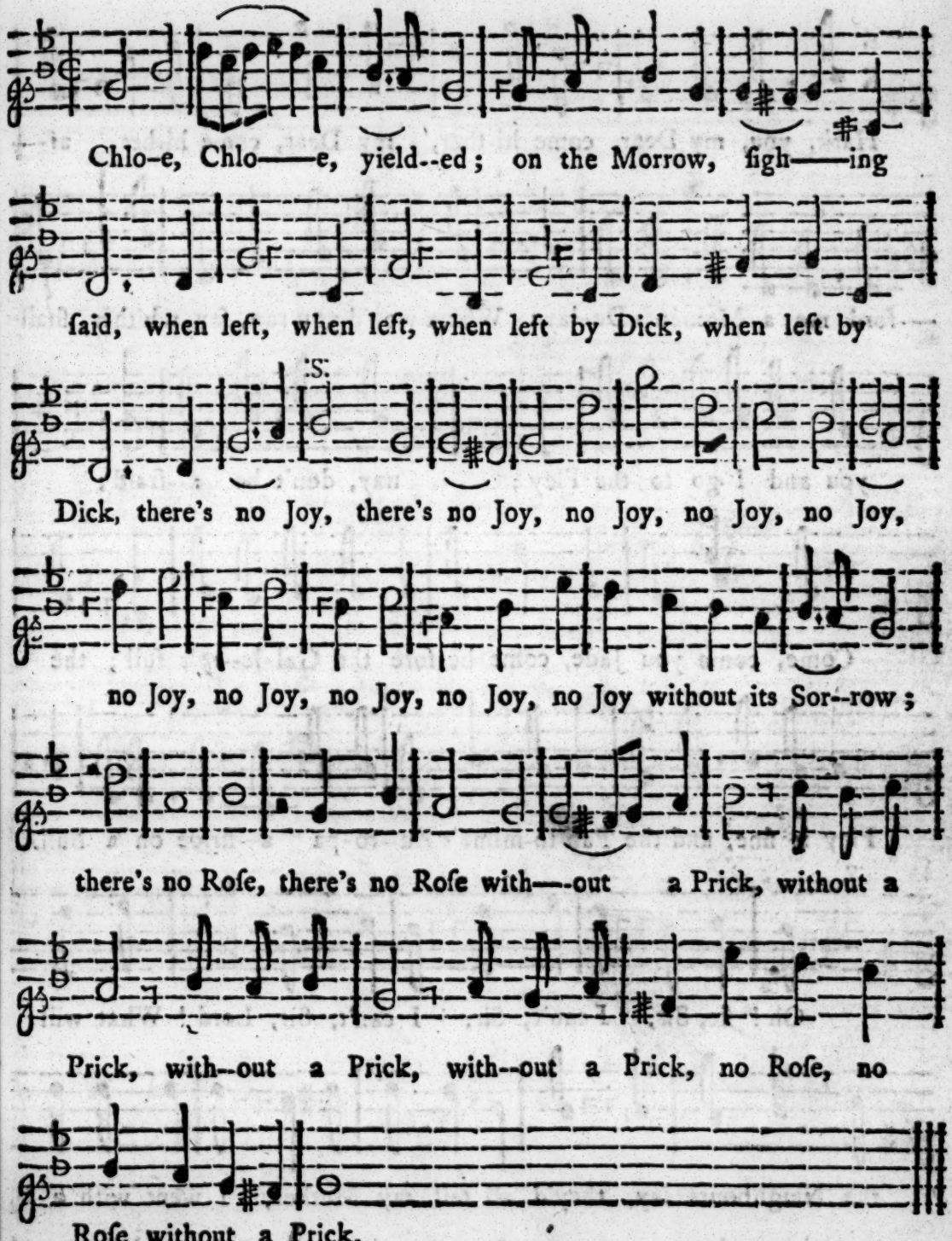
we're in the Duſt. In Mirth let us ſpend our ſpare Hours and our Pence,



for we ſhall be paſt it a hundred Years hence.

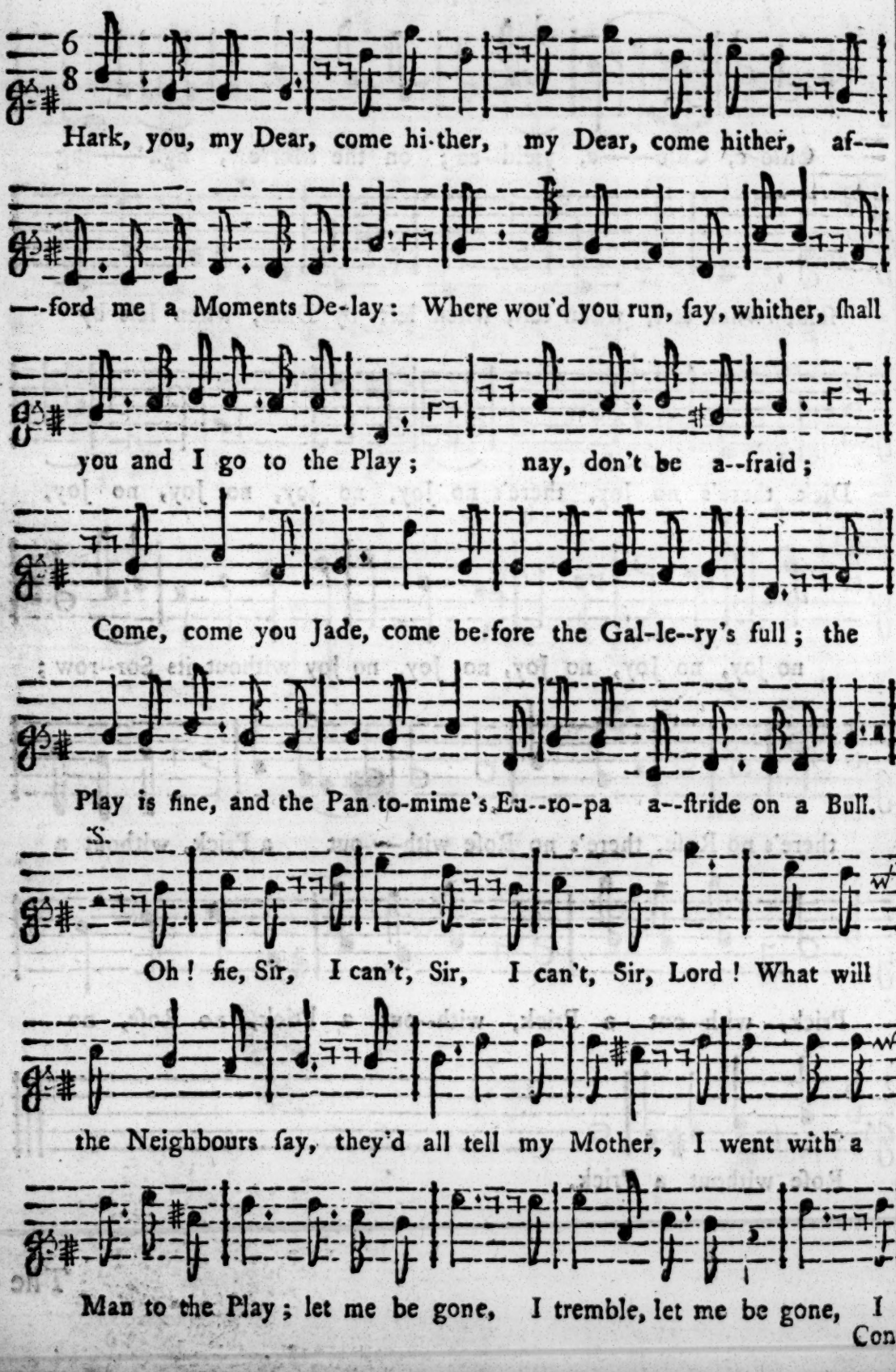
A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*



The Street Intrigue. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Arne.



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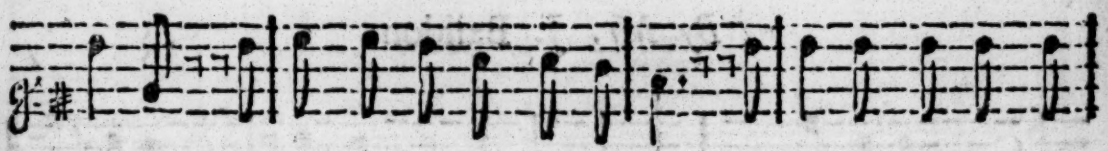
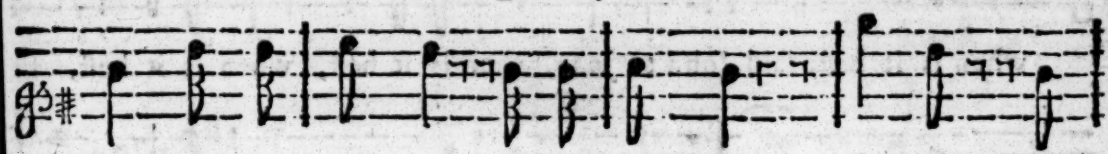


tremble: Ex-cuſe me, I now muſt entreat, or elſe be chidden, and

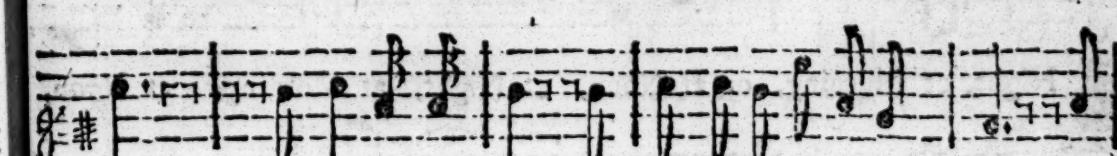
pinch'd, and drub'd, for talking with you in the Street. So Miſtreſs



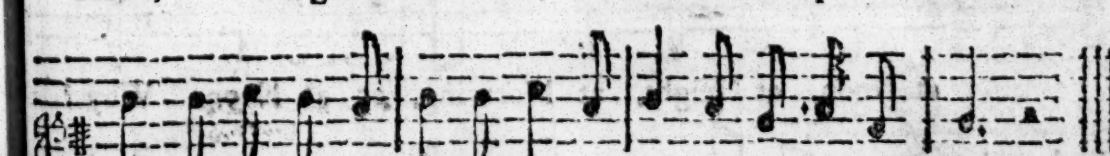
Minx, have I caught you, have I caught you. Hey Day! What

Doings, what Doings are here? Come home you Slut, come home, odd,

rot it, come home, and draw my Cuſtomers Beer. Sir, looſen her



Hand, and go to the Stand, the Market for impudent Whores. If

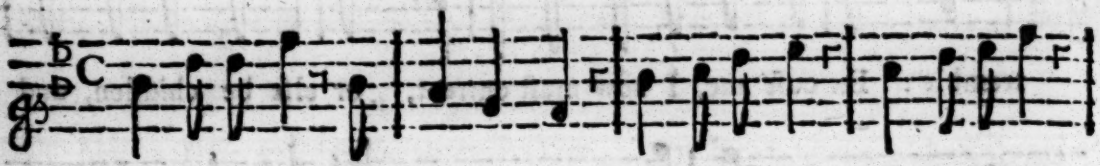


e'er ſhe flirts it with you again, I'll turn her out of my Doors.

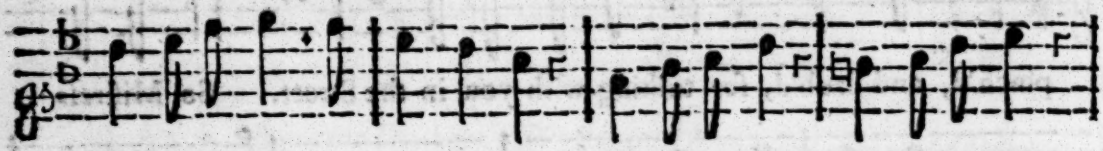
On

On a Dream. *A* CATCH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Mr. J. Baildon.



When is it beſt, ſaid John to Joan, when is it beſt, when is it beſt,

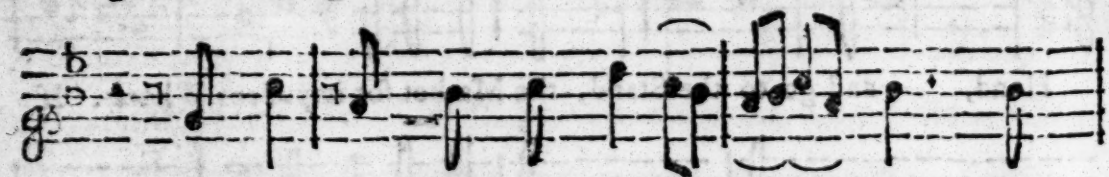


when is it beſt, ſaid John to Joan, when is it beſt, when is it beſt,

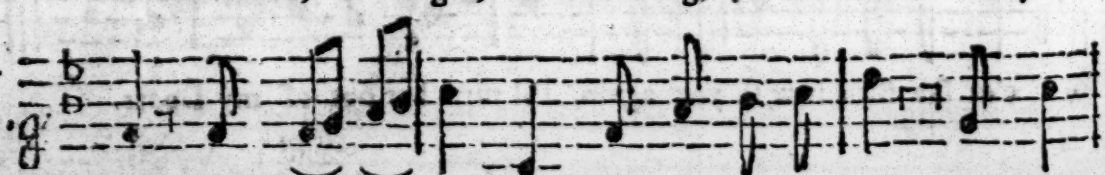
when is it beſt, ſaid John to Joan, at Night, at Morning, or at Noon,

at Night, at Morning, or at Noon, at Morning, or at Noon, at

Night, at Morning, or at Noon, at Night, at Morning, at Noon,



at Noon, at Night, at Morn-ing, or at Noon. Why?



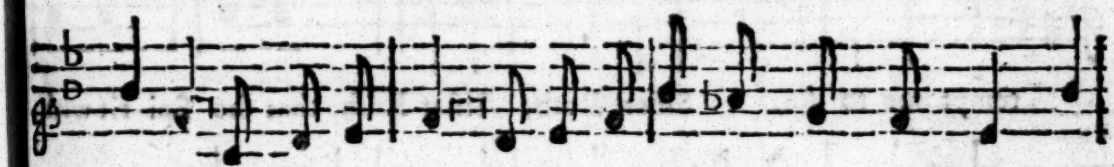
Faith, quoth Joan to tell thee Right, I like it Noon, and Night,

Continued.

and Night, I like it Noon, I like it Night, I like it Morning, Noon,

and Night, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night, to tell Thee right, to

tell Thee right, I like it Morn--ing, Noon, and Night, I like it



Morning, I like it Noon, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night, and

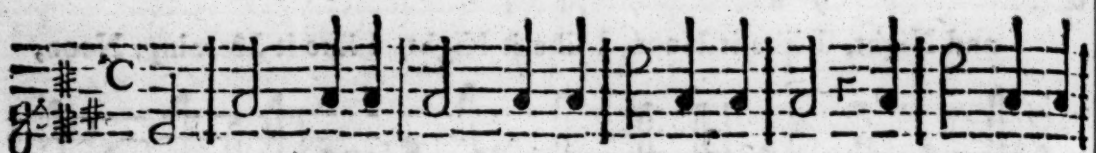
Night; why faith yuoth Joan, to tell Thee right, why faith quoth

Joan, to tell Thee right, I like it Morning, Noon, and Night.

This CATCH gain'd the Prize Medal 1763.

Quaker's CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

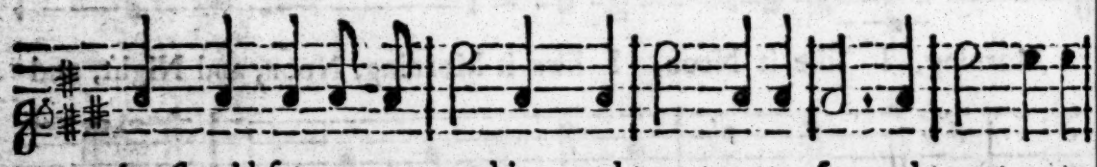
By Sigr. Giardini.



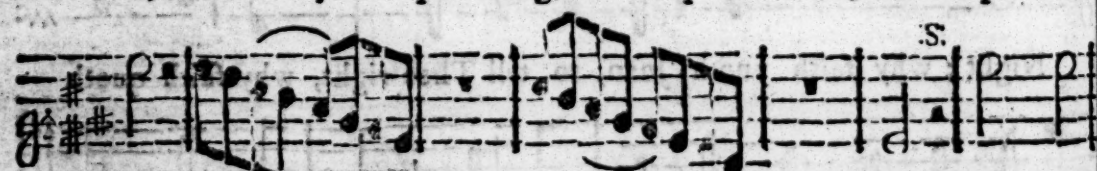
'Tis ſtrange Siſter Ruth, that the Spirit with--in, ſhou'd ſet you a

preaching, and tempt me to ſin, ſhou'd ſet you a preaching, and

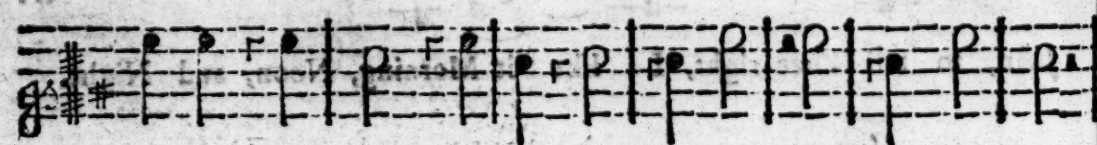
tempt me to ſin. Siſter Ruth, Siſter Ruth, that the Spi-rit with-



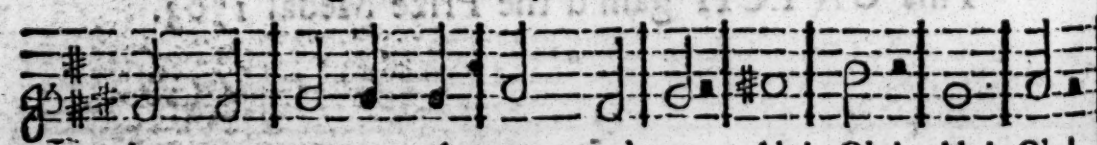
——in, ſhou'd ſet you a preaching, and tempt me to ſin, and tempt me to



ſin. Oh! Oh! Oh! when you



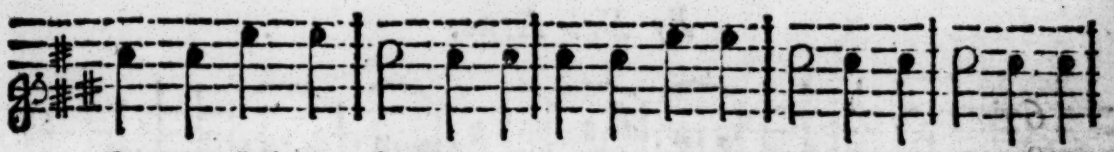
mut-ter, and grown, and cry, Ah! and Oh! Ah! and Ah! Oh!



when you mut-ter, and groan, and cry, Ah! Oh! Ah! Oh!

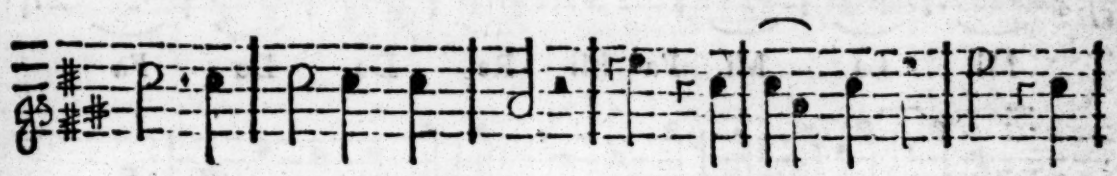
Con-

Continued.

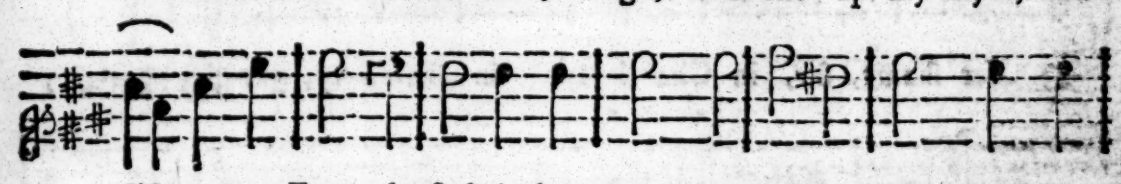


ſure you feel, you feel ſome E-motions in the Regions be low, in the

Regions be-low. O——h! O——h! Oh!

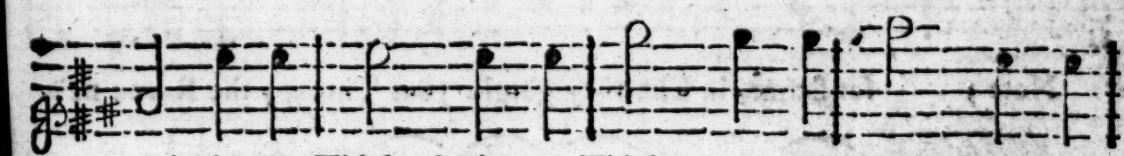


for when e'er I breath ſhort, ſigh, and lift up my Eyes, and

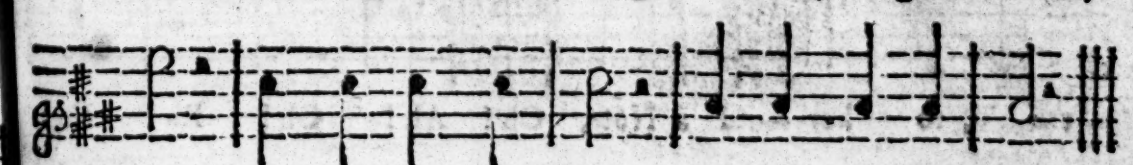


lift up my Eyes, the Spi-rit then moves me all the Time 'twixt my

Thighs, 'twixt my Thighs, the Spirit then moves me all the Time, moves



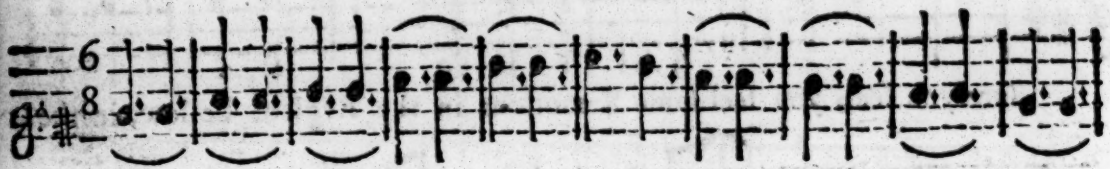
me 'twixt my Thighs, 'twixt my Thighs, 'twixt my Thighs, 'twixt my



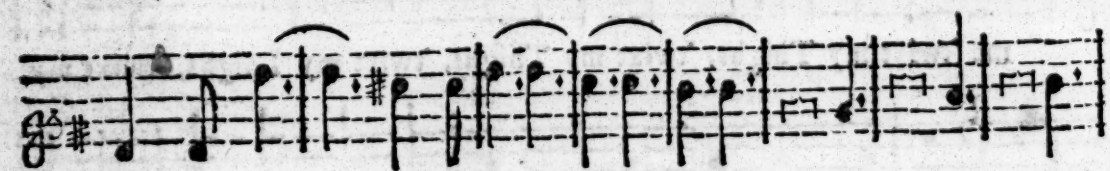
Thighs, moves me 'twixt my Thighs, moves me 'twixt my Thighs.

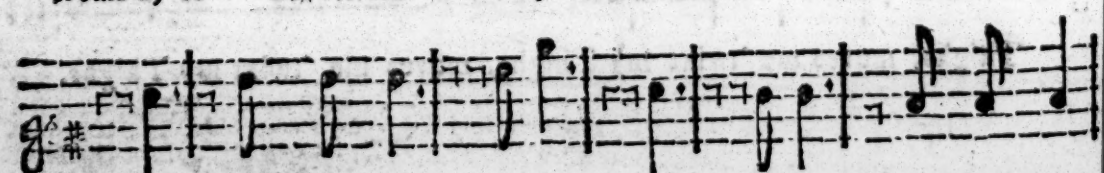
The Singing Club. *A* CATCH. *A. 5 Voc.*

By Dr. Arne.



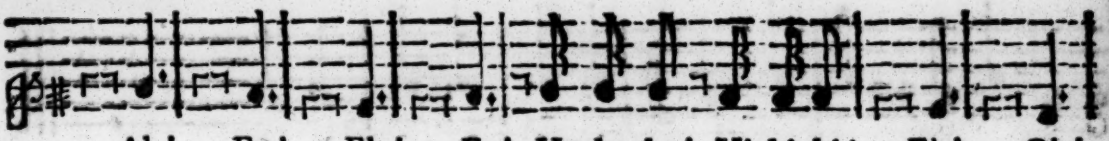
Adagio.





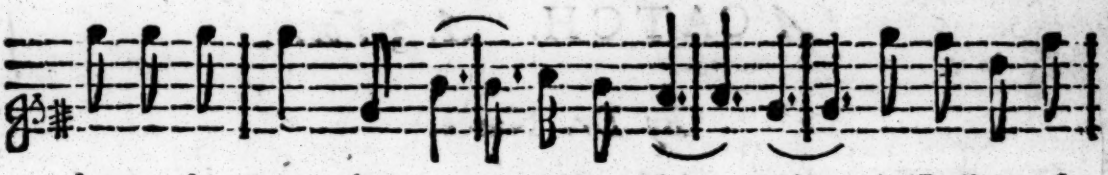
Continued.

Adagio.



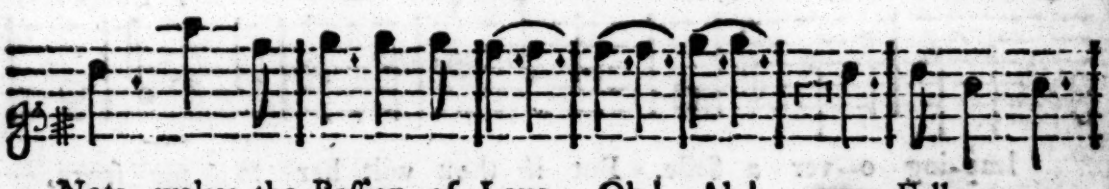
Ah! Ee! Eh! Ee! Ha ha ha! Hi hi hi! Eh! Oh!

Oh! Ah! O charming, ſoothing, bravo, bravo, bravo,

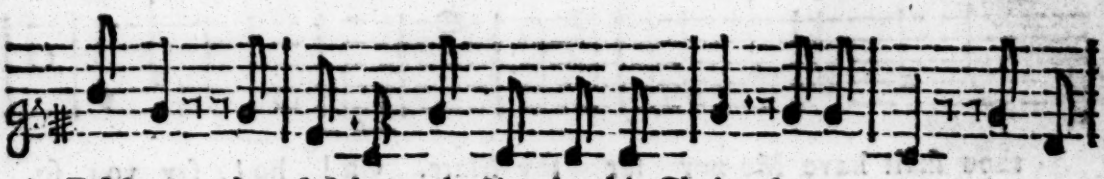


bravo, by Jove, that ra--viſhing Voice, wakes the Paſſions of

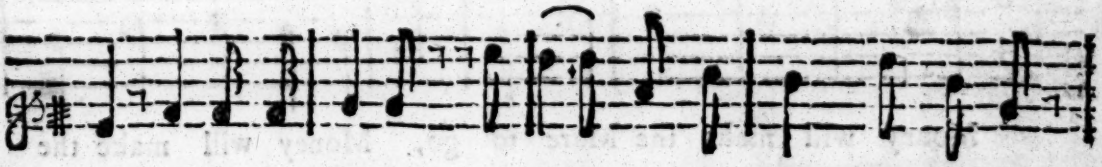
Love. O charming, ſoothing, bra-vo, by Jove, that ra-viſh--ing



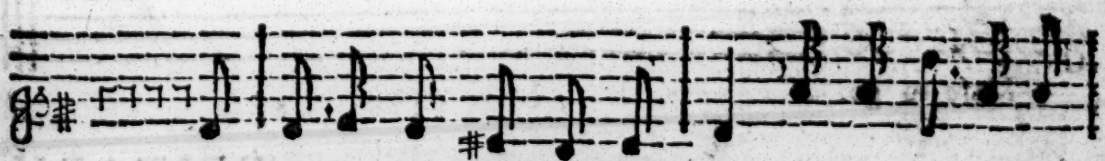
Note wakes the Paſſion of Love. Oh! Ah! poor Fellow, poor



Fel-low, when firſt he made Sing-ing his Choice, he was cut, he was



cut, cut for the Simplet, in--ſtead of his Voice, poor Fel-low ;



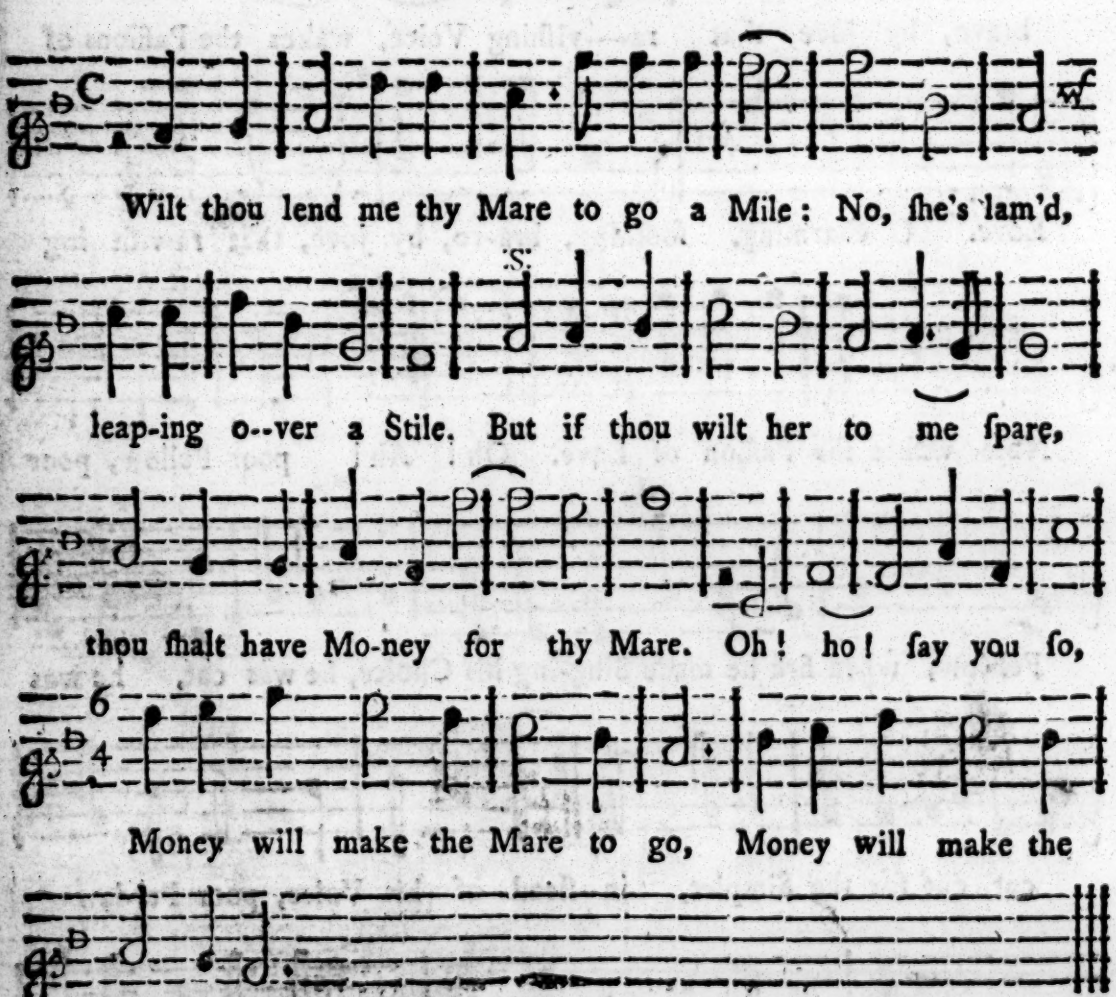
when firſt he made Sing-ing his Choice, he was cut for the

Con.

Continued.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

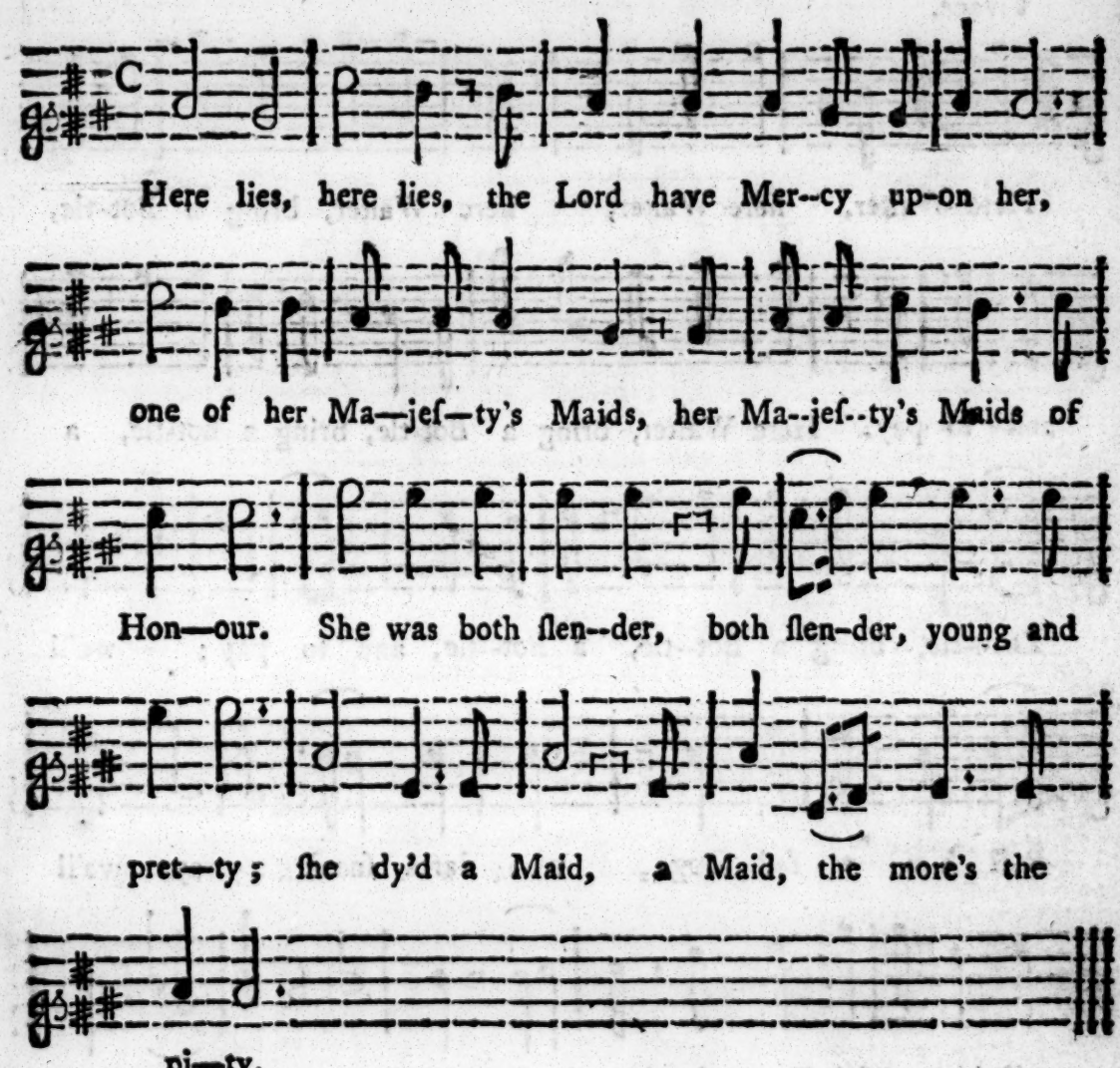
By Dr. Nares.



EPITAPH.

EPITAPH. *A. 4 Voc.*

By Mr. Yates.

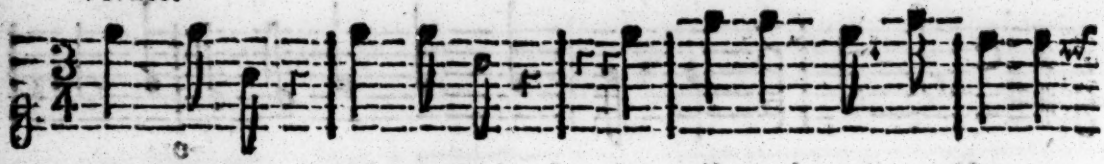


A CATCH.

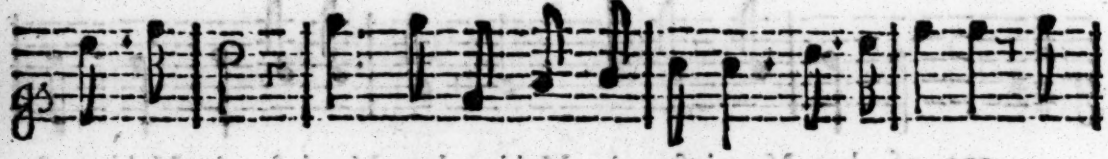
A CATCH. A. 3 Voc.

By Dr. Hayes.

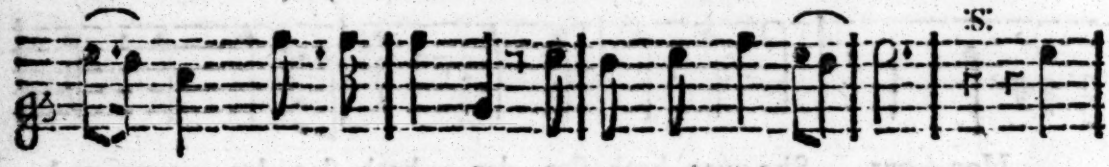
Vivace.



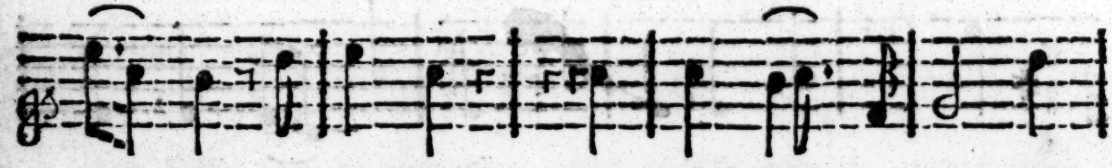
Here Waiter, here Waiter, here Waiter, bring a Bot-tle,



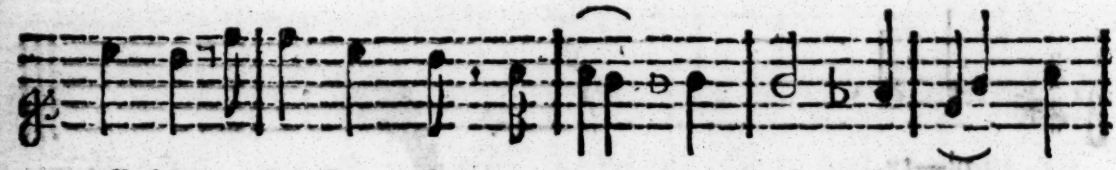
and to pay. Here Waiter, bring a Bot-tle, bring a Bot-tle, a



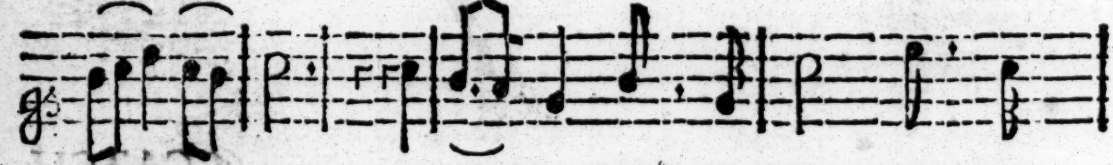
Bot—tle, bring a Bot--tle, a Bot--tle, and to pay; we'll



call him a ſad Dog, who dares ſneak a--way, we'll



call him a ſad Dog, who dares ſneak, dares ſneak, dares ſneak, dares



ſneak a—way, or ra—ther break his Head, break his

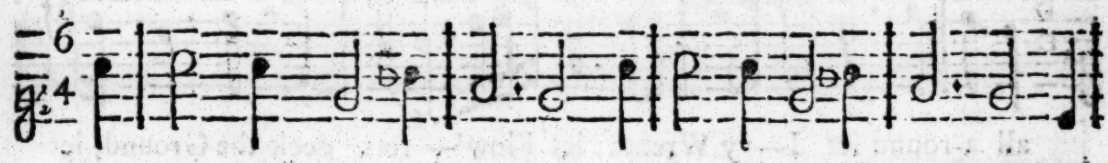
Head, who re-fu-ſes to ſtay, or rather break his Head, break his

Con-

Continued.

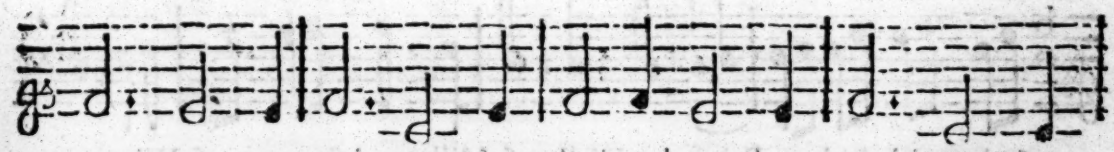
Head, break his Head, who re—fu—ſes to ſtay.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*

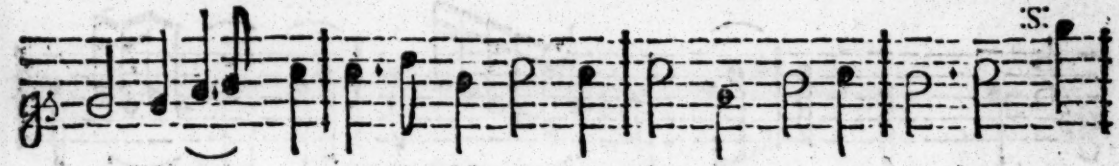


There were three Cooks in Colnbrook, and they fell out with our Cook, and

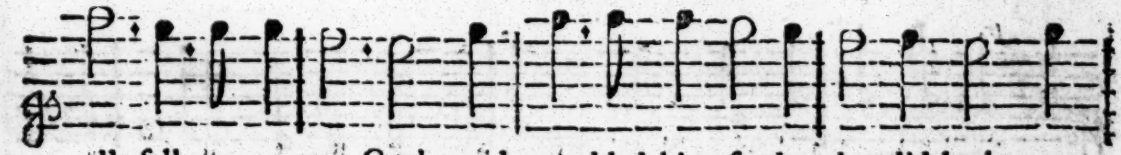
all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook. There was



Swaſh Cook, and Slaſh Cook, and thou'rt a Rogue and Knave Cook, and



all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook; they



all fell up-on our Cook, and mumbled him ſo that he did look, as

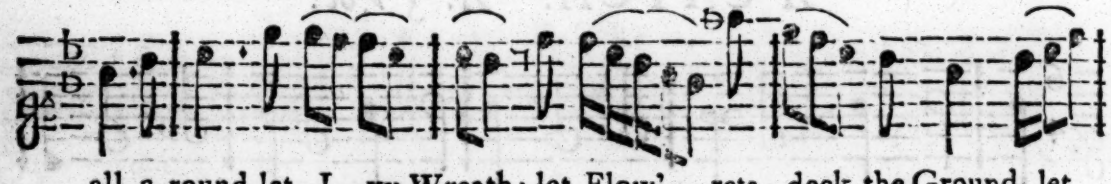
black as the Pudding which he took, and from the Cook of Colnbrook.

A CATCH, on Anacreon, by Antipater. *A. 3 Voc.*

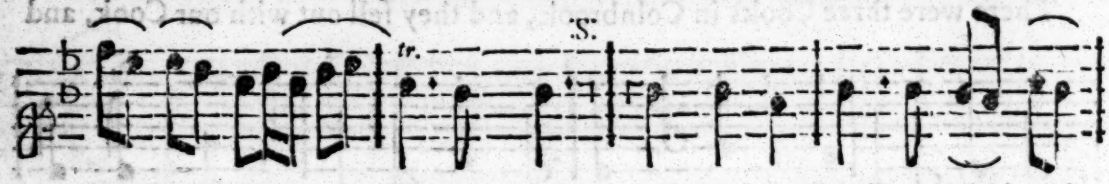
By Dr. Hayes.

Andante Larghetto.

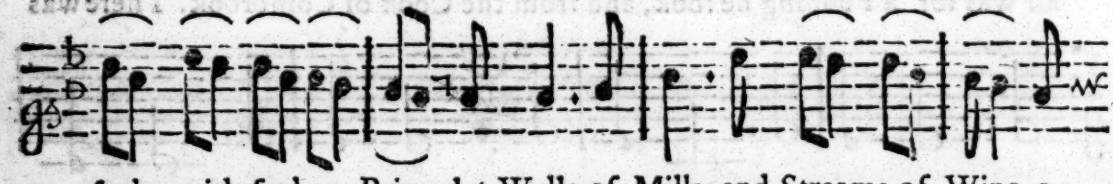
This Tomb be thine A-na-cre-on, all a-round let I—vy Wreath,



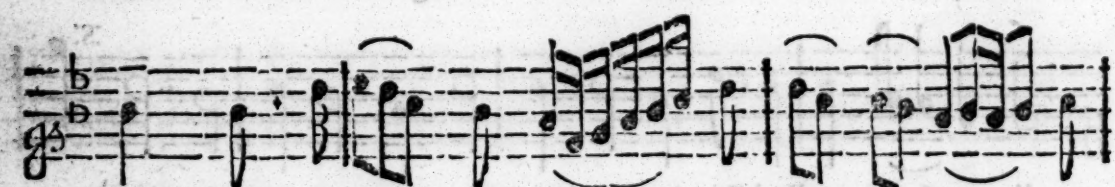
all a-round let I—vy Wreath; let Flow'— rets deck the Ground, let



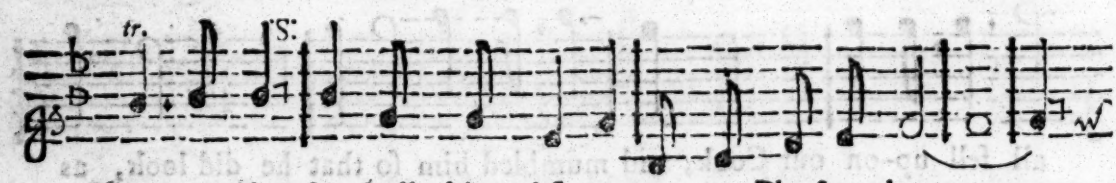
Flow'rets de———ck the Ground; and from its Earth, enrich'd with



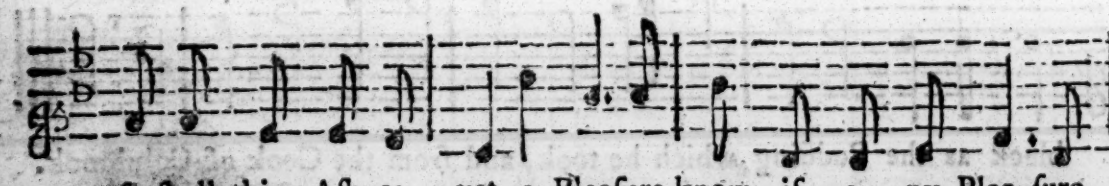
ſuch, with ſuch a Prize, let Wells of Milk, and Streams of Wine a——



——riſe, Wells of Milk, and Strea——ms of Wine a—ri—ſe, of

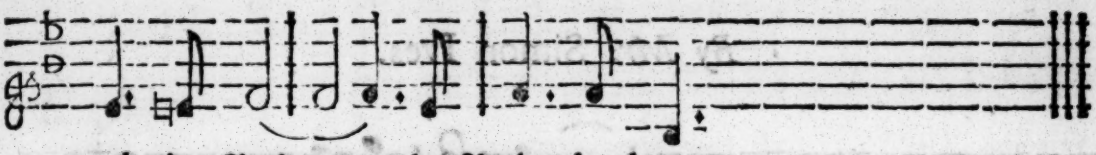


Wine a-riſe. So ſhall thine Aſh-es yet a Pleaſure kno——w,



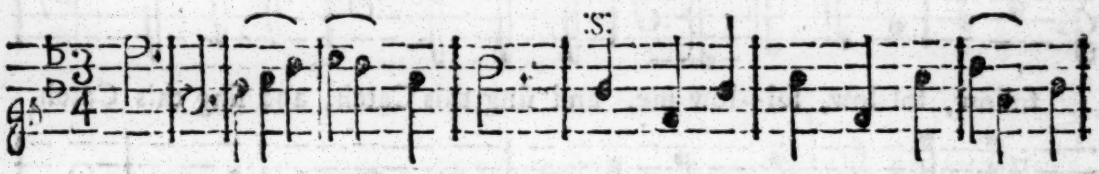
ſo ſhall thine Aſh-es yet a Pleaſure know, if a—ny Plea-ſure

Continued.



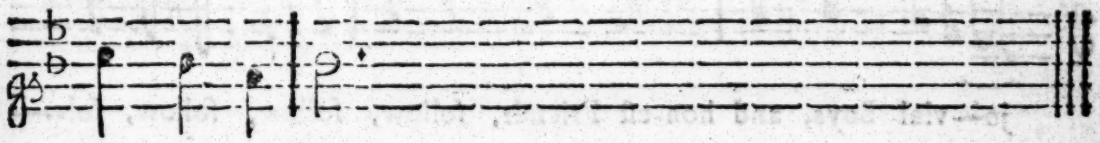
reach the Shad---es, the Shades be--low.

A CATCH. *A.* 3 *Voc.*



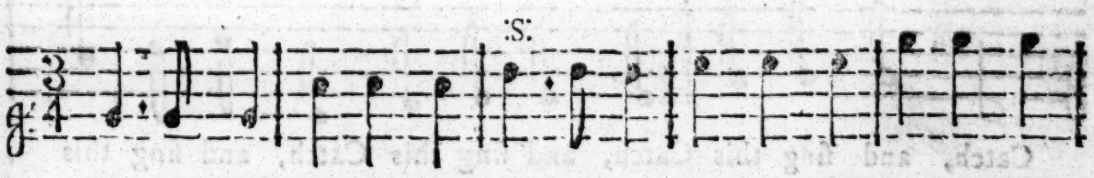
Lie ſtill, lie ſtill, my Dear: Don't Sir, oh! fie Sir, how can you

teize me ſo? Oh! fie Sir, I will no lon-ger bear it:

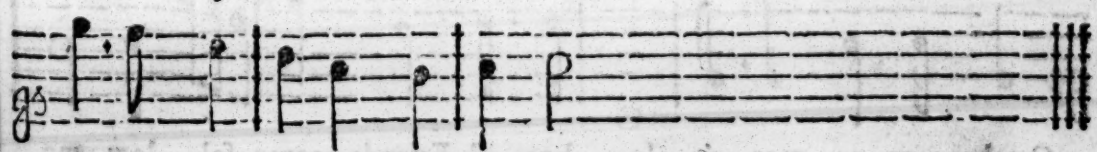


Oh! I'm un-done.

A CATCH. *A.* 4 *Voc.*



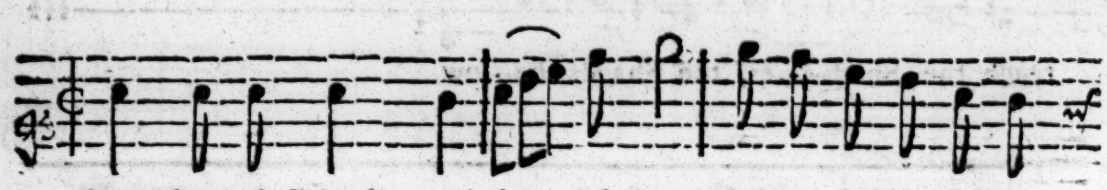
Go to Joan Glover, and tell her I love her, and at the Mid



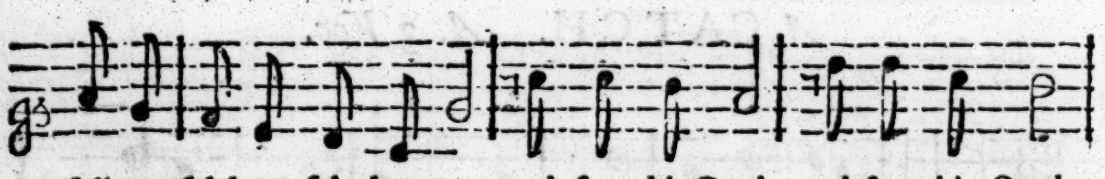
of the Moon I will come to her.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*

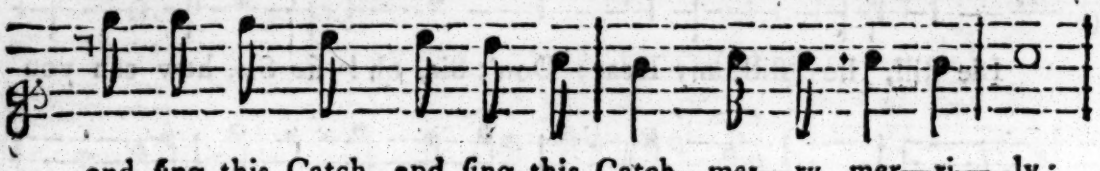
By Mr. Simon Ives.



Come hon-eſt Friends, and jo—vial Boys, follow, follow, follow,



follow, fol-low, fol--low me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch,

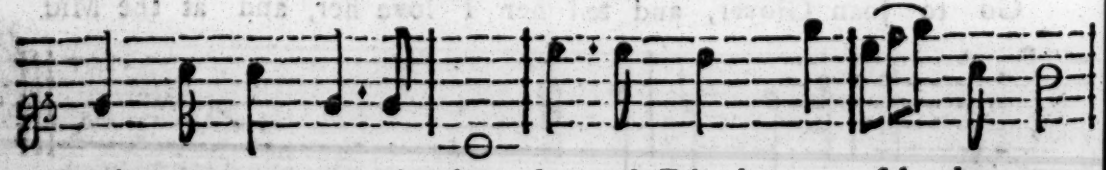


and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, mer—ry, mer—ri—-ly:

jo—vial Boys, and hon-eſt Friends, follow, follow, follow, fol-—

—-low, follow me, come fol-low me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this

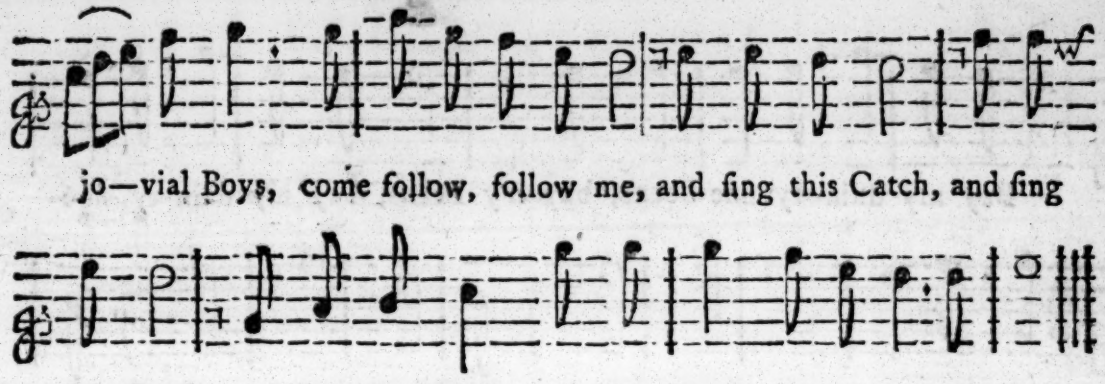
Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this



Catch, mer--ry, mer--ri—-ly; hon--eſt Friends, come fol—low me,

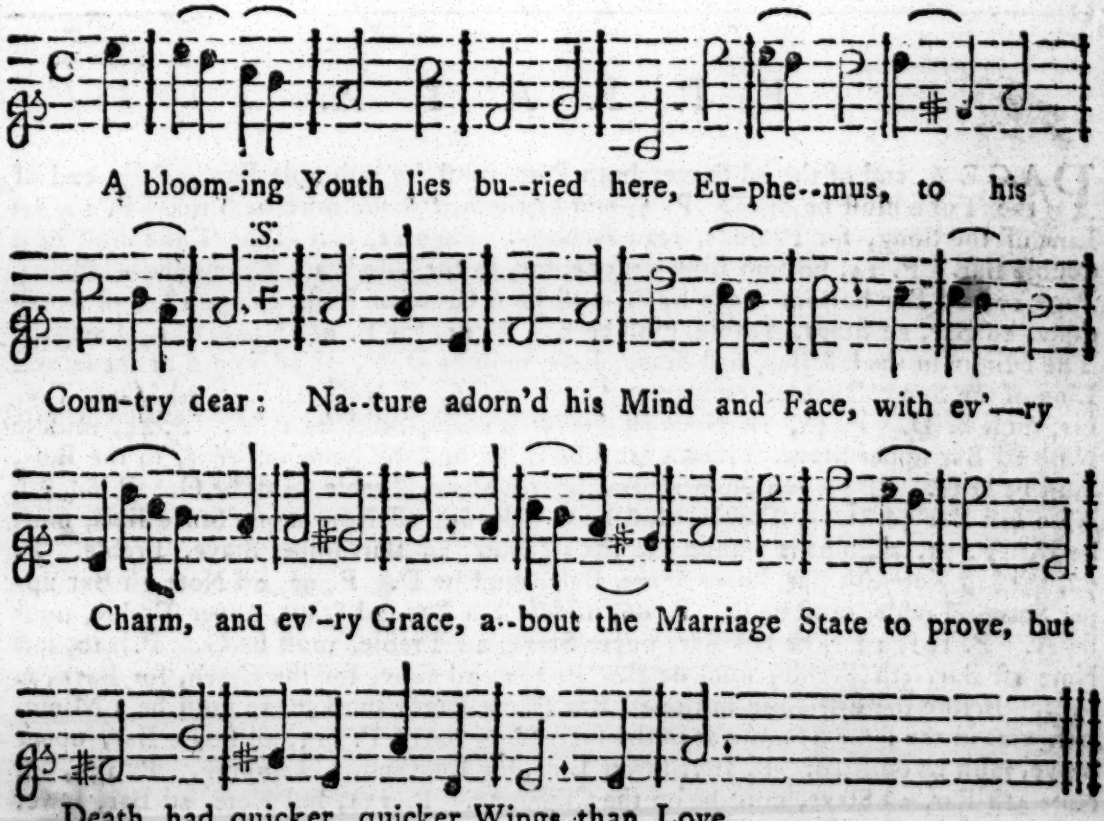
Con-

Continued.



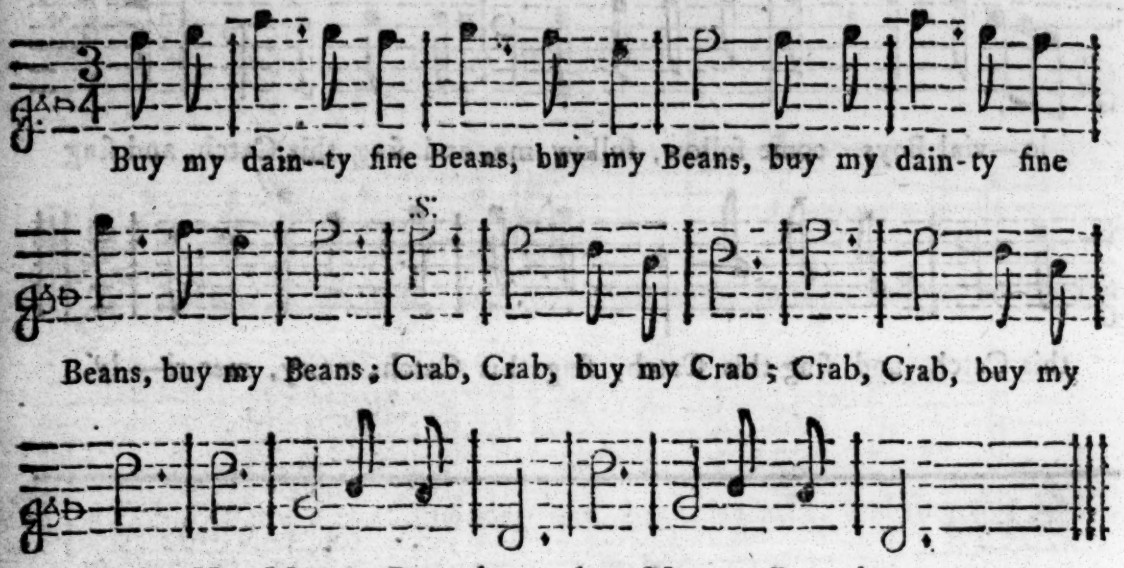
EPITAPH. *A. 3 Voc.*

By Dr. Boyce.



A CATCH.

A CATCH. *A. 3 Voc.*



F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

PAGE 6, end of the 2d Stave, both Parts muſt be a double Bar. P. 7, end of the Tune muſt be ditto. P. 9, end of the firſt Stave muſt be ditto. P. 10, 1ſt Line of the Song, for Paſſions, read Actions. Page 11, end of the Tune muſt be a double Bar. P. 14, bottom Line but one, for, to the —lodious, r. how me—lodious. Page 17, 2d Bar bottom Stave Baſs, muſt be a Crotchet Reſt. Page 18, laſt Semiquav. 2d Bar, 2d Stave, Treble, muſt be E. P. 21, for E. of Denegall, r. Donegall. The Minim in the laſt Bar, firſt Stave, Baſs, muſt be D ♯. Laſt Word of the ſecond Line of the Song, Treble, for Her, r. Our. P. 36, 1ſt Note laſt Bar, 2d Stave, Treble, muſt be D. P. 43, 1ſt Note 1ſt Stave, Treble, muſt be B ♮. P. 44, middle Note 2d Bar upper Stave, Treble, muſt be C ♯, and the Note under it, in the Baſs, muſt be E ♮. P. 59, laſt Note 1ſt Bar, lower Stave, Treble, muſt be G. P. 60, 7th Note firſt Bar 3d Stave, Treble, muſt be C. P. 69, 1ſt Note upper Stave Baſs, muſt be B. P. 71, a Point is wanting to the 1ſt Note, 3d Bar, upper Stave, Treble. P. 76, the laſt Note 4th Bar, lower Stave, Baſs, muſt be D. P. 92, 2d Note 1ſt Bar upper Stave, Treble, muſt be C. P. 96, middle 5th Bar, 2d Stave, upper Treble, muſt be A. P. 101, 1ſt Note laſt Bar, upper Stave, 2d Treble, muſt be G. P. 110, laſt Note 1ſt Bar, 5th Treble, muſt be B. P. 112, 2d Line, for the Catch, for Back, r. Feet. Before the firſt Note in the 2d Bar (ſame Page) third Stave muſt be a Minim reſt. viz. in the ſame Manner as in the ſucceeding Bar. P. 113, 2d ſingle Bar, upper Stave, muſt be omitted. P. 127, lower Line, for Lingſing, r. Limping. P. 133, laſt Note 4th Bar, 2d Stave, muſt be on the Cliff Line. P. 132, laſt Note, 2d Bar, lower Stave, muſt be G. P. 140, firſt Line, for Dream, r. Dram.

N. B. A Second Volume of the ESSEX HARMONY is preparing for the Preſs, *&c.*

A TABLE *of the* SONGS.

	Page
GOD ſave the KING	1
Gather your Roſe Buds while you may	2
The Jolly Bowl	3
Let Ambition fire thy Mind	4
He comes, he comes, the Hero comes	5
Fill, fill, fill the Glaſs	6
Smile, ſmile, Britannia ſmile	7
Britons where is your great Magnanimity	8
Fame let thy Trumpet ſound	9
'Tis Maſonry unites Mankind	10
Happy is a Country Life	11
Britannia's Sons rejoice	12
You bid me, Fair, conceal my Love	13
The Morning is charming	14
Say lovely Peace that grac'd our Iſle	16
To Arms	18
How faint a Joy the Maid imparts	21
Buſy, curious, thirſty Fly	22
Mortals wiſely learn to meaſure	23
Blooming Bacchus, ever young	24
When Cloe was by Damon ſeen	26
Ceaſe the Rovers, ceaſe to range	27
As I ſaw fair Clora walk alone	29
Plenty, Mirth and gay Delights	32
As Celia near a Fountain lay	35
Earth's Treaſure, Love's Delight, ſweet Harmony	36
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles	41
Joy to the happy Pair	45
Cupid, my Pleaſure	48
Fly, Care, to the Winds	50
Bury Delights, my roving Eye	52
Wine does Wonders	54
Whilſt Health and blooming Youth	58
Boaſt no more	63
My Deareſt, my Deareſt, I languiſh	66
I, like the Bee with Toil and Pain	70
Since Nature Mankind for Society fram'd	72
When Bibo thought fit from this World to retreat	76
Go, falſe Damon	80
Why all this Whining	84
Says Pontius in rage	89
Why thus from the Plain	92
Fair and Ugly	95
When Phœbus the Tops of the Hills do adorn	100
Ye chearful Virgins have you ſeen	104

A TABLE *of the* CATCHES.

	Page
CURS'D be the Wretch that's bought and ſold	106
Ill fares the Family	107
Had ſhe not Care enough, Care enough	ib.
Fie! nay, prithee, John!	108
Joan has been galloping, galloping	109
Hark! the bonny Chriſt Church Bells	110
Soldier, Soldier, take off thy Wine	111
Here, on his Back, doth lay	112
Call George again, Boy	113
Pray remember the poor confin'd Debtors	114
If neither Braſs, or Marble can withſtand	115
On the poor confin'd Debtors	116
When *V* and *I* together meet	117
When Troy Town for ten Years Wars	ib.
Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend	118
Come, let us laugh, let us drink	119
New Oyſters, new Oyſters, new Oyſters, new	120
Come, buy my fine Wares, Plumbs, Apples, and Pears	121
Jack, thou'rt a Toper, Jack, thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper	122
Prepare your Hearts for Mirth	124
God preſerve his Majeſty, and for ever ſend him Victory	125
O! Abſalom, my Son, my Son	ib.
Ink, Ink, come buy my fine Writing Ink	126
How great is the Pleaſure, how ſweet the Delight	128
Let's drink, and let's ſing together	129
Old Chairs to mend, old Chairs to mend	ib.
I've loſt my Miſtreſs, Horſe, and Wife	130
Not a Day more than thirty, dear Sir, on my Truth	132
Long live King George, moſt happy, happy Days to ſee	133
Half an Hour paſt Twelve o'Clock	ib.
'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir	134
To our Muſical Club, here's long Life and Proſperity	135
Let us drink, and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice	136
Chloe, Chloe, yielded	137
Hark, you, my Dear, come hither	138
When is it beſt, ſaid John to Joan	140
'Tis ſtrange, Siſter Ruth, that the Spirit within	142
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La	144
Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to go a Mile	146
Here lies, here lies, the Lord have Mercy upon her	147
Here Waiter, here Waiter, here Waiter, bring a Bottle	148
There were three Cooks in Colnbrook	149
This Tomb be thine, Anacreon	150
Lie ſtill, lie ſtill, my Dear	151
Go to Joan Glover	ib.
Come, honeſt Friends, and jovial Boys	152
A blooming Youth lies buried here	153
Buy my dainty fine Beans	154

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